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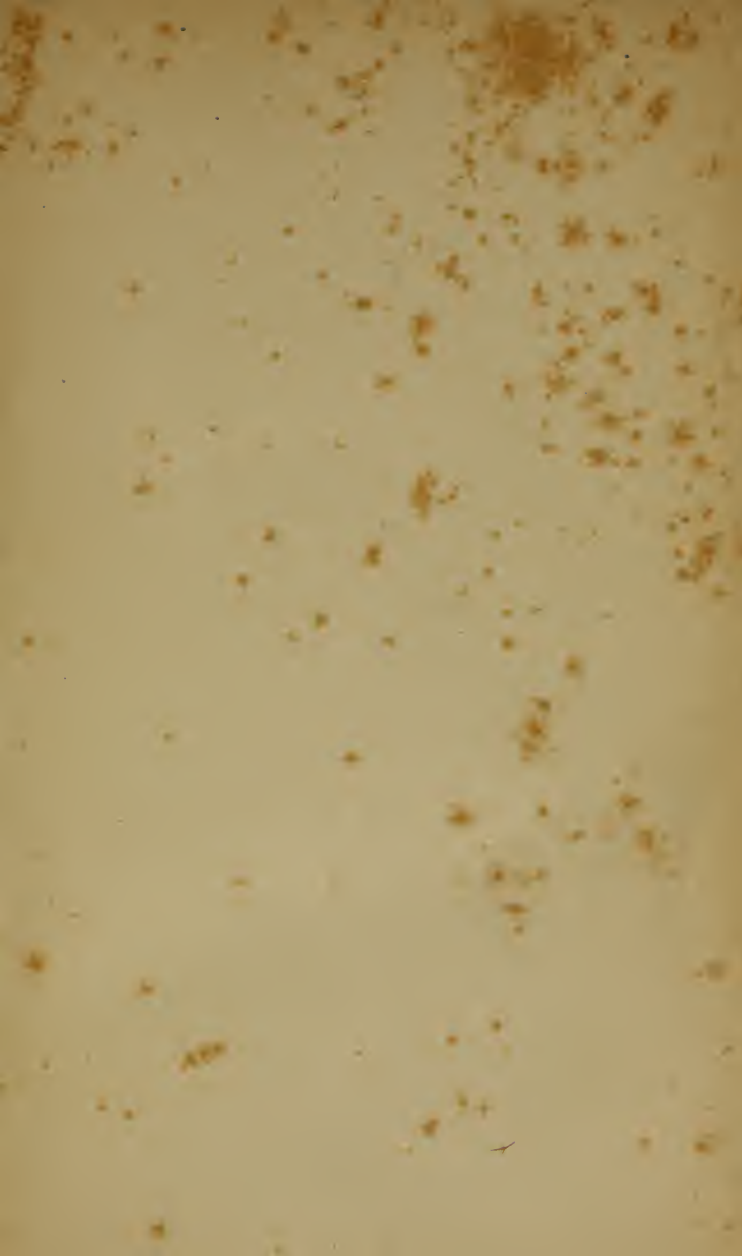
THE WILMER COLLECTION  
OF CIVIL WAR NOVELS  
PRESENTED BY  
RICHARD H. WILMER, JR.

P.D. 6

WILMER COLLECTION











# THE COLOR GUARD:

BEING

## A CORPORAL'S NOTES OF MILITARY SERVICE IN THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS.

BY REV. JAMES K. HOSMER,

*Who volunteered as Private in the Fifty-second Massachusetts, and went through the campaign.*

12mo. \$1.50.

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It is undoubtedly the most piquant and readable sketch ever made of the *interior life of a great army in active service*, and made *from the inside*, by a hand entirely competent.

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"I have read it with great interest. I think it admirably written, and its descriptions of the soldier's life, his sufferings and risks, are the most graphic I have ever read."

"In all our reading of the literature which this war has called into existence, we have met with no work so loyal, tender, courageous, and devout. For the sake of the good cause, we hope it may have the widest circulation. We say to our friends who are sending to soldiers in field or hospital, reading matter, include in your list 'The Color Guard.' " — *Worcester Daily Spy*.

"There has not appeared since the war began to show its influence on literature, a book which gives us so vivid a sketch of the soldier's life, so sharp and yet gracefully outlined a drawing of the transport, the camp, the march, the hospital, the fight . . . There are few things in our literature more tenderly pathetic than the author's account of the death of his brother Ned, whom all readers learn to love and admire before even a shade of illness falls upon him. The hospital scenes, too, are dreadfully painful, though it is there that we find bright patriotism and the soundest pluck. And we have here and there, as must needs be when we consider the subject, passages which will bring an involuntary tear to eyes long dry. The prevailing tone of the book, however, is cheerful, hopeful, candid, and altogether Christian. It is most heartily to be commended." — *The New York Evening Post*.

THE  
THINKING BAYONET.

BY  
JAMES K. HOSMER,

AUTHOR OF THE "COLOR-GUARD."

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"I know that armies of to-day are not the brutish hirelings of old. I know that the light has spread, and even *bayonets think*." — KOSSUTH.

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BOSTON:  
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1865.

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BOSTON:

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,

No. 15, Water Street.

TO MY FATHER,

This Book,

UNDERTAKEN THROUGH HIS LOVING ENCOURAGEMENT,

*Is affectionately Inscribed.*

YOU tell me doubt is devil-born ;

I know not : one, indeed, I knew,  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touched a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true.

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength ;  
He would not make his judgment blind ;  
He faced the spectres of the mind,  
And laid them : thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;  
And Power was with him in the night.

IN MEMORIAM.



## N O T E.

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A LITTLE more than a year ago, the writer published some portions of a diary of military life, under the title of "The Color-Guard,"—a little book which met with unexpected favor. There remained in his hands many pages of his journal, which, according to good authority, were, in interest, not much behind the parts given to the public.

The writer had at hand, moreover, certain records of observations made in South Carolina and Georgia, at an important time, and under unusual advantages; and, in addition to this, he retained a recollection of personal experience at localities in the West, close upon the "front," and of some note in the war.

With this material in his possession, a series of literal sketches was at first projected; but, finally, a work of fiction was decided upon, in which the fact derived from actual observation and experience should be incorporated.

This plan has been carried forward in intervals of leisure among professional engagements, and now the result is given to the world. The present volume, therefore, though a work of fiction, contains throughout, a large element of fact. The writer hopes that his book will not be thought untimely, and that it will serve, in some degree, to instruct and interest.

DEERFIELD, Feb., 1865.

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THE  
THINKING BAYONET.

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CHAPTER I.

HAVENBRIDGE.

AN old minister, Mr. Wells, lives in Meadowboro', a pure and good old man. It was the custom to send to him wild boys that were suspended from the University at Havenbridge; and one such boy, that came up to Meadowboro' in the year 185—, was Herbert Lee. In the midst of some college uproar, a force of officials had appeared. Herbert, while running, had tripped, and the next moment been seized by some one in authority. His sins were many; and this affair was no straw upon the camel's back in addition to the others: so he was sent to Meadowboro'. He gave his impressions, after reaching Meadowboro', to his classmate, Claiborne De Treville, as follows:—

"DEAR CLAIB, — I told you I would write you from the country: so here goes. Meadowboro' is a mighty quiet kind of a place, though now in summer time it

will do pretty well. There are big hills about, and considerable game around, — squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, and that sort : so I mean to have my gun up here, and try hunting some.

"Rather hard luck, wasn't it, to have 'Bandy' so close that night? If I had put out, as you did, into the grass instead of toward the road, it would have been all right : but I feel, sir, like a martyr ; and I am glad, though I have to suffer for it, that we made so glorious an attempt to observe the ancient custom, in spite of our natural enemies, the Faculty. Who would have thought old 'Bandy' could run like that ! Some night, when I come back, we will break his windows if you say so.

"Mr. Wells, who hears me recite, is a quiet, clever sort of man, — looks something like that big minister (don't you remember) who preached in the chapel the Sunday after the 'Cymothoe' beat the 'Cymodoce,' because she was so big that the wind helped her, — the preacher, you know, who read the hymn, —

'But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast :  
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all their toil is lost.'

"I don't mean to dig more than I can help ; but I suppose I must do something, or I shall never get back. How is Gordon Holyoake? I didn't think he would be so roused up as I hear he was, just because I felt it to be my duty to chop him up a little in a comic song, because he turned out slow. But he is a proud

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fellow, bound to stand on his dignity, — so mighty old for his years ! I slept with him one night, early last term ; and we had quite an intimate talk. Generally, he is rather cold and distant ; but that night I was in a sober streak, and perhaps that led him to open out his mind more fully. He said what he wanted was power, — power over men such as a general wields, — such power and fame as Napoleon's. He is smart, but I never could like him much.

“Don't you want to come up here in the May recess ? We can get good horses at the stable, and I can borrow a gun for you.”

Claiborne De Treville, to whom Herbert Lee writes, is son of Judge De Treville, of Cypress Bayou, at the South, — lord of a thousand or more acres of fine cotton land, and four hundred slaves. Both are boys of seventeen, full of animal spirits, that effervesce in a manner not quite becoming. Dr. Prince, President at Havenbridge, writes to Judge De Treville, that his son needs an admonition from home. Thereupon, the judge, sitting in his library, with the ripe oranges nodding in at his window, and the negro groom holding his horse at the door, writes to Claiborne in such terms, that he becomes less giddy.

The influence of a pure and earnest man makes itself felt too upon Herbert ; so that some months after the letter to Claiborne, when he is ready to return to Havenbridge, Mr. Wells writes to the president as follows : —



"MY DEAR SIR, — You are faithful indeed in your friendship (though we grow old), insomuch as you continue mindful of me in my seclusion. I am occasionally made glad by a letter from you; and through you at times have the opportunity to refresh my old knowledge, by imparting instruction to some of the youth under your charge. I continue here in my work, trusting that, as I near the bound of life, I ripen as I ought for the change; helping my fellows here meantime, some little, in the same direction. But this letter should refer rather to matters of business than to such topics as we might incline to open in a friendly interview. I will not therefore dwell upon myself, but pass onward to other subjects.

"Herbert Lee, the youth recently under my charge, yesterday concluded his sojourn in this place, with the mind to return to Havenbridge at the commencement of the approaching college year. It pleases me to have it in my power to certify to an improvement in this youth. At first, through an over-fulness of 'animal spirits,' he was inclined to neglect unduly his literary tasks, showing much zest in field sports, and so fond of the horse, that I found myself in mind involuntarily applying to him the epithet bestowed, you remember, by Xenophon upon the youthful Cyrus, *φιλιππότατος*. Of late, however, I have had pleasure in taking note of a favorable and becoming change, through which his natural force, without suffering abatement, has yet taken a more profitable direction, expending itself in the overcoming of such obverse influences as



bar the path of the tyro to generous scholarship. Indeed, I almost hope now for the persistent and rapid progress of my late pupil to the higher prizes of erudition. Doubtless, hereafter, there may be ebullitions of his force in unbecoming directions; but I incline to think it will be seldom.

"We, in whose veins the blood runs with more tempered flow, must not forget that true observation of Aristotle, which, I remember, you and I perused a half-century ago, — that to live moderately and patiently is not a sweet thing to the multitude, especially to the young." (Τὸ γὰρ σωφρόνως καὶ καρτερικῶς ζῆν οὐχ ἡδὺ τοῖς πολλοῖς, ἀλλῶς τε καὶ ῥέοις. — *Eth. Nicom.*, x. ix. 8.) I confess that while I have hailed the approaches of wise moderation among the fresh impulses of the youth, I have also found a charm in his abounding gayety and life. I indulge the hope, that this fact may indicate, that, although my hair has long been gray, some part of the sentiments of my younger prime yet remain to me. Truly it is with me as with the wise Roman, — 'As I like a young man, in whom there is something of the old, so I like an old man, in whom there is something of the young; and he who follows this maxim, in body will possibly be an old man, but he will never be an old man in mind.' ('Ut enim adolescentem, in quo senile aliquid; sic senem, in quo est adolescentis aliquid, probo; quod qui sequitur, corpore senex esse poterit, animo numquam erit.' — *Cic. de Senec.*, xi.)

"Will it be an impropriety for me here to include my charge for young Lee's instruction, and ask you to

enclose it to the young man's friends, with whose address I am unacquainted?"

Two or three years after Herbert's suspension, Putnam May, a Junior at Havenbridge, wrote to his sister as follows : —

"DEAR LOU, — It is grand enough to have a person like you to whom to write, — a person you are sure will be glad to read any thing you are likely to put down. I have got Class-day to write about this time, — the most brilliant of the College festivals. It was last week Friday, in the sweet June weather, and I wish I could have had you down from the country to enjoy it; but you shall come next year, when your brother will be full-fledged, and ready to fly from this old nest. There is always a great display of beauty and dress. The young belles of all this neighborhood — in the first bud and bloom, on the eve of their entrance into society — make a sort of trial trip Class-day, with every thing fresh and rosy. But you need not be afraid. I will match my dear Lou's curls and country bloom against the best of them.

"Lee was the orator, and De Treville the chief-marshal. Lee and De Treville I have often mentioned in my letters. Bert Lee's suspension did great things for him. He has studied hard ever since, and used his great force and influence in a good direction. His tastes, I think, are strangely contemplative; though the studies of the course have so absorbed him, that he has not had much chance to indulge his bent toward philo-

sophical reading and thinking. He has not neglected exercise, however ; so that now, with his stature, he has the shoulders of a young Saul. He has a bright blue eye, and good brow. To me he is grand. I think we always like what we do not have ourselves. I admire him as a scholar, though there, perhaps, I am not so very far behind him ; but when he towers over me — little, puny fellow, that I am ! When I hear his strong, rich voice, and see him, in a boat-race, pull till his oar bends like a whip-stock, and the people shout, my feeling is almost a hero-worship.

"There was much trouble at the election. Bert Lee's principal opponent for the oratorship was Gordon Holyoake, another prominent man in the class, with whom Bert has not, for some time, been on very good terms. The fault, I know, has not been Bert's ; but it tried Holyoake terribly that Bert was the man to defeat him. De Treville, too, was made chief-marshal in spite of the intriguing against him. I must tell you something about him.

"Four years ago, there was much in his manner turbulent and haughty. He had his whole class against him once, for striking the man who took care of his room, on some small provocation. But afterwards he showed so much genuine sorrow for it, and treated the poor man so generously, that the class came around. That was before I came. But, since I have known him, he has come near being involved in a duel. But his training here has done him a vast deal of good. He has imperiousness enough yet, but it is tempered by a very

elegant courtesy. What was rather offensive hauteur has become a spirited dignity that is picturesque and fascinating enough, — quite irresistible by the girls. He used to talk and write with an uncouth, redundant fluency; but he has been laughed out of his blaze and thunder, to a great extent. His rhetoric now, though still warm and flowing, is well chastened and controlled. We have enough here from the South, — lank and long-haired, insolent in manner, dissipated in life, careless in dress. I think one can see the kinship of De Treville with these, though in him the coarseness is refined away. There is enough that is volcanic about him still, and there always seems to be danger of a breaking-out of the lava. He has given away somewhat to dissipation, through some incontrollable impulse of which I really believe he is ashamed. A kind of a young mediæval lord he is; with a lip susceptible of a haughty curl, and a nose above it whose curve is like what I have seen in some fine profiles of Henri Quatre; dark-eyed, dark-haired, lithe, and nervous. It would hardly seem out of character to see him with falcon on wrist; or, still less, wearing helmet and plume.

“De Treville appeared finely at the meeting for election. The feeling had become very bad. He declared he would not serve in the office of marshal; then wound up, ‘Perish these wretched cliques! They have been a nuisance from the first; an encouragement to folly, and fatal to all true class-feeling!’ This he said with every nerve on a quiver. He carries great weight, and this flash of lightning seemed to clear up

and make more pure the air. In the better feeling that came to prevail, Claiborne was induced to withdraw his resignation.

"Last week came the occasion for which there had been such preparation. It was a great day, but rather sad for me; for, Lou, I have known this class well, and I hate to have them go. The procession was imposing. First came De Treville, with his elegant baton and bouquet, — spirited, imperial, self-centred; then the band; then Herbert, in Oxford gown and cap, stately and tall; then the class two by two, a hundred young scholars. The animosity was entirely healed. Even the one who had held out longer than any of his faction — one who had been heard to say he would be buried alive, rather than be at the occasion — walked forth; his costume a specimen of the most extraordinary tailoring. So profuse, moreover, were his floral decorations, one might have thought that his dire vow had really been performed; that he *had* been buried, and then had sprouted and come up in the form of a locomotive nosegay to give glory and perfume to the festival.

"At last in the chapel, they sat upon the stage; Herbert blue-eyed, fair-haired, muscular, a thorough Saxon. He spoke, at last; an unusually thoughtful and earnest oration, with a merry dash of humor, too, now and then; and, once or twice, a touch of real brilliancy. I will not quote any of the graver parts. Once, stepping for a moment into the province of the poet, he gave these few stanzas, — the whole thing



done with. inimitable archness and grace. I wish I could send, with the words, the glance of the eye, the animated wave of the hand, the play of the features.

‘Ye thronging fair, whose presence bright  
 Our holiday has blest,  
 We guessed each maid would take delight :  
 So each was asked as *guest*.  
 They’ll ask you, if you liked the day :  
 Now when you all confess,  
 To do our best if we essay,  
 Why, surely you’ll *say, yes !*  
 But yet should any thing come out  
 Your happiness to cloud,  
 True, you’re *allowed* to speak it out ;  
 But please don’t speak aloud.  
 For if o’er pleasure lies a shade,  
 ’Twould grieve us, hapless boys !  
 If aught like gloom *annoys a maid*,  
 Or if it made a noise.’

“It does not seem so much to read, but, at the time, it was wonderfully taking ; and I saw even old Dr. Prince, with his face all beaming, clapping away in his seat in the pulpit, as much pleased as any one. But this only came in by way of relief among much that was very serious.

“Lee’s father was pointed out to me in the audience, — the first time I ever saw him ; a large, rather hard-faced man ; well dressed, and kept in good repair by dentist and wig-maker. I have heard it was never any plan of his to have Herbert go to college ; and, although he has done so well, the father hardly thinks it is success worth making account of. He had the expression of a man who thought he was wasting time.

I do not see what Herbert gets from him, except perhaps his physique.

"All the afternoon they danced in the Hall; a place most gravely and decorously garnished with portraits of Puritan ministers in skull-caps and bands, rich old colonial merchants in flowery dressing-gowns, and a few old dames in wonderfully well-painted satin and brocade. I saw Holyoake embarrassed by a bright, wilful girl, daughter of Otis, the radical orator. They say he has a fondness for her. She persisted in being introduced to Herbert Lee. Holyoake was forced into it at last, performing the ceremony with cool but most gentlemanly stateliness. You should see him too, Lou. He, Bert Lee, and De Treville are the three *Dii Majo-res* of the Seniors. He has an imposing manner and look, dark and tall, and every inch of him — as many as there are — the patrician.

"At sunset came the dancing around the tree. Lou, I must have a metaphor, though old Poseycrusher, Professor of *Belles-lettres*, would send his red pencil ruthlessly through it, I know, like Vandal charger that it is, trampling out the blossoms with a blood-stained hoof! From the rippling grass below, the great elm rises like Aphrodite from the sea, flinging abroad to the air a wonderfully fine head of hair, I assure you. And, like the old Paphian goddess again, the elm that day was begirt with a cestus. The waist of this queen was surrounded with flowers; a handful for each one of the hundred young men. I sat in a window, looking down upon the crowd. They made the ring, and danced

around the tree. Then came the hand-shaking. I watched Lee and Holyoake, who stood not far apart. 'There,' said De Treville, coming forward to the tree, — 'there are flowers for you to press.' I saw that Holyoake dropped his in an indifferent way, but Lee and De Treville held theirs. Then Herbert and Claiborne wrung one another's hands. I believe they have a love for one another, almost surpassing the love of women. Holyoake gave his hand to each coolly, and with patrician grace. So they stood together as the west grew crimson at the close of the day, — at the close of their youth. Where will fate carry them? I wonder; and when will they meet again? They stood a moment; then Claiborne hurried away to make preparations for his long journey homeward, — he being obliged to go at once. Herbert and Holyoake sought each his friends in the twilight to conduct them from the college grounds."

Herbert Lee travelled in Europe for some months, then came back to Havenbridge for further study. This was against his father's wish. The father was an energetic, unsensitive man, who had pushed his way to fortune from nothing, and had come to hold in esteem only the qualities which help men to this prize. Herbert's mother, probably, was a person of finer mould; for in his nature there was marked refinement and thoughtfulness, rather veiled in early youth by his abounding spirits, but deepening with the approach of manhood.



With the calmer and higher tastes which came to him at his majority, Herbert read the "Sartor Resartus;" the book so grotesque, yet so terribly solemn, — so smoky and lurid with sulphurous images and the mention of diabolical personages, yet so fervidly earnest and tenderly pathetic, — where a deep solid meaning lies enveloped in a glare of burning simile, here and there showing out from beneath, like the body of the sun through its atmosphere of fire. Herbert, like many a young man, blinded by the flame, and only indistinctly catching the meaning, so hot from the almost fierce heart of the thinker, yet felt almost as if the solid ground had sunk away from beneath his feet, and he were swinging in the infinite abyss. In the tumult of his soul, and his hatred of the insincere and superficial, he felt that, before beginning life, he must firmly establish the great bases of knowledge. He begged for a year or two for general study, before taking up actual work, promising at the end of that time to enter his father's counting-room, or undertake some profession. Leave was granted, but unwillingly. Herbert, strong in body and mind, and earnest in heart, returned to "Havenbridge," and took a room near to that occupied by his friend Putnam May, then a student in theology.

In those days, the students of Havenbridge had great boating fame; and allusion cannot be made to Herbert, in that time, without recalling the noble joy and vigor of those champions and athletes, — the drinking-in of the fresh sea-breeze, which inspired to laughter like a jolly friend, and the tingle of cool, salt spray upon

sweaty face and bared arms, touching up the strength like a whip !

Glorious it was to rush along the sides of Liverpool packets, and sharp clippers just from China ; the hulls, which a few months before had slid along the tranquil leagues of lacquered sea, dotted by the islands of Japan ! to steer up to the open ports of men-of-war at anchor, — many a one since known to fame ! Glorious it was, too, to go farther down, when the east wind slept, and the tide was brimming ; to lie on the oars in the calm ; the heaven, beautiful with summer clouds, watching its own reflection like Narcissus, blue touching blue in the horizon to seaward, Narcissus falling to embrace.

And the champions of those days, — and to what uses have the vigor and boldness then developed, since come ! Sitting in the boat-house, looking out of the window, one evening, Herbert heard the "thud, thud," down the river, of a coming boat ; then a vigorous "trail oars !" then the rush of the "Cymothoe" through the last draw. It was the cry of one, afterward a famous General of the rebels, in training even then to order his battalions. There was one, too, with full chest, showing plain through the thin knit shirt, with arms knotting hugely at the end of each stroke, and throat like a well-but-tressed tower upon the shoulders, — a famous stroke, — a Federal General slain in fight. . How many there were ! Brothers then from North and South ! Then they sat side by side upon the thwarts, — no rivalry but "starboard" against "port," that each might hold his side. In a few years, it was to be breast to breast ; and

they lie to-day — this and this and this — in bloody graves, brought low in their young might, those champions of the oar, by sabre-cut and bullet-wound.

And, among all these, Herbert was unsurpassed. Stroke of the "Havenbridge," he was in the senior year at the Riverton race, when the six-oared shell made very remarkable time. After his training, on the evening of the race, he was gaunt as a steed in trim for the course, — face dark with tan, and frame like steel and harness-leather. Afterward he was a famed dory-puller, out in storm and calm, in his little frame-work of veneering and canvas; on leisure days, out along the coast, balancing over the waves in his egg-shell, which the touch of a finger might almost upset.

Herbert was merry and bright at first; but a shadow was creeping toward him, which it is not hard to understand. Soon it began to fall, and we shall see how deep it grew. Herbert was now free to read and think as he chose. Only hints of deep things, so far, had come into his thoughts. His mental energy, so far, had expended itself in the mastery of rudiments; grammars, and vocabularies of languages; principles of science. Now came the step beyond; and a benumbing influence began to touch the warm heart, the cultured mind, the abounding energies. His mind was coming upon the threshold of "The Everlasting No."

## CHAPTER II.

## DOUBT AND DEED.

"I HAVE wanted to do something in the world," Herbert writes in his journal, — "some noble, honorable, manly work; but what does it amount to? and what do we amount to? Of what account is any human work?"

"Once in the senior year, we went off with Professor Muschelkalk to see the rocks at the 'Devil's Knuckles.'

"I asked the Professor a question. 'Sir, we see that, as the world has gone on, race has succeeded race throughout the geologic ages; the newer races being higher in the scale than the older. 'The old and inferior die out in great part, leaving room for the new and superior, — so you have taught us. Now, how will it be henceforth? Ought we not to believe that this will continue also through ages to come? The human race is the last. Is it not likely that we, too, are to take our turn, — come upon times when the conditions necessary to our life will not be answered, — be superseded by a better set of creatures, be petrified into fossils, laid up with trilobites and cephalopods in museums, a link in the chain of being, higher than some, lower than others?'

"The Professor slowly removed his cigar, and turned his round face and handsome eyes toward me, replying, 'That is a great subject: I cannot enter upon it now. I will only say, that there is reason to believe that it cannot be so: there can be nothing higher than man. He is the end to which all other animal creations tend, from the old palæozoic fishes.' Here the Professor turned himself around on the metamorphic rock on which he sat, and resumed his cigar.

"I respect the Professor, and know the talk of his school; but there are other naturalists who think so differently! I am almost crushed as I look back. The epochs that have elapsed, the enormous agencies, the multitudes of creatures!—what difference will it make whether I do or die, with my life an inconceivable instant in these mighty æons! It is so appalling,—the sweep of forces, the stupendous lapse of ages! Here, on my table, lie expositions of that wonderful 'development theory.' If it is true, and I cannot say that it is not true, when and where and what the monad from which the forms of life have been developed! It bursts the mind almost to think of tracing the series down, layer after layer, through the fossils to living forms. Sponge to shell, and shell to fish and reptile; on then through insect and bird and beast, nerve and muscle and bone becoming more and more delicate and highly organized; the dull instinct of creeping and flying things becoming all but reason at last,—all tending to the complex symmetry of the human frame, to our supreme mind. It is solemn to awfulness.



"And to think of what may be before ! Where is the series climbing, and into what heights in the unimaginable future is it to reach ? I say to myself, ' Poor ephemeral ! of what account are you, and what do you know ? Better creep off, and be soon entombed with the multitudes of multitudes that have been gathered before you into the universal sepulchre. Go you, — the individual. Ere a moment is gone of these terrible lapses, your race will be with you ; and purer and higher beings will arise from your bones, to tread in your steps. Death consumes each race ; and continually from the ashes comes the ever more glorious Phœnix, its strength and beauty more than renewed ; succeeding forms, like and yet more wonderful, growing forward through repose and agitation and ingulfing cataclysm into perfection inconceivable ! Of what account is my life and labor, my devotion, my virtue or vice, effort or idleness, sin or saintliness ? Pish ! little fool, it makes no difference. ' "

One would hardly say, judging from this very extraordinary language, that Herbert was in a fair way to get ready for taking hold of life. His father is not at all of that opinion ; but in solemn thinkings, which he undertakes in his counting-house, he considers his son to be a young gentleman very much befogged ; and, in his interviews with Herbert, " pshaws " in a very contemptuous and dissatisfied way, if he gets a hint from his son of what is passing in his mind.

Something comes up now and then, in these first stages of his doubting, to take him out of his specula-

tions ; like this matter, for instance, which Herbert tells Claiborne all about in the following letter :—

“ I have had no sleep since night before last. I am still excited from the events which I want to give you an account of. Before I take any rest, or take off my rough dress, I want to write to you. Now, Claiborne, be sure of my love for you. In times past, it went beyond any love I ever have felt, — perhaps that I ever can feel. It has been happiness to me, dear fellow, to put my arm around your neck ; and yet I cannot bear your views. If a time comes when we must stand breast to breast with your section, I shall be one to resist ; even though I must meet you, who have been my friend, as a foe.

“ This whole matter of Kansas, and the bitter feeling that grows more bitter every day between your side and ours, has not touched me much lately. I am studying hard, and have had some notions that have rather stood in the way of my feeling any thing very vividly. The other day, when a fugitive slave was arrested, and everybody was in a passion, on one side or the other, my feeling in the matter was quite listless. It so happened, however, that I was at the great meeting. I had rowed in in my dory, with no particular purpose in view ; and, leaving it at the raft, I went up in my boat-shirt into the streets. A crowd was going toward the square, where a bonfire was burning, and I fell in with them. At the square, I found a multitude of excited people, and speakers were talking from a platform in the midst. O, Claiborne !

then I heard Otis, — wonderfully powerful, and so brave ! I had been cold, I say ; but he threw fire into every vein, and made me pant and tremble. He towered there, in the fitful light, like some great Michael Angelo figure. Oh, his wrathful voice, and passionate hands, and the stamp of his foot ! He moved me, till I laughed and wept and shouted. I would not have believed that it was in the power of man.

“I hurried away when he had finished, not waiting to hear others. I went at a quick pace out of the square into the streets, where the air came more cool, and the sound of the crowd grew indistinct. I tell you, Claiborne, I thought of you. I shrink from any thing that will drive us apart ; but I will let you know what I have done.

“I turned two or three corners without any special aim. Then, in my heat, I set out to see the prison where the fugitive lay. I ran for several squares, — then turned into the street in which it stands. A man just before me blew out a gas-light near ; and I saw, as I hurried forward, that others were being blown out. All was quiet, except the sound of my own feet upon the pavement. Those who were putting out the lights moved quietly and rapidly. I fell into a walk to gain breath, wondering what these movements could mean ; when suddenly, just as I came under the great shadow of the prison-wall, up a court, from one side, came a heavy crash, then a confused tumult, and cries.

“I sprang forward again. I could see only a little ; for there was nothing but starlight. I could make out



a throng of men on the steps leading to a door in the wall. Over their heads was a huge uplifted timber, which went with a thundering crash against the panels. I saw that the bolts gave way. I was full of passion. I rushed ahead ; making my way, right and left, through those who appeared to be thrown out to keep back the approach of strangers. You know, few men can stand before me when I choose to put them to one side. As one man went reeling from before my push, he dropped a club, which I stooped and seized. In a moment I was at the foot of the steps. I saw the flashing of an axe in the light which came now from the doorway. 'Crack, crack,' went the reports of pistols ; and I heard a ball go past my own head. There were guards inside who fought hard. By the dim light, I saw one man fall, and another staggered away with a cut upon his face.

"Just here, there was a cry from behind. Turning round, a military company was silently marching into the street, at a short distance. The rescuers gave over their effort at once, and scattered. I did not choose to run, but went leisurely on, until the soldiers came near. It was plain that they had come with no knowledge of the disturbance. I got from their talk, that they had just come home from target-shooting. They were bewildered, and probably would not have taken much active part in stopping the rescue.

"But the city now was in an uproar. The alarm-bells rang. The crowd in the square came surging through the street. I knew soldiers would soon be in

from the forts, and marines from the ships of war in the harbor. I knew, too, that as soon as word got abroad of an abolition disturbance, mobs of roughs would be likely to gather at once. Hurrying along, with club in hand, and my blood afire, I thought it quite likely, that a mob, finding nobody to fight, might sack the houses of some of the speakers at the meeting. I thought of the noble Otis. I could not bear, that indignity should fall on that grand head, or rude insult smite that mouth of gold. 'To-night, I will watch at his door, and keep guard,' I said to myself.

"I passed through the streets in which excited men were gathering; then into a more remote region, where the alarm had not penetrated; and presently reached the steps of the Otis mansion. In my excitement, I entered with but little ceremony, forgetful of my rough dress. He himself confronted me in the hall, not knowing whether I was friend or foe. His cheek was still aflame, his dress disarranged, his limbs and voice trembling from exhaustion. He hardly appeared like the same person, — so much had his form seemed to dilate before me, in his speech, with his outbursting soul. His frame is really delicate. 'Mr. Otis, my name is Herbert Lee: I am a student at Havenbridge, — a friend to you. The city is wild to-night. An armed party have made an attempt at a rescue, and failed. I am just from the prison. The alarm-bells are ringing; troops are on their way from the forts; mobs of roughs are gathering fast. We fear

that violence may be offered to you. I am strong. Let me be your guard to-night.'

"Just here came forward Miss Otis, that Holyoake had among his company Class-day, you remember. I had no idea she was the daughter of the orator. I knew her at once. She came forward in a cool, determined way, in spite of her father's gesture of disapproval, — with what at another time would have been almost wilfulness, but which, as it was, was only a manner, it seemed to me, nobly resolute. 'Father, I have seen Mr. Lee before. He is what he represents himself to be.' I became conscious now, for the first time, of my rough appearance, and explained it. My offer of guard was accepted. Mr. Otis was exhausted and fevered, and forced to go away.

"I shut close the windows and blinds about the lower story, making free to enter the rooms. Then I waited in the hall, once in a while reconnoitring through slats at the window. I felt that one determined man, if he were wise and cool, could do something against a multitude. I had not been deceived in my apprehension. Before long, I could hear the hooting of an excited party, who at last, with loud threats, came before the house: 'Down with the house! — break in the door!' — and presently, crash against the panels, a brick was hurled. I grasped my club more tightly, wishing that I had a pistol. I heard a door open above. Then Miss Otis came down stairs. I saw that she had a pistol in her hand. 'Father is completely overcome with his work to-night, and we must defend him.'

Perfectly calm and cool. 'We!' I offered to take the pistol, saying I could do better with it perhaps than with my club; but she drew back her hand. The rioters were swearing and turbulent; but policemen, who each moment became more numerous, did their duty well. I stood prepared close upon the threshold; but the mob dispersed at last, leaving the street empty. Policemen came in, offering to stay; but some of them ill-naturedly muttering that Otis was the cause of it all, and they'd like to arrest him the next day. I sent them off. Miss Otis withdrew. I kept at my post in the hall; and, at daybreak, all being quiet, I came away. I went to the raft, and have just rowed myself back.

"There, Claiborne! are we friends still? I have gone far, you see; had a hand in an abolition riot; and stood ready to protect Otis, who, I fear, would be lynched without ceremony in your neighborhood. I tell you, old fellow, my eyes fill to think we must stand apart. I love you still, believe me; but I am going far."

### CHAPTER III.

#### "THE EVERLASTING NO."

HERBERT'S enthusiasm was only transient; for, not long after this letter, he wrote in his journal again as follows :—

"Father grows impatient. 'A perfect shame,' he says, 'to throw away so good a chance. Never shall be good for a profession. Come into the wool business. Our firm can control the market,—a fortune sure in ten years.' He is hard with me, and narrow-souled. I would not be undutiful; but I can write it here, where no man will see it. Perhaps, after all, there is reason enough for his disappointment. Certainly I am fit for no profession or occupation.

"I read and think, and am where I am. Is it fog? or do I see things more profoundly than the men about me? I am bound down now with Fatalism. I am not a Fatalist; but the thought haunts me, that very possibly I may have no free will, until all my power is chilled. I know the couplet,—where God is apostrophized, —

'Our wills are ours, we know not how :

Our wills are ours to make them thine.'



But are they ours? If I believe in an Infinite Being, I must believe that he knows every thing. If he knows every thing, he knows the future as well as the past. In his mind, therefore, the future course of every living creature is marked out. There is my course laid down through the years to come as through past years. I cannot alter it, any more than I can my deeds already done. Each moment I can do but one thing; and that one thing God has known from all eternity. It was down in the Infinite Mind, that, an hour ago, I was to take my seat at my study table; that, a few minutes after, I was to rise to put more coal upon the fire (even these trivial things); that presently I was to open my diary, letting the book upon the edge of the table fall upon the floor; that I was to hear the peddler rap at the door, and send him away with a short reply; that these reflections were to pass through my mind. So it is marked out now, down to the smallest thing, at what time after midnight I am to go to bed; how long I am to lie awake brooding over these thoughts, as it has become my habit to do, until I grow weary and fevered; at what time I am to arise to-morrow; and so on until death.

"The light burns low, for it grows late. I am almost alone in the hall; for it is vacation, and the law and theological students have, for the most part, gone home. Only Todle, a light trifler, who, I fancy, is in love somewhere, lingers about; and poor Bands, with his pale face and weak voice. Todle is very dapper, and goes much into society; I meet him sometimes in my solitary

walks, — kid-gloved and silk-hatted, — on his way into the city. Bands is a 'theolog' of the last class, not yet settled. He goes off Saturday afternoons, in black to his satchel and gloves, except his white bosom and clean-shaved face, to do his Sundays' candidating; to little purpose, I fancy, poor fellow! for he is the last one left of his class, and I suppose there is not much to hope for him. What could poor weak Bands ever say, to do any good?

Yet why do I pity him? It is fated, very likely, that Bands shall suffer his misery, and grow leaner and smaller with his wretchedness of mind and his penury. Or why do I despise Todle? fated, probably, to flirt, and wear his kids! Ah, Herbert Lee! you were a fool to be vexed the other day when Todle said, 'Ah would be glad to have honor of a closer acquaintance. Understood I was a little of a hero, ha! ha! did'nt know it; had no idea, — but Miss Otis,' — &c. So she has told him: can she enjoy him, — the shallow fool! But which is the fool, after all, he or I? — he finding satisfaction in life, I only perplexity! (I fancy I grow somewhat better.) He thinks he is somebody of account in the world; but I, — oh, how am I bound down by fate, crushed before this stupendous creation! Which is the fool? the frivolous, superficial, shallow dandy; or the stunned, powerless, perplexed man, who tries to think!"

Is the reader losing all patience with this very extraordinary and absurd young man? You will not

think it strange, that Herbert's friends found him now to be a most unaccountable person, and that some even began to fear for his wits. Meantime, Claiborne De Treville, galloping home, had read Herbert's letter containing the account of the riot. He flung it upon the floor, then stamped on it in his anger; but, when he became cooler, he picked it up again, and laid it away. When he wrote at last, though it was after an interval, his pen moved hurriedly and his cheek flushed angrily.

"You have gone too far. I am not personally incensed against you. I presume it is from your notions of duty that you take the stand that you do, though indeed you hint that it was the words of an eloquent fanatic that hurried you beyond yourself, into action to which you felt no inclination in your cooler moments.

"I have just come in from a ride over the estate. I do not fear that you will think me boastful, — I care not whether you do, — when I say there is something baronial, as is fitting, about our mansion, in its ample size, and surroundings of park and woodland. Behind us is the village of cabins, — as the vassals lived close at hand, but in strict subordination, about the mediæval castle. Only here, the vassalage is more definite and beneficent; for the world moves forward. In the mansion is intelligence, wealth, refinement; in the cabins, peace, a reasonable degree of comfort, content, order, and obedience. My father's books and my own are a large library. The furnishing of halls and draw-



ing-rooms is sumptuous. We have rich paintings and fine carving, music, — all the appliances of a high refinement. It is as it should be. I am moulded of better material; with mind more lofty, and gifted with more power, than belongs to these black dependents (I say it without arrogance); and to me belong of right these fine surroundings.

"I hold the people well in hand, but I do not ill-treat them. We whip them when they disobey, but at the North you whip your school-children; and it will be time for the civilized world to condemn the use of the lash, when the soldier and sailor cease to feel it. We whip our help, upon occasion, because they are like children, and not to be reached by more refined punishment. My old 'Aunties' here dote upon me; and, when I came home from Havenbridge in vacations, my first visits were always to their cabins. The old 'Uncles,' whose day has gone by, doze, well clothed and warm, about the doors of the cabins, until they drop away with their age. The men and women go daily to their work under reliable overseers. They do none too much, and are not ill-treated.

"I study to fit myself for the power I am some day likely to possess. We are the leading family of the district, — more ancient, more rich, than any house for many miles. I am the hope of this house, and am looked upon as fore-ordained for public life. Undoubtedly I shall be the foremost man of this section. From Aristotle to Machiavelli, thence on to De Tocqueville, it is my especial taste to master the great political writers

of the world, taking such truth as I may find, practising my mind in overthrowing their errors. I dedicate myself to the work of establishing upon a firmer basis in the world our beneficent system, so far as it is in the power of one man to do it. We seem to be entering upon a daring innovation upon the social constitutions of civilized countries as they stand to-day; but it is only a reverting to the truer and healthier principles of antiquity, which have been rashly superseded.

"Do you not know that this reprobation of slavery is the merest novelty? The most profound minds of Greece and Rome held it to be in the natural order of things. It was something, they thought, that must always exist. So thought even those who had been slaves themselves; but perhaps you will set down Cicero, Plato, Aristotle, as mere antiquated fools. I hold that Christianity does not array itself against it; but, I forgot, you have gone beyond that, too, in your section. I would point you to old Hugo Grotius, — than whom I know not what more venerable figure there is in the literary history of Europe, — to his sanction of the legitimacy of slavery; and to John Locke, providing for it in the constitution he drew up for the Carolinas: but, of course, these are authorities of only the most indifferent weight. You would rather go to that third-rate tragedy of Southern's, 'Oronooko,' — third rate in the third-rate age of Charles II., — the first piece of English literature which hints at the condemnation of slavery: that is good authority for you.

"Oh! this wretched condemnation of slavery is a

thing of recent growth, — the toadstool of a night, as worthless, rootless, and useless as such a growth! The older people of your New-England communities can remember when slaves were held among you. It is almost within the memory of living men, that the first very noteworthy protest against slaveholding was anywhere made. It is all a thing of recent growth, — as sudden as it is absurd; as short-lived it will be, as it is unfounded: for slavery is destined to stand aloft, erect, unquestioned. The superiority of our well-ordered system, where the rule is with the head of society, and not with the heels, as with you, will be vindicated over your turbulent democracy, where property, intelligence, and virtue have but little voice. All generous and magnanimous traits it will foster among the masters. Patience, content, and comfort, will belong to the servile class. And this unfounded mushroom reprobation of your shallow enthusiasts will pass away, as the world grows more wise; as the condemnation of the practice of taking interest has passed away, — a feeling as vain and silly as this to which you are yielding. It is for the superior race to control and direct. To labor belongs to the inferior. Let each show patience and content in the lot which Providence has assigned.

"I read deeply, nor do I neglect other matters. I have my blooded horses. With rifle or pistol I am a good shot; and he must be a skilful swordsman who can overpass my parry or resist my thrust. I am fitting myself for field or forum. Not many things like the

adventure in which you have been engaged, are needed to precipitate matters. I see no reason to believe that your fanaticism will speedily abate. Certainly there will be no change in us. Against you, personally, Bert, I have no animosity. Indeed, I love you still, and know of no more honorable heart than yours ; but how blind are you becoming with your folly ! I respect and esteem you, and yet it may be that I must fight you. My fortune, my powers, my life, belong to our cause. I am as devoted as if I had been sworn by the most solemn of oaths. You, Bert, have attacked us. You have taken part with the chief assailants of our system. You may have followed your convictions. I have no idea that you are trying to be otherwise than true and honorable. I hope it will prove that you only yield to momentary frenzy. But I cannot separate you from the error which you embrace. You are now my enemy, and I am yours,

“ C. DE TREVILLE.”

What is the effect of this letter upon Herbert ? He feels it, to be sure ; but a change is taking place in him which makes him in a degree indifferent, even to such a thing as this. The gloom grows deeper about him, week by week. For a moment, the enthusiasm roused in him by the eloquence of Otis bore him away from himself ; and he felt no misgivings, when, on the night of the tumult, he put out his hand toward the great beam to batter down the door of the jail. But the enthusiasm subsided ; the shadow closed about him again.

He read Claiborne's letter with a sigh; but he was tending toward a condition when human friendship, or any thing human, seemed hardly worth a moment's care. One form of doubt after another seized hold of his mind. Referring again to his journal, the following passage occurs:—

"I remember once, when I was a very little fellow,—I could not have been more than six years old,—I had just climbed the stairs at home, and entered the chamber which was used as the spare-chamber for company. The question came into my mind, whether the world about me was real and genuine. Thought I, 'Now possibly the angels or fairies (I knew something about both from Bible and fairy-tales) deceive me. There may be no real things about me, after all. This bed with mother's best white counterpane upon it may be only an *appearance*, shoved up before my eyes quietly by a sprite, just in time for me to see it, as I turn toward it: so the window there, with the view of the school-house on the street behind; the dressing-table; the wash-stand, with its white bowl and pitcher.' I thought about it; then wheeled round quickly as I could toward the bed, to see if I could not surprise the sprite before he pushed up his screen,—then toward the window,—then toward the table; half-expecting to catch the angels and fairies unawares, and behold the nothingness which I was half-inclined to believe lay all about me except when I was directly looking. But I only made myself dizzy.



"Sometimes, as I grew up, a similar fancy would come into my brain, and hold vague possession; but now, as I come to study Idealism, how strange it is to find these childish dreams come back to my mind, and with more power than ever before! I find, that, although I am older, I am still puzzled by the same or a similar uncertainty. I am no more sure of the reality of the outside world, than I was when I was five years old.

"Last night I dreamed that I was again in the hall of Mr. Otis. The crowd came up about the house, as they did before: only in my dream they made an attack. I had a revolver, which I fired among them; shooting the foremost, at which the crowd fell back. Then Miss Otis and I unbolted the door, and drew the body of the man into the house. We stood together by the side of it. Suddenly Miss Otis seemed to have been the person who killed the man, and to have done it with a dagger, there in the hall, instead of upon the door-stone. Presently she became Charlotte Corday, and the man was Marat. There it ended. Now, it was only an incoherent dream, an unhealthy one; for I know I am not well, and my fancy at night is apt to run wild: but I remember that, during the dream, there was no incoherence that I was conscious of. Indeed I remember that I thought to myself, 'Now, perhaps this is only a dream. But no,' I thought, 'it cannot be: it is too real for that.' The body of the man was as distinct to me as my inkstand here now, into which I dip my pen; and her face was as distinct as the back of Berkeley's 'Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous,' upon

which my eye falls as I look up. A shudder ran through me as I fired the shot; a faintness came over me as we lifted the limbs, and the blood poured out of the wound. When I awoke, the sweat stood upon my forehead, and my limbs were trembling as if it had all been reality. How do I know that in another moment I may not awake from this, and find the books, the bust of Dante on the mantel-piece, the oars of my dory in the corner, the white light from my porcelain shade here, — find them all unsubstantial visions! I *think* I see them. I do not think I can be dreaming; but the objects in the dream last night were as distinct as these are to me now. How can I be sure that I may not wake up at any moment, and find myself somewhere in bed; and this, mere phantasm and mist!

"Here on my table lie Colebrooke's Essays and a volume or two of Sir William Jones. I have been dabbling some in Hindoo metaphysics; and wonderful fellows, in their way, the Hindoos are! We think ourselves so infinitely superior to them, because we do so much in this outside world of uncertainties. But this world they despise, as having no substance; and I am not sure that they are not right in despising us as shallow fools, for not seeing deeper than we do. Heavens! how they plunge beneath the surface of things! They only act with their minds; but into what a terrible grapple with deep matters do they fall! Their doctrine of 'Maya' — that the outside world is only appearance; that men, trees, hills, rivers, are no more real than the figures of a dream, or the objects in



a camera-obscura! What have I to assure me that objects are what they seem to me, or, indeed, that they exist at all? I have read what Emerson says on Idealism, in the 'Nature,' who seems rather to encourage one to accept it; but, as I question thus, it makes me hesitate about taking hold of life. If it is all 'seeming,' who can want to do any thing? I may as well sit still, looking at the end of my nose, with my soul withdrawn, while 'Maya' rushes by, like a true devotee. It may be that this appearance is indeed but 'the frail and weary weed in which God dresses the soul, which he has called into time.' I turn round quickly in my chair; but I cannot catch the powers napping, any more than I could in the spare-chamber when I was a child. I cannot see the nothingness. The appearance is pushed up in due time. Here are the door, and the red glow of the fire before me. I may be dreaming, or I may not."

Herbert's father, about this time, seated in his private office, after some moments spent in thought, came to a certain conclusion. "The boy goes deeper and deeper into the most utter nonsense. When I undertake to talk with him and find out what he is about, his conversation is mixed up with such absurdity, that I can make nothing out of it. His health is breaking down, through his close confinement, in body, and in mind too, I believe. I am half-inclined to think he wants a doctor." This very judicious parent thought a few moments longer, then rose with the air of a man whose

mind is made up. He went to the office of a certain popular physician; with what result is made known in the following extract from a letter of Putnam May to his sister:—

"DEAR LOU,—I must tell you something about Herbert Lee. Such hard fortune as he has met with! Lee, you know, is my cynosure and ideal,—the fine athlete! I have seen him in the university boat,—he at the stroke, with the eight stalwart fellows behind; they might have stood, as Caryatides do, in a row beneath the entablature of some great temple, so columnar were they in their stately strength,—these picked men! and Herbert's was the figure to put at the corner, as the stateliest of them all. He used often to be in his dory on the river; but, for months now, he has pretty much given it up. From being a cheerful social person, he has become almost a recluse. I am as intimate with him as any one, and I know the reason of the change. He has been passing through a phase of thought that I know something about myself, though I never became so deeply involved as Herbert.

"A young man who sets out to think deeply is apt to get into trouble. A shallow person may get on easily; but a strong, earnest mind, that can plunge a little below the surface, finds there a terrible under-current that may sweep him helplessly down. I never have known a student who grappled so closely and almost desperately with these mental perplexities as Herbert. It has seemed like a life-and-death struggle. In his sincerity,

it has been impossible for him to take hold of any work or profession, until these difficulties which he finds upon the threshold are overcome. He has grown pale and haggard with his seclusion and thought. As I have sat in his room, he has talked lately in this way: 'How do I know that you have any existence except in my fancy? How shall I know that I am talking with a real flesh-and-blood man, and not with some phantom of my brain?' It does not startle me to hear this; for I know something about it myself. I have cast it aside, content to believe my instinct, which tells me that the world of sense is a genuine reality, — a method which Herbert has often told me is very shallow. But imagine the effect of such talk upon a man like Herbert's father, a person so rough and money-getting, living in and for this outside world.

"A week or two ago, Mr. Lee came to his son's room with a man of imposing appearance, who, I now hear, is a popular physician in the city. I cannot believe that his skill equals his fame or appearance. After this, the gentleman came alone two or three times, and once took Herbert to ride. It appears that Mr. Lee introduced this Dr. Tillenbaugh simply as a friend whose business brought him to Havenbridge, and to whom he was anxious to have his son polite. Herbert makes no secret of his perplexity, and the doctor drew him on to speak freely of his embarrassments. I believe he is a shallow man, unworthy of his fame and place. I do not know that Mr. Lee can be much blamed. This pale haggard figure stands before him,

and tells his father that he is not sure whether he is real flesh and blood, or some phantom of his brain.

One day last week, a carriage drove up with Mr. Lee. I heard him come up stairs, and open his son's door. 'Come, Herbert,' I heard him say kindly enough, 'I want to drive you out.' They went away together; and I was immeasurably shocked, the next day, to learn that Mr. Lee drove straight to the Shepherd Asylum and delivered Herbert over to Dr. Benton as insane. His health has suffered, I know, from want of relaxation and exercise; and if his mind should be kept on the strain, as it has been for some months past, I do not know how it might result: but now, Lou, he is no more insane than you and I. He has a strong contemplative mind, that is grappling with unusual earnestness with these knotty matters. I should say he needed a change, and open-air life, and something to turn his mind to new subjects; but to shut him up in a hospital is folly and cruelty."

## CHAPTER IV.

## LEONORA.

IN these times, Herbert Lee was dismal. Part of his friends he had neglected, part he had given up, and part had given him up. Really, Putnam May was almost the only person with whom he maintained an intimacy; such a barrier of cobwebs had the fellow spun between himself and human interest. Now remark, that, if he had been consistent, it would have made no difference. The walls of the Shepherd Asylum were just as likely to be "Maya" as the walls at Havenbridge. If he was the sport of Fate, it was nothing that he could help that he was there under lock and key. If he was of no account, of course he might as well be there as anywhere else. But Herbert found any comfort of this sort poor dependence enough; and he wofully feared, that, of all his old friends, Putnam was the only one who would care at all about his fate.

Besides, he was not so sure that there was not something wrong. Ordinarily, he knew young men did not get into so deep a maze. He was not at all sure himself, that there was not something morbid about him. And so he looked anxiously enough into Dr. Benton's



steady eyes and sensible features, as he came to him every day. The doctor talked with him every day about this thing and that, — his studies, his ideas, his student life. It was, as friend might talk with friend. The doctor himself was well-informed; enough so, at any rate, to understand his patient. Herbert knew that he was sounding and trying him all the time, and judged it best to be perfectly plain and frank: so he told every thing; and the doctor, on his part, found it all very interesting. It went on for a month or two; for the doctor was cautious, and unwilling to pronounce upon a case in a hurry. But at length he settled down upon this opinion, — that Herbert's general health had suffered from too close application to study; that his mind was not at all diseased, though it had been intensely active in a somewhat unusual direction; that a change of habits would be the best thing for him, for the present at all events. "No wonder," thought the doctor, "that he startled his father. That sort of man has very little idea of these things; but I shall tell the old gentleman, that air and exercise are all his son needs to bring him out of his perplexities, and make him tough once more. Indeed, if the young fellow should go on with his thinking, and maintain the same habits of seclusion, I am not so sure that we might not want him here; but now he is sound enough, — sound enough. Indeed, there is unusual vigor about the fellow every way. How well he met me there, this morning, when I brought up Reid to him! and what a physique he has!"

So, one morning, Dr. Benton shook Herbert smilingly by the hand, after a talk, and said he was satisfied. "You are healthy enough, my good fellow; but if you ever want to do any thing in this Yankee world, into which you are born, my advice to you is to pitch overboard your metaphysics. Try sea-air, and take to pulling again. You need it, to give you tone in body and mind. Pity to let this good, hard brawn of yours run down so;" and the good doctor kneaded Herbert's chest with his knuckles.

So Herbert was free again. Mr. Lee was glad to hear that his son "was not crazy; supposed it must be so if the doctor said so,—had a great name; but, for his part, couldn't see, for the life of him, how a chap could have notions like those, and not be crazy. At any rate," he told Herbert, "I must be plain. Ten years or more now, you have been at your books, and seemed to go farther and farther from making yourself good for any thing. This nonsense must stop. Go, and spend the summer somewhere, and get built up. Then you must begin. Either come into the warehouse, or take up some practical work, or shift for yourself. I have borne all I can."

Herbert saw that his time was short: so he brought out his disused dory; had it well calked where the seams had opened through its long drying; then gave it a fresh coat of paint; got new sculls; had trunk and dory put aboard a steamer; and went to Honomok Island for the summer,—a place on the coast, quite out of the way, very quiet and retired. Here also



came Putnam May, to be a companion to Herbert. There were a few other summer guests ; among whom it so happened that Leonora Otis appeared, with her friend Alice Granger. Soon after they came, Gordon Holyoake followed, who, according to report, was in love with Leonora. He was held to be a young man full of power and promise.

In a day or two, there appeared, anchored off the island, a little yacht, dainty in its paint and arrangements. This was Leonora's vessel, built for her especial use. In this she cruised about with Alice Granger, occasionally inviting Holyoake to sail. Her acquaintance with Herbert and Putnam was, at first, too slight to make her wish to extend her invitation to them. Herbert was gloomy, too, and Putnam shy ; so they made their excursions together, without any other companion.

Putnam, standing on ledges above the surf, played Demosthenes by the hour together ; while Herbert rowed near in his dory, or sat silent, listless, and unhappy. About the ledges hung the great tangles of sea-weed, sometimes like the cordage of stranded ships, sometimes pulpy and bloated ; sometimes, beneath the water, branching into fine and yet more fine reticulations, filling up with their red interlacing little water-filled hollows in the granite, as if the little pools had a circulatory system. "Ah, Putnam !" Herbert would say, "sometimes I swing my oars up on to the outriggers, and study the polypes over the side of my dory, — the strange, floating, pulsating, amorphous creatures,

that come sliding in with the tide, pale sometimes and translucent, sometimes a little flushed and iridescent, among the wavy and spotted tangles of sea-weed. I regard them kindly ; for are they not possibly brethren ? Trace back their stock and mine, and it might be found that we had a common progenitor, far back somewhere in the infinite ages. You shapeless, languid polypes, is it better to stand at the end of your series, or mine ? Or perhaps it is all unreal phantasm, — the sea and sky, the white beach, the island with its grove."

This would be said as a sort of melancholy pleasantry, as near as Herbert could come to cheerfulness in his sad frame of mind. Then his countenance would become grave, the little smile upon it fading. "But, Putnam, it is so serious and solemn a matter to me ! Thank God that you have faith ! What would I not give to have stable belief, to know what was reality, what work in the world I could best do ! I try to be sincere. I want to find rock upon which I can securely rest my feet. I do not *believe* any of these notions about which I talk. It only seems to me *possible* that they may be true ; and until I am *sure* I am master of myself, that I live in a real world, and am capable of noble effort, I seem to be unable to work with the glow and zeal which I desire. I must follow out these questionings. I will not blind my judgment, nor undertake life with any shallow philosophy. Deep as my soul can dive, I will go after truth. If I gain ever a noble faith, you shall see that I will live it out." Then Putnam would try to make Herbert feel the faith which

he felt himself; telling him, that, at any rate, his bodily and mental health required that he should dismiss his ponderings; that he ought to have regard to this. Then Herbert would say, "I ought, I know, to give it up." Then, in a moment, the fine, thoughtful, melancholy dignity in which he had poured out his unrest and disappointment passing from his countenance, and a look of bitterness coming into its place which was hardly natural on the face, a gentle and manly face, — "*Ought!* what sense is there in a human being's using that word, or feeling responsibility? Very likely it is marked down what we are to do, and where we are to go. What is the use?" And Herbert went on, from day to day, listless and thin, and with a heavy spirit to be seen in his eyes.

But now there came a change. A bright shape suddenly stood at the portals of Herbert's spirit, which administered a sleep-giving draught to the dark doubt that had sat there for so long, barring out every cheerful thing; then entered to possess it. The spell of doubt was not yet broken; but, for a time, its power was intermitted. Herbert fell in love with Leonora; and forthwith light came to the eye, and haggardness left the face. His form began to fill out to something of its old robustness, and a good deal of merriment came back to voice and manner.

Leonora's brow was broad and intellectual; her eyes were dark and deep. There was power of will and of mind in brow and eyes, and power of will in her firm mouth. Her dark hair was abundant; her figure, erect

and resolute. She was accomplished and familiar with society ; could be elegant in manner when she chose, but did not always choose. She often trod upon conventionalities ; not apparently with the purpose of shocking people, but in pure indifference. Constantly restless, she appeared like a person who had not found her place : yet there was nothing like unhappiness ; for she had abundant cheerfulness and vivacity. There was a freedom of movement about her, such as might have belonged to an Indian huntress. For several seasons, now, she had had at Honomok her little boat, which she managed herself, sitting at the stern, with tiller in one hand, and the sheet in the other ; beating out against the east wind with the oldest fishermen ; running in again before the breeze, if it threatened to blow too heavily ; dropping her anchor when she chose, and furling her sail : strong and bold, a suitable mate for a Viking ; but at small parties, or for summer chatter, not quite congenial. The boatmen shook their heads, and called it rash business ; but Leonora only laughed at them : and really her little boat had floated season after season without accident, saucily showing the name upon its stern-board to almost every craft in that neighborhood as it slid past them ; an operation productive of much bad language on the part of the more ambitious young fishermen there. There was often an utter wilfulness about her ; and yet, to strong natures, a great charm : and here were Holyoake and Herbert both at her feet. Putnam, on the other hand, was cowed, and never felt that he could do himself any

sort of justice with her : not that she meant to be cruel, but she was so heedless ! Or, rather, it was not in her to show the fine tact and dainty management which so many women have ; so, time and again, when Putnam had ventured to come out a little, she rode rough-shod over him in an Amazonian manner ; and it was no wonder that he wished he was away, and that Herbert and Gordon had the field to themselves. He had come for the summer however. There was no good excuse to leave ; and there was really in him a good deal of the quality that is to a man like rosin to a fiddle-bow, which made him want to stick to his purpose, even though it were merely recreation, whether the circumstances were entirely agreeable or not. Besides (let the entire truth be told), although Leonora was hardly agreeable, Putnam was much better pleased with Alice Granger, who was quiet and cultivated, with modest eyes full of sense.

Herbert, now that he was in love, was so changed, that Putnam occasionally ventured to rally him.

"A silly fool !" he told him, "driven by Fate into a world of mere phantasms ; deceived by the delusive Maya." Herbert would laugh back, shake his head, and insist that the old questions were not yet settled. He owned, though, that they were in the background. "This air and exercise," he would say ; the transparent cheat ! Could not Putnam see what it was ? But you know the invariable and very simple conduct of persons in this condition. Herbert was like all the rest ; innocently thinking no one knew what the matter



was but himself, when there it was, plain on his face to everybody. Of course, this state of things brought them all close together.

As the tide came in one morning, by Leonora's invitation three of them took their seats on the thwarts of the little boat. There were Gordon Holyoake, Putnam, and Alice, with the lady captain; while Herbert, in his dory, sat ready to keep them company. Leonora trained her crew like a boatswain, merry and wilful. Up the mast, rattling on its rings, went the sail; and off they moved with the light breeze. Herbert's dory, brilliant crimson, with white canvas on top, except where he sat, was just at the side. He could easily drag it down alone along the beach from its shed; taking one of the sharp ends under his arm. With Herbert in his place, only five or six inches of the crimson side showed out of the water. Herbert sat with his poised oars, cheerful as he had not been for many months. With the aid of a few strokes of an oar, strongly given by Holyoake, the little boat presently was out from behind the shelter of the land, and caught more of the breeze in her sail. Holyoake laid the oar away, and stood on the deck in front, with a boat-hook. The tide was just coming in. The winding channel was beset with shallows; and it was quite likely the boat might touch, and need to be pushed off. Alice held the loose sheet in her hand; and, when they came about on the other tack, it was her part to haul over the little boom. Putnam was set to bailing, first with a cup, and then with a sponge; for, in a sail by moon-

light the evening before, some water had been shipped. Round and round the party, swept Herbert in his dory ; for the wind was light ; and, trim the sail as Leonora would, the boat did little more than slide with tide. His hair blew free from under the chip hat he wore ; his eye was bright again ; the vigorous "thud" of his oars in the rowlocks sounded far over the water. As he pulled, a fine strength clothed his neck, and the fore-arms knotted up like the arms of a victor in the Olympic games.

There was plenty of sprightly talk. "Ah ! Mr. Holyoake," said Leonora, with assumed pettishness, "do have the goodness to whistle for a wind. You are before the mast now ; and I assure you it is entirely in character. We have no idea that you commonly whistle ; but the reputation of my ship is at stake, — a desperate time, and we must resort to desperate expedients." Holyoake pursed his mouth, and sent forth a few long drawn, most unskilful whistles, at which there was a laugh ; and Herbert, settling back with feet firm against the stretchers, went whirling around the others with the speed of a gull. "What a sail it was last night !" said Leonora ; "that little half-moon ; one in the sky, and one in the water : I do believe the sky was so much in love, that it split its silver sixpence, and gave half of it to the sea to keep." Then again, looking toward a double-towered light-house, kept by a certain "Windy Haines," once, by report, a pirate, it was, "There is Windy Haines's light-house. Do you know, those two towers, sloping from base to top, and



so white, make me think of an ivory-mounted opera-glass? The old pirate, whom nobody ever sees or knows, I believe sets his glass down there all day ; but at night he is looking at us over on Honomok with his two red eyes. They flame out as a pirate's eyes should." So, again and again, with a nimbleness of fancy and vivacity that it is hard to render ; "with a ready laugh and free glance which put Holyoake and Herbert into high spirits, but which rather had the effect to subdue Putnam, who bent to his bailing in a diligent manner, glad to have something to do with his hands.

Herbert drove his dory ahead ; striking out to sand-bars and isolated rocks, free and swift ; then returning in a sort of triumph to the others, who were nearly becalmed. " O philosopher ! " at length broke out Leonora, " how can you take such pleasure in tormenting a parcel of poor phantoms ! It is only the ' Maya,' O my Pundit ! We are only poor creatures of your fancy, painted on your brain ! " This was quite significant. Herbert, it was plain, had been very confidential with Leonora. He would never have said any thing to her about matters that had moved his mind so profoundly, and brought him so much trouble, if he had not been pretty deeply in love. That is the way with young fellows. In the first blush, they pour every thing they know into the ears of their favorites without any reserve ; and sometimes it comes out very uncomfortably, as in the present case. It was plain that Herbert did not like this sudden introduction of

such things. He bent nervously to his oars, without making any reply, and soon was far out to seaward; not coming back until the party were approaching, at last, the cove in the rocks, to which they were bound. "Ah!" thought Putnam, "it is plain enough now, if I had not known it before; what a ruthless person she is! How little tact! Does she not see that she gives him pain? or is she utterly careless?"

Leonora kept up her gayety. They looked now over the side, through the transparent water, at the plantations of dark sea-weed upon the shallows over which they slid,—channelled, here and there, with broad passages,—the white sand at the bottom showing up, with crabs and horse-shoes crawling and swimming about; and sometimes it was ahead, where the water was in a flutter, as if giving off electricity; the dart of silver sparks and flakes seen among the flying drops; shoals of mackerel moving here and there. Finally, the keel grated upon the little beach near the cove; Holyoake taking care, with the boat-hook, that it should not strike too heavily. Herbert, who had arrived before them, and whose dory was drawn far up above the reach of the tide, took the kedge as Holyoke threw it out, and drew them high up upon the sand. They took their lunch; then, to vary matters, went apart. Holyoake remained near the ladies; while Herbert and Putnam strolled off over the rocks: the latter admiring the sea-view, with Windy Haines's opera-glass and the ships beyond; the former moody and abstracted, sitting upon the peaks of ledges, throwing fragments of rock

through water-worn chasms into the sea. Every now and then, he cast an eye toward the other group; or, if they happened to be out of sight, he would make an errand to gain some point from which he could see them; hoping he should find Leonora going off by herself in such a way that it would do for him to join her; and making all these little subterfuges to throw dust into Putnam's eyes, — Putnam's eyes all the time, of course, being wide open as could be to all that was going on.

Toward the end of the afternoon, Herbert and Putnam made their way back to the others. They found them seated in a picturesque chasm, beneath a huge sea-beaten ledge. Leonora was higher than her companions. She had been reading, and sat with her book open in her hand, talking very earnestly with Holyoake. Her face was full of excitement. Holyoake's countenance showed, too, that something had occurred to kindle him; while Alice Granger, who ordinarily was a social person, sat very grave and quiet. Leonora had in her hands the "Athaliah" of Racine, — the powerful tragedy founded upon the story of the wicked daughter of Jezebel, who sought to usurp the throne of Judah; and only failed of reducing the nation under her idolatrous tyranny, through the address and courage of those who at last succeeded in arousing the people against her. Generally, Leonora's mood was wilful, and her mirth almost rough; but this was something different. As she sat now, there was so much power in every feature and gesture, that one could see

how, upon occasion, she might tower and flame, as her father did in his times of inspiration before vast audiences.

As Herbert and Putnam came near, there was a pause, and the silence became awkward. To break the awkwardness, Putnam asked what they had been reading. "A story, Mr. May," she began slowly to reply, "of a nation noble in its gifts; glorious in its memories of heroic men; glorious through the memory of a great past, when there were mighty and manly struggles out of servitude, and against those who sought to enslave: a nation which at last, in an evil day (and here her voice grew deep and tremulous), through degeneracy stooped toward the dust, so that a haughty, sin-branded queen, of alien blood, set her foot upon their necks, and polluted their shrines. But this was long, long ago, and such things never happen now." The satiric curl which here contracted the lines of her firm lips, was something superb. The allusion to the Slave-Power was plain enough. It was known to all where lay Leonora's sympathies; but her present mood was something novel to them. It was evident that she was a true daughter of her sire, with soul full of the same hot wrath and zeal.

Putnam said no more; but Holyoake, here resuming a discussion in which they were engaged before the coming of the others, uttered a few sentences which showed that he was inclined to take different views. He spoke earnestly, but with much deference toward Leonora, as if unwilling to give her offence. Leonora

interrupted him, casting her eyes down, and reading from the play; the rich voice, so strong with excitement, giving, with an effect which Rachel could hardly have caught, the resounding verse. "If there were only now, as of old, some grand figure," at length she said, "to confront this bitterly raging Athaliah of to-day!" She rose in her emotion, full of most tragic power, and read the denunciation which Joad, the great high-priest, pours out upon the bloody child of Jezebel, "At last thou art cast into our hands. Give account of the blood thou hast poured out." Then she went on with hot, rapid words: "So guilty are we in allowing our credit to be compromised, and right to suffer!—such apathy as to Duty; such guilt on the part of those who stand for us at the rudder-lines! The very earth ought to flush red-hot under us!"

The impetuous power with which it came cannot be given. Her hat flew off, and her black hair blew out abundant. The simple and loose attire in which she was dressed for the excursion hung about her dilating figure with a sort of imposing grace. The jagged, wave-beaten ledge was a suitable background to so grand a figure. Mingling with her tones was the low roar of the northern sea, stretching about her. She stood like passion-kindled Norma sending out a stormy summons, through bleak air and over wild fields, to the Druids, — a figure to tower before Athaliah herself, — indignant, panting; her passionate soul leaping with torches into her dark eyes; a mien like her father's when he stood before the people. Holyoake rose, and



strode away with rapid steps. Herbert sat motionless, with eyes fixed upon her.

Holyoake, in some way, had come to know about Herbert's reported insanity, and confinement at the Shepherd Asylum. He was glad to hear of it. They were rivals again, and in a bitterer manner than ever before; and he could not help feeling exultation at knowing a fact with which he might so fatally injure Herbert if he chose. Of selfish nature, his passion blunted his moral sense. But, as yet, Holyoake had no reason to suppose that Leonora preferred Herbert. She appeared to treat both with perfect impartiality, giving to neither encouragement; going on in her wilful, unconstrained way; generally merry, not often showing the sterner mood; receiving the attentions of the young men frankly and cordially, — to all appearance, herself entirely heart-whole.

A morning came at last, which opened fair. Leonora, in spite of the advice of the fishermen, persisted in going alone upon a long water excursion. Upon Se-hagun Head, a promontory near, there was a house for the entertainment of summer guests, where were friends of Leonora; and these, on this morning, she set out to visit. An old boatman of Honomok stood ready at the wharf by her vessel, — a man who had been won to her by some kindness; but she refused his offer of company. The day looked so fair and calm at the start, it was hard to believe there was any danger. Putnam went to the end of the pier. Holyoake came strolling along the beach, picking up shells, as if by chance,



in time to wave his hand, and catch an inclination from Leonora's resolute figure, as she glided away from the island. Herbert was not to be seen, but lay before a high, southward-looking window, from which he could watch the little boat until she became a mere speck.

Every thing seemed fair. The sun shone red through the canvas as it filled ; and the vessel bore away from the landing to the eastward, to give the "Shrouded Castaways," a dangerous reef near the island, a good berth. Then the course was southward, and at last there was nothing upon the blue water. Holyoake spent the morning in his room. Herbert went listlessly about the island, or sat abstracted under the trees. Toward noon the wind came in fresher from the east, and, by three o'clock, it was quite a strong breeze. The sun was bright and clear ; the sea in the offing, full of leaping life ; the cool brisk air, so salt and tonic, sweeping against the body till one could hardly be conscious of the impediment of flesh and bones.

Naturally, our party at Honomok would have been in high spirits ; but now there was occasion for anxiety. It was hardly safe outside, under such a breeze, for a boat like Leonora's, under the most skilful management ; and though her lady captain was fearless, and reasonably expert, all knew that, if she ventured alone from Schagun Head, she would be in great danger. After dinner, Herbert and Putnam looked southward over the sea. Putnam, of course, had no further interest that it was natural for one to feel in such a person. She was hardly agreeable to him, or comfortable as a com-

panion ; but he had become aware of her power. Herbert, however, worked his lip nervously, and kept his eye upon the water.

It seemed impossible that she should start ; for the breeze grew fresher, and Putnam began to rally Herbert upon his fears, which were so grave that he made no effort to conceal them. "It is only appearance and phantasm, my dear sage," he began ; but Herbert twitched nervously, and shook his head. It was plain, the reality of things had caught hold of him. Just here he exclaimed, and caught the glass, looked through it, then passed it quickly to Putnam. A sail from the direction of the Head was just coming into view. Through the glass, it soon became plain that the canvas had the somewhat peculiar shape of the canvas of Leonora's vessel. The old boatman was summoned from his work near by with a quick call, who shook his head doubtfully. "She ain't standin' out near far enough. With this wind, and as the tide runs, she'll fetch sure on to the 'Castaways ;' then the Lord help her ! She's comin' kitin,' too. No use in tryin' to get out to her in my old craft. We'd have to beat well out, and the breath 'd be out of her pretty carcass afore we could get anywhere near, grantin' we could do much when we got to her."

Herbert rushed toward the beach. Putnam and the boatman hurried after him, finding on the ground his coat, cap, and vest, which he threw away as he ran. The boatman thought it useless ; but Putnam knew Herbert's skill better, and felt more confident. The risk was

great, but the case seemed desperate. Before they had reached the beach, the dory had been launched, and was shooting swiftly out to where it would meet the full force of the sea. Putnam and the boatman sprang into the island-boat, followed by Holyoake, who came hurrying down from a point of the island, where he also had been looking out. As the dory rose on the sea, they could see Herbert's face; the hair blowing wildly about, and the compressed lips. He kept the dory nearly head on to the sea, while gradually edging out toward the "Shrouded Castaways." As he rose, they could see his body sway from side to side to keep the dory in trim. Meantime, — catching sometimes in the crests, sometimes in the trough, sometimes in the dark, swelling side of the wayes, — quickly worked the oars. The breeze was fresh; but it had little hold except against Herbert's back, and he forced his way against it.

The island-boat, meantime, steered a different course. Herbert, it was plain, would soon be outside the "Castaways;" but the others bore away, so that they were soon in the smooth water, between the shallows and the shore behind. It was only the ordinary breeze of a summer afternoon. There would have been nothing to fear, if there had been plenty of sea-room; for Leonora was a person to keep careful watch of the sail, and turn the tiller with a steady hand. But, as it was, the wind and flood were forcing her dangerously near the shallows, over which the roaring surf was foaming high. Toward the northern end of the shoal, where the bar tapered into a narrow line, the surf was not so high; and, after

a yard or two of white agitated water, came the deeper sea again.

From the island-boat, now, Leonora's vessel was plainly in sight, careening to the wind. The solitary figure sat at the stern. The hat was gone; the long locks blew free; her garments, as she rose for a moment, the better to tighten the sheet about its cleat, blew out heavily. She was drenched with the wet that dashed about her. "She might clear 'em yet," said the boatman, "ef she could sail a pint or two closer to the wind;" but, as it was, the sail would bear no more. The island-boat was now inside. Leonora, though on the very edge of the white water, had not yet struck, and was now close to the extreme end: a minute more, and she would have been safe. Herbert, in the dory, was close at hand. The little boat struck. "A few fathoms more, and she'd have cleared it," said the boatman. In an instant, the white sail had disappeared in the surf. Herbert, with a few rapid strokes, swept after into the foam; then, for a few minutes, all was hidden; and Putnam sadly began to wonder, whether they would be able to get the bodies. Presently, however, the dory, bottom up, with its crimson showing plain through the white foam, came drifting out. Herbert was clinging with one arm to the iron outrigger, and, with the other, supporting Leonora. In another minute, they were pulled over the gunwale into safety, — Herbert, exhausted and panting; Leonora, fainting, with dripping garments clinging close about her. But they were saved.

For a few days, Leonora was seriously ill. Her father was summoned at once. At length she appeared again, pallid and weak, for an hour or two each day ; but not in a condition to bear much society. Holyoake, day by day, grew more reserved and gloomy. It was plain that it troubled him, as was natural, that Herbert had been able to render so important a service ; but he was too proud and persistent to regard obstacles. Herbert, on the other hand, grew to be more and more the joyous man he had been in previous years. He was far too delicate to make capital out of the obligation under which Miss Otis lay to him, or to render any but the most cautious and guarded attentions to her in her weakness ; but he knew, through some sign or look, that he might hope. He thought that now he could please his father. He had something to live for, and began to seem like the aspiring, able, cultivated man, fitted to be useful, and to achieve distinction.

The weeks went past. Leonora gradually grew better ; and her preference at length was decidedly shown. From time to time, Mr. Otis came down to spend a day or two. Herbert drew in new strength with every week, and grew happy and vigorous. Suddenly Holyoake departed. On the morning of his leaving, as Herbert stood a little apart from the group of guests who had come down to say good-by, Holyoake came toward him, bending his haughty head as if in courtesy ; but he muttered at the same time, so that no one but Herbert caught the words, "I will defeat you yet."



In a few days, Mr. Otis came down for one of his brief visits. He was grateful in his manner to Herbert, as he had always been; perhaps even more tenderly so than ever before: but, from that time, he seemed to take great care to seclude Leonora. It began to be whispered about among the guests, that Mr. Lee was insane. The story was, that he had been confined in the Shepherd Asylum; that the physician in charge had not comprehended his case, and had discharged him too soon. If any doubted, it was said that the noted Dr. Tillenbaugh was very decided in the matter. Mr. Lee had been his patient; and it was by his advice that he had been sent to the asylum. Dr. Benton was thought to have used so little judgment in the case, as to be in some danger of losing his position. Herbert noticed a change in the manner in which he was treated by the guests. That Leonora held herself aloof from him, he understood to be her own free act. Putnam battled his cause stoutly; but what was he against such an authority as Dr. Tillenbaugh? Every one now had "remarked something strange in Mr. Lee's conduct;" a "moodiness," or an "excitability." Some thought it was hardly safe that he should be there, smelt fire in the night, and noticed a "wild light" in his eyes. Herbert, of course, heard it all, and imagined the case to be far worse than it really was. At length, one afternoon, who should appear but his father and Dr. Tillenbaugh. Mr. Lee looked perplexed and harassed. Tillenbaugh deported himself in his usual gracious manner. Herbert knew they had come for him.



That night, the wind blew hard. Windows and doors were barred; and hoarse, about the ledges and the "Shrouded Castaways," roared the surf. In-bound ships stood out to sea again, to be away from the lee-shore; coasters made port at sundown, fearing the gale at night. That night, Herbert Lee disappeared. In the morning, pieces of the crimson sides of his dory were found on the shore opposite the island. There was no other trace. It was conjectured, that, in a mad freak, he had got up in the storm, gone out to row, and been drowned. The body was not found; but the tide might have drifted that to sea, it was said.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ABYSS.

HERBERT'S father did all that could be done to find some trace of his son. It was in vain; and he came to believe that he must have been drowned. To launch out in such a storm seemed to him a plainer proof than any of Herbert's insanity. Through this madness, the father believed that Herbert had come to his death; and he mourned over him with genuine sorrow. It was the general belief, that Herbert had been drowned. Leonora lay for many weeks seriously ill. Holyoake stood aghast before the serious consequences of the action he had taken. It was through a bribe, held out by him to Tillenbaugh, that that person had taken the course he did, in proclaiming the unsoundness of Herbert's mind. Holyoake was haughty and unscrupulous, and had meant, by every means he could use, to separate Herbert and Leonora: but the result of his plotting alarmed him. His passion for Leonora remained unabated however, and he only waited for opportunity to renew his suit.

At this time the world was in turmoil with great public agitations. Holyoake had been, at one time,

thought cold. Suddenly his manner changed, and he appeared to throw himself with enthusiasm into the discussions and measures which preceded the outbreak of the war. It was, in great part, because he knew that Leonora would look with favor upon no one who did not show this spirit. To win her became his ruling purpose. There was in his heart, beside, selfish desire for glory and power. He foresaw, to some extent, the course of events, and felt that the surest path to fame was, at the same time, the only possible path to the woman he loved. Putnam alone felt entirely hopeful that Herbert still survived. Now that Herbert and Claiborne were estranged, he knew that he stood closer to Herbert than any male friend; and he faithfully played the part of a friend. He fought with ardor in Herbert's cause. He tried to disabuse Mr. Lee of his impression that Herbert was insane, without much success. He talked with Mr. Otis, and only waited for Leonora to gain strength, to approach her upon the same topic. Dr. Benton alone said confidently, that Herbert "was as fine a young fellow as he ever saw. There was no adequate proof of his death. Such a frame! A doctor, you know, Mr. May, notices such things. Then such a thoughtful mind, and so athirst after truth! There is no insanity there, you may be sure; and this escapade of his is not strange. Let his friends bear with him, and I am sure they will be proud of him in the end."

After a considerable interval, the following letter came to Putnam. Bitterly cynical as it was, Putnam

yet read it with joy. His friend, at any rate, was living; and, knowing as he did Herbert's true nature, he felt sure that his spirit could not long remain in this unhappy frame.

*From Herbert Lee to Putnam May.*

"I must do something to kill Time; and I have got myself into such habits, that I can stab him better with the nib of a pen than in any other way. It is easier to write what somebody will read, than to write only for yourself; so I shall write to you. Once I should have written to Claiborne De Treville, whom in old times I loved — in the days when I could love. What miserable folly! I write to you, because you, more than any one I know, will take an interest in what I say about myself. Perhaps you will not care. Oh, well! it makes no difference. I only write to kill the time. It will do no good for you to try to find out where I am, as I do not choose now to be discovered. This letter will be mailed at a point hundreds of miles from where I am. I have been silent some months; and now it is the mere whim of a moment which makes me feel like sending these lines back to the world which I have forsaken, and for which I care so little.

"I had come to love Leonora Otis; fool, O pitiful fool that I was, to let that miserable warmth come into my heart toward any human thing! They called me insane, and turned against me because I was. It was well enough. I needed to be waked up from my wretched folly. Insane! I know my thinking has

taken deeper hold of me than it does of most men. I will not think it betokens any thing unhealthy. At the island, first the recreation, then my foolish love, were bringing me back into the insanity in which most of this shallow human race exist. My thinking was all going into the background; and I began to believe, fool that I was, that I could live as men do, take some part in life, feel ambition. Pish! I am well over that.

"I will write down something as to what I have done. Read it or not, as you choose. If you burn it, it will make no difference. I do not write to please anybody, — only to kill time. I left the island in the storm. As I stood on the beach, just before launching my dory, the rain beat down, and the gale thundered fiercely about. The surf outside I could hear, roaring hoarsely; but behind the island, with the wind astern, I was not afraid but what I could make the boat live. I did not care much whether she went down or not. I do not care now. For all I care, they might have drawn my body ashore the next morning, and given me a grave in the bleak burying-ground there. I tell you I had the heart of old Lear; and through the roar of the storm, out on the waters, I screamed to the winds as he did. It has become second nature to me to balance along on the top of waves. I am sure the will had not much to do with my reaching the mainland in safety that night. I would about as lief have gone down as not, and I feel so now. I suppose the dory was found next day, and perhaps you concluded I was drowned. As she touched the beach, I left her; and I

dare say she was well hammered up before morning. I did not want it any more.

"I took the train which went through the town near, at two o'clock in the morning, and came to the city. I did not care where I went: only I was determined to get away. In the city I went to a Jew's shop, and bought a stout, coarse laborer's suit; then started again. So long as I cared to live, I meant that the bread should come through my hands. I could do it well enough. My face was brown from tan caught upon the sea; my palms, calloused from the oar, could carry burdens, or handle pick or shovel. My coarse blue flannel shirt suited me well. I was in the trim of a boxer, after his training. I cared not whether I broke stones, or went before the mast. I rode in a second-class car, with emigrants, and people of the class into which I had come.

"I travelled for days, coming at last to a dreary place, where, from mere whim, I stopped. What do I care for dreariness! I want no better comfort than a sentence now and then from Epictetus, which comes into my mind. These are all 'externals,' — things of 'indifferent' moment. Then, do I not remember what the wise old Phrygian freedman wrote: 'Is the house in a smoke? If it be a moderate one, I will stay; if a very great one, I will go out: for you must always remember and hold to this, that the door is open.' Thank Fate! I know the door is open. I am master of my own life; and, when I am utterly sick of the world, this deep, swift-flowing stream, on whose bank



I sit as I write, will soon quench my agony. For now I can bear the smoke, I think.

"I was strong and well. I could hold my own well, with men brought up to labor. Strolling westward along the river bank, I crossed a bridge over a little run, — came to a bend, where the river, with mighty shoulders, went heaving hard against the bank, putting into peril, as I could see, the road, which was in danger of caving off into the water. Then I came to a piece of bottom land, evidently covered in freshets, now a tract of bare, grassless mud, dried by the heat, and with its surface cracked everywhere. The road passed on from this toward a low hill, at the base of which rose a scaffolding, which I found was erected over the mouth of a coal-mine. Here a deep well was sunk, descending straight into the earth. From the mouth of the pit, a railway ran a few rods to the bank of the river, along which went cars, conveying coal to the barges, which lay fastened at the shore. The scaffolding was a framework of strong timbers, and contained the machinery for hoisting, which was worked by an engine in a shed close by. Up from the pit also came the great pump, which kept the mine free from water. I leaned upon one of the horizontal beams of the frame-work, and looked down the shaft into the earth. First the drift, then limestone, then a layer dark with the drip of water, then it was black. 'Look out for your head, man.' I drew it back, just as a platform began to descend from the top of the frame into the earth. It nearly filled the area of the shaft, and held five or six black-

ened miners, with their tools, whom the engine rapidly lowered. 'Go down, if you like,' said the man who had warned me, — a man of intelligent face, in a dress gracefully made, but serviceable. I judged he might be the superintendent.

"The platform soon came up, heavily laden with coal, which was turned into cars that waited, and hurried down to the river. I stepped on to the platform with the man and two or three miners, each with his tools; and a tin lamp hung in the front of his greasy cap. We descended at once. The shaft was two hundred feet deep. As we went rapidly down, the hole at the top grew more and more narrow. Upon reaching the bottom, we stepped off into an underground room. The rock was close overhead; and beams of oak were put here and there, to prop the roof. The flaring lamps in the caps of the miners shone out, showing passages stretching here and there into the darkness. In one corner was a litter of straw; plainly a stable for animals. A rumbling noise we heard, which grew louder; and presently a mule came, drawing along a tramway from one of the passages a load of coal, to be taken up the shaft, driven by a dust-covered gnome of a boy, with the lamp in his cap almost brushing with its flame the roof of the mine.

"The man who had warned me was going through part of the mine, and offered to take me. I followed him into one of the passages. We could only walk with stooping. Putting out the hands on either side, I could touch the posts which supported the shaly slate

above. Behind the posts, I could see, by the lamp which my guide carried, the coal. Through the passage went the track. Occasionally, rooms opened out into the vein, where men, half sitting, half lying, dug out the coal, placing props here and there, as it was removed. 'Here it is dangerous,' said my guide, as we came to a company of men who were roofing, with stout plank, part of the passage, beneath the stone. Large fragments had fallen there, and this was to prevent further caving-in. We went deep into the earth. The air was dry and good, in spite of the smoke of the lamps, the breaths of the workmen, and the fumes and dust from the blasts of powder, which occasionally I could hear discharged, — a dull rumbling coming to us along the gallery.

"At length a group of half a dozen men came, running from in front of us: 'A blast! a blast!' They had just lighted one, and were flying from it. We turned with them, and were hastening back, when we met a similar company coming from the opposite direction, shouting also, 'A blast! a blast!' We were between the two fires: but my guide only laughed, and shrugged his shoulders; at the same time crouching down on the rock beneath, as did also the other miners, huddling into as dense a group as possible. We were packed together in the narrow passage, as close as we could be crowded. The light of a lamp fell full upon the face of a man whose body lay partly over mine. It was smutty from working in the coal; but, for some reason or other, I fancied the fellow's expression. With

a shuddering boom, the blast before us exploded, and, almost at the same instant, the blast behind ; scattering coal-dust and small fragments all about and over us, but no pieces of considerable size. The danger was over. The man I had noticed, maintained through it all the same look of recklessness, blended with good-humor ; and, as we rose, with a strong brogue uttered some rough expression in keeping with the countenance. Something about the fellow — call it magnetism or what you will — attracted me. I was tired of wandering. I might as well stay here, I thought, as be anywhere ; and might make a friend of this miner as well as any one. In place of Claiborne and Leonora, I took this rough Pat Flanagan. Will he cast me off as they have done ?

“As we returned toward the bottom of the shaft, my guide, who announced himself as the superintendent, proposed to me to work here in the mine. ‘I did not like to ask you, until I had taken you down ; for some men are rather afraid of it, till they know about it. But, you see, there’s good air, not hard work, and good pay. We are short-handed, and would like a stout hand like you. I took up with the offer, and became ’ what I still remain, — a coal miner, two hundred feet under ground, only coming up to sleep.

“There ! I dare say you have not read thus far. I do not care. It has filled up a little time to write to you, and that is all I wanted. I am as well off here as anywhere. This world I find a smoky house to live in. When it smokes too much, I shall leave it ; but, for a while, I choose to hold on.”

After an interval, Herbert wrote to Putnam again. The bitterness had gone ; but the doubt, from the sway of which his new-born love had well nigh rescued him, resumed its power, now that his love seemed to come to nought.

"Months have gone by, Putnam ; and to-night I feel the impulse to write again to you. I do not choose yet to have you know where I am. I am afraid to have you write to me,—afraid to see you. You might overthrow me with some argument ; and, as I reflect deliberately, I am clear that it is better for me to remain as I am. God keep me from making my judgment blind ! I pray and hope for a faith that will serve me to live by ; standing upon which, I can feel enthusiasm, and do earnest work. I do not find it yet, but doubt and doubt. I cannot follow the aims which men generally follow. I would be true to myself. To live is so deeply earnest. Oh that I could find a place on which to stand ! When I tried sincerely to look dark things in the face, they misunderstood me. I do not know now that I could do differently, were I among my old surroundings. I suffer here with my questionings as I did there. Here, I am free : there, I might perhaps be confined as I have been. It is better for me to be here. The outside of things here is rough and hard ; but what of that ? I care not a straw for any daintiness or prettiness to which I have been used. To me, my coarse shirt is as good as broadcloth, and the oaken handle of a pick more congenial than a dainty cane.

"I have little idea what I wrote to you months ago.



I presume it was something harsh and desperate. Perhaps it may have alienated you from me; yet I will not say that. If I was bitter, you know it was because my wretchedness was deep. I fancied such glorious light was breaking upon my shadows; then to have it go out, and find my darkness deeper than ever, — without a purpose, without a faith, without hope! I shall not write to you harshly now, — never fear it; but you will not blame me if I show unhappiness. How those deep words of Tennyson, in the 'Two Voices,' come home to me! —

‘Thou art so full of misery,  
Were it not better not to be?’

That dull and bitter voice is so constant to me! I wonder when I shall hear the other, —

‘The little whisper, silver clear;  
The murmur, “Be of better cheer.”’

A sentence of Antoninus comes to my mind, ‘Would you understand yourself and the world? Pray, then, let your library alone. Why need you puzzle your thoughts, and overgrasp yourself?’ — something like that. Perhaps it would have been better to let books alone; and yet, I believe, I have seldom come upon any form of doubt, the hint of which had not suggested itself previously in my mind. Of myself, I might have come into as deep perplexity as I have reached with the help of others. The old questions lie unanswered.

“I am a miner still, meantime; working to feed myself, and to give myself the desire for sleep, the sweet



oblivion ! I wish I could always sleep. Now (remember I have not your faith), if death were only sleep ! but the 'thought of something after death puzzles the will.' I find that I can make a comfortable living by half-a-day's work. Pat and I belong to a company of miners, who go down the shaft at seven in the morning, with lamps, picks, and powder, to our work. I am not mistaken in Pat. He is uncouth, but has a royal heart. His gratitude is warm toward me for some little favors I have done him. He has been a roving fellow ; turning from one thing to another, keeping to each but a little while ; and, I fancy, not always careful about the innocence of his employment. He has never remained so long at one thing as he has now at this business of mining ; in good part, I know, through his attachment to me. Rough old fellow that he is ! He is my friend now ; and, if we remain together, I think I may enjoy sometime getting my arms about his neck, as I used to with Claiborne. Pat has a handiness which has given him a position as a workman. I, too, am thought by the superintendent to have shown some judgment and skill. Therefore Pat and I have been set to work with a gang of Cornishmen, brought up, and I do not know but born, in subterranean regions. There are parts of this mine rich in coal, and yet which require judgment and care in the working. The stratum of slate overhead is loose and rotten. Often we are obliged to roof the passages with plank ; and in blasting, and using the pick, great care must be taken against jarring the crumbling stone. The dan-

gerous service of working in these places, Pat and these others like, because it brings more pay. I am indifferent to the peril, and am somewhat soothed and helped by the excitement I sometimes feel. I lie on my side, or stoop, on a pile of fragments, as we are obliged to do, with the smoking light in the front of my greasy cap, and pick away at the vein.

"Overhead, I have sometimes seen a beautiful frescoing; ferns and reeds printed on the flat surface of the slate, showing out as the coal falls away, — painted there so long ago. Poor creatures that we are! Little ephemeral flies and beetles! Slight difference would it make, if we were crushed, — we who supersede races gone, to be superseded by higher and better forms. How it would puzzle some future geologist, my long-fossilized carcass here in the carboniferous! I am half-tempted, sometimes, to bring the roof down upon myself, and run my chance of setting wrong the naturalists of a billion years hence. Fancy some fellow in spectacles, describing me from occiput to heel-bone, and arguing thence the existence of the human race in the time of the coal formations. At noon, I grope my way to the bottom of the pit, and go winking up into the daylight once more; blacker, of course, than an Egyptian, and sour with sweat.

"These are rough fellows that I live among, but not unkind. At first there was antagonism toward me; for I could not throw away my breeding and cultivation so far as to appear like one of them. But, when they found I made no assumption, antagonism gave way to

deference. Pat, too, is my fast friend. Rough as he is, he is too delicate to press me curiously. The superintendent here is a good fellow; one of those men, not uncommon, with a world of sense and ability in some directions, yet with defects in others. He is a fine geologist; and detected, through indications on the surface, the existence of this coal here. He had some capital, and set to work to open the mine. Others became associated with him. He did the work like a good engineer, — digging the shaft, and running the passages in the best manner; but the financial part was badly managed. The work cost too much. He failed at last, with his company. Those into whose hands the mine fell, employ him now to oversee. He is very much of a gentleman. ‘Bates,’ said he, the other day (that is my assumed name), ‘I see through you in part. In your air, your face, your bearing, you carry the marks of a man of education and gentlemanly habits. I do not know who you are, and do not try to penetrate your secret; for secret you certainly have. You are no rascal who is hiding: that I am sure of. Call me your friend. Live as you like. You take a strange course, but I will not say it is a wrong one. I can think of things that might bring a man down to this, without any fault of his. Call me your friend.’” So wrote Herbert.

In outward mien, this strong, deep-eyed man was grave and silent, but kind; and though there was nothing in his dress to mark him among the others, it was

very plain that he had sometime been in a different condition. He lived on from week to week ; and, somehow or other, the rumor went out, that there was a strange and romantic mystery about him. One day, there was a little accident at the mine, in which it so happened that he rendered Pat Flanagan an essential service, news of which soon found its way to the town near, where the newspaper put it into a very melodramatic dress. The superintendent of the mine became more than kind to him. Herbert liked Pat, and would have been ready to help him for that. Indeed, he would have helped any one ; because there was something in him which made him want to live a brave and good life, although he was so much perplexed. No doubt, however, the recklessness which he had come to feel made him more ready than he would otherwise have been, to take risks. He began to think, that, if he meant to avoid embarrassment, he must wander again ; but now the days of his gloom were accomplished.

When great excitements jar a soul in the condition of Herbert's, the doubt and anguish in the deep places seem to be loosened ; yet sometimes, if the excitement is too light, or too suddenly ceases, they settle down again into their old places, as dead and heavy as before. When the doubt and anguish were just sinking within the soul of Herbert, we saw how they were shaken, and almost dispossessed, by the power of eloquence. Again we saw, that, through love for Leonora, the spirit was thrilled through and through, until the dark and dead

things were nearly dispossessed ; but the influence too suddenly ceased, and back they fell into their old places. But now came the solemn, far-reverberating thunder of cannon ! and as, at the booming of cannon, the corpses of drowned men come floating to the surface of water, when the current begins to bear off the pollution, so it happened that under this deep-penetrating, far-thundering jar and throb, the doubt and anguish in the deep places of Herbert's soul rose at last, and floated away.

## CHAPTER VI.

## CANNON THUNDER.

*From Putnam May to Louisa May.*

"DEAR LOU, — I have much to write to you about those whom I am sure you have come to care for in something the way that I do ; and first of Leonora. I have seen her ; and though things have turned far differently from what I hoped, yet I am so impressed with what I have seen and heard, as to have almost a new sense of human power. I have beheld a creature level with this great time, I believe.

"I went to see Leonora about Herbert. As soon as I could learn that she was well enough to bear conversation upon a matter which I thought must move her profoundly, I sent her a note, asking for an interview. She appointed an hour, and I went to her father's house. As I entered the hall, I thought of the time when Herbert stood there in his boat-shirt, and Leonora came down the stairs to him, when the rioters were about making their attack.

"I found her pale and calm. I have told you much about her, but she is changed. The sparkle and life and mirthfulness are gone ; or, if she shows them now,



it is all intensified and deepened and dignified, so that you only think of grand, impetuous power. The mood in which she stood when she held the 'Athaliah' in her hand (I have told you, you remember) — transient in those days, I judge — has become more constant with her. I had hinted to her in my note the subject upon which I wished to speak to her, so that her mind might be prepared. 'I am Herbert Lee's friend,' I began, 'and, until his disappearance, was his confidant.' She sat like marble. I hesitated, abashed by her calm manner. At length she said coldly, 'These matters we will adjourn, sir.' There was nothing more to be done. She pushed it all thus quietly aside.

"My situation was awkward, and I rose as if to go." She detained me however, saying, in a different tone, that she saw few people, and her heart was so full she was glad of an opportunity to talk. She spoke of public matters — at first calmly — saying she felt an earnestness she could hardly understand; an earnestness unusual in her age and sex, that perhaps needed apology. 'But you know my parentage,' she said. 'It was in part born with me, I suppose, and in part comes from my nurture. I am my father's true child, I think: Heaven forbid that I should lay claim to his gifts. I hold him to be nobly eloquent, as are great reformers and martyrs, and kindled by a God-sent power. I claim no part of his gifts, but only a share of his zeal.' As she spoke, she grew more and more earnest, and I could see that the God was beginning to

touch the Pythoness. 'What have you come to me to talk of? a matter suited for a time of ease and peace; but I tell you my mind is in no condition to think of things fitted for ease and peace. You speak to me of this, when it is as if the crimson light of beacons were streaming about me wide and far, and, wherever I turn, the heavens were cut with the sharp sparkle of signal rockets! — these matters, when such sleep is coming upon so many living eyes!' She paused, and paced strongly to and fro, until she became more quiet. 'You will think,' she said at last, 'that this is strange passion in me, poor woman that I am! But such days as these are for sacrifice and heroism!' She kindled again. 'Such noble duty as there is to be done! Oh, why are not they the times when queens went forth to strive, and weapons were held by the hands of maids!' I can give you little idea of the energy with which all this was spoken, and of the hot flush with which her passion supplanted the pallor of her feebleness. I think I understand her now, — the almost rudeness and wilfulness which seemed so out of place when I first knew her. That was before the fiery time came. She is not fitted for quiet, every-day life. It is like trying to make a toy-drum of a hero's corslet, or a plaything of Excalibur, for Leonora to try to descend into the coquetry and frivolity of the life of so many young women. The stern sound of the armor would terrify, the sword would wound and pierce; and so Leonora, in an ordinary time, and among light chatter, continually shocked.

"I tell you I pitied her. Above her broad brow it was meant that a helmet should sit, if it was ever so. She has the power to lead an army corps, or rule a state; and there is no sphere for her! As I looked upon her, so thrilled with her passion, the pallor gone, the black hair, through her energetic walk, shaken down upon her shoulders, I thought of the old Spartan nurture. I could well fancy, too, that in some such guise as that, Boadicea in her scythe-armed chariot swept down upon London. And yet there was nothing barbarian in the power. It was force, combined with the highest refinement. Leonora seemed to me there to embody the genius, the aspiration, the noble ire, of the time: fierce, but with a hallowed and justifiable rage; a grand soul kindled into heat, all consuming, and yet sanctified. 'At least,' said she, with bitterness and a curl of sarcasm, 'I will do with my poor woman's strength what I may. I will be where they do battle, if I may not join. I will go to the front, and bind up wounds.' And that is what she has done.

"That is Leonora in these times; and now here is Herbert. I send you his last letter to me, which came a few days ago; most cheerful, you see, full of new-born hope and faith:—

*From Herbert Lee to Putnam May.*

"'Joy, joy, dear friend. I think I can do something. I am at last, I believe, carried out of myself. I feel a vigor and purpose within me, which I pray God is nothing transient, which I believe will prove enduring.

I trust that my soul at last stands with firm feet on eternal rock. Let me hurry to tell you all.

“The other day, after work was done, a steamer, on its way southward, stopped at the mine to coal. I went down to the boat, as I often do; and, under the sunset, took my seat on the bow, which was well heaped up with freight, watching the bustle of the hands, and sometimes looking up to the deck in front of the cabin, to see the faces of the well-dressed world, of which I no longer count myself a member. The river was high, and, as always is the case at such times, full of drift-wood. Uprooted trees, logs, sawn timbers, — every thing which gathers on the bank of a great river goes rushing down with the flood, covering the stream so thickly sometimes as to impede the progress of the steamers. It goes from these Western forests to the Gulf. Much of it finds its way into the Gulf Stream; and after months, sometimes years, it is cast ashore in strange regions.

“What voyages, I thought, these beeches and oaks, this refuse from American saws, may be embarked upon! - They will be bleached under the dash of seas in far-away climates; the shell-fish will cling to them; the seal and the sea-bird, make them a temporary perch. Perhaps, some day, these trees that float by me now, whitened and riven beneath the maces of the storm, may be stranded on the North Cape, or furnish fuel for the pot of some Russian whaleman in Spitzbergen. So they sweep through strange experiences to strange destinations, the sport of currents and tempests; and so

(you know that I moralize inveterately), waif that I am ! I have been torn from the spots where I rooted and grew, and have come to strange shores.

“ ‘ While I sat thinking, upon a box of freight, in the hubbub, a disturbance took place upon the upper deck, in front of the cabin. Some of the passengers had been gambling, and a black waiter came flying out with loud cries. I looked up, and saw that he was pursued by a white man with clenched fists. Others of the passengers came out ; and I gathered from the talk that came down to me from the deck, that the negro, going from the bar, through some carelessness had spilled liquor upon this person, who at once flew into a violent rage, struck the servant, and was flying after him to strike him again. I cared little for the brawl, and was turning my face again toward the river, when my eye fell upon the face of the man who had shown this violence. It was now growing dark ; but the torch of cannel coal by which the hands were working, shed a light full upon him. Do you anticipate me ? It was Claiborne De Treville !

“ ‘ My first impulse brought me at once to my feet, and I had nearly called his name. Then, remembering my situation, — the estrangement which would have remained between us, even were I in the position in life in which I had known him, — my next impulse was to hurry away, lest I might be observed. What I did at last was this. The stage just here was being drawn in, and the hands had gone out to unmoor the cable that held the boat to the shore. It was high time for



me to go. I stayed, however, in my place; resolving to go down the river to the next landing, and return during the night upon some upward-bound boat. Something of my old feeling toward him came rushing to my heart. It brought up careless, happy memories. "I will," I thought, "at least be near him, if we must not meet."

"The evening went on as the boat rushed rapidly forward. The air was warm; and Claiborne, soon recovering from his anger, — as used to be the case, you remember, in old times, — sat with a gentleman close upon the edge of the deck, with the arm of his chair against the rail. The freight was piled high upon the bow; and only from the desire to be near him, and hear his voice, I climbed over the hogsheads and barrels, and found a place, where, sitting with my back against one of the great timbers supporting the deck, I was directly under him. I had no idea of eavesdropping, but thought there would be no harm in my hearing conversation which others, who sat as near him on the deck as I was, could also hear perfectly well. I was surprised to find him there. I knew he went abroad some time ago, but supposed that he had returned. From a sentence or two that he let drop, I gathered that he had just arrived; and, though he was silent about his destination, I knew it was right to suppose that he was on his way to the South.

"As he talked, he became excited. "Slavery," said he, "Good Heavens! why cannot these shallow fellows see, that no more beneficent institution has ever been



seen on the face of the earth ! What is it but this that brings the barbarian into civilization ! Look at the savage. He will only expend his energy in fighting. He will not work himself, — makes his women, and the captives he takes in war, do his work for him. In antiquity it was so. Nation after nation, at one time or another, passed under the yoke, and were made to work. What was the effect of it all ? Why this, — that, through this beneficent means, they gained a habit of industry, saw what things could be done by work. The disposition to sluggishness and fighting was weakened, and a way prepared for an industrial civilization. Slavery ! I believe in it from my soul, though my views are different from those generally held, perhaps, by pro-slavery men. These Northern men, — workmen, and proud of being workmen, — why are they workmen but for this ? that Norman conquerors, eight centuries ago, subdued them, and made them serfs. Mere hunters and fighters they were : but these Normans put them to the soil, and to the arts ; made them labor until they got the habit of labor. I am of this Norman stock, and would do here, in this new world and with this other race, what was done in the old by my ancestors. I do not set these negroes down as mere brutes. The stock is as good, perhaps, as were those Saxon boors whom William and his followers put under foot. They are indolent barbarians ; that is all. I shall do them a service by holding them under my mastery. Under this mastery, they will, in time, learn to work, become industrious, and reach the level of

these Northern people, who were once as low down as they. I belong to these Normans — tamers we are ! We have tamed these Saxon boors ; we will tame these negroes, and some day tame still other races." And so he went on.

"As he spoke, he rose, seized with one hand the light pillar that rose from the deck, and gesticulated nervously with the other. In the moonlight, I could see the working of his lips, and the clutching of his hands.

"The negro whom Claiborne had struck, here came out of the cabin, with his head bandaged. As Claiborne caught sight of him, he stopped in his talk, and went toward him at once. "Well, boy, I did more than I meant to. I did not expect to make a bruise like that." And, taking off the bandage, he went into the cabin, returning presently with it wet with some healing application. Then he put something into the negro's hand, which I could not see ; but I judged from the black's expression, that he thought the affair had not turned out so badly for him after all. Then Claiborne came back, and renewed his talk. It was in a lower tone ; but he grew more vehement, then broke out at last, "I hate the North ;" — then paused, and said, in a tone full of tenderness, "and yet the only man I ever loved was a Northerner." Think of that coming in, Putnam ! It thrilled me through and through. It woke up the old affection ; and he was to me then the same dear warm heart that he was when we slept together when we were boys. Here the

steamer whistled, swept off into the river, rounded to with bow up stream, and came to a stop before a town. I climbed down from the pile of freight. Standing on shore, I gazed upon Claiborne's face, lit up by the red, wavering light of the torches.

"Suddenly, from the darkness that rested upon the town behind, tolled a quick, deep bell; and a man, with head uncovered, and face working eagerly in the light of the torch, rushed with mad leaps down from the bank, and on to the boat. He brought news, Putnam, of the outbreak of the war; and, while the people were in tumult, the boat was unmoored, and Claiborne was borne away from me.

"Before long, an upward-bound steamer touched at the town, and I had the opportunity to go back. I sat alone under the night, thrilled and panting as I have not been for many weary days.

"I thought to myself, and I was astonished, even while I thought, at the earnestness with which the reflections rushed through my mind, "O, Claiborne! I will not argue whether or not the barbarian is raised by his servitude, as you claim; yet how is it with the masters? Do we not know how in antiquity the master races rotted, and came to nought, through the corrupting effects of this servitude which they forced upon others? and cannot we see, in your class to-day, that you, too, sink deeper, year by year, toward the savage? You yourself,—man of culture though you are, observer of the world, and thinker, with kindness of the heart which I know, oh how well!—what is this ungovern-

ble fury about a trifle, into which you fell, not an hour ago, but a wild, foolish wrath truly barbarian? O Claiborne! your enslaving of these men is only crime, — crime for which you are bitterly punished; and, this very hour, you bear upon yourself the marks of your punishment. This terrible rage, and the other furious passions that go with it, and which I know so well dwell in your heart, — it is barbarism coming fast upon you; the great red wale upon your soul, where the unsparing lash of eternal Justice is falling!”

“These were the hot thoughts that charged my breast; and, as I say, I was amazed to find my mind, for so long utterly cold and listless, glowing now with such vivid fire. And now what came of it? Will you think it inconsistent that I made up my mind, in that hour, to enlist; to go right into deadly fight with Claiborne, toward whom my old friendship was just kindling anew? I concluded to enlist, and for this reason: But for this barbarian taint, he would have the noblest of all the natures of men that I have known. Because he has it, for a useful purpose in the world he is almost worthless; his virtues cancelled in their action by this ruthless violence and untempered appetite. I say it while I love him. I will do what I can to overthrow what brings upon noble men this unholy curse. If I know myself, it is not from any narrow motive that I go: not for a class; not for country, indeed; but for MANKIND. I tell you, this fire of mine is a sudden thing, and may not be lasting. But no: I will not say that. It will endure. It is sent of God; and, on my knees, I have

solemnly given thanks to God for the kindling of my soul.'

Putnam, here resuming, goes on to say, —

"That is Herbert in these times; and now, Lou, rejoice with me, that, as the gloom within his mind begins to break, he is at last found. My trunk is packed; and to-morrow I take the early train. I shall not dissuade him from going as a soldier; but I would have him go in some position where he can do better service than in the ranks. No doubt he feels, that, if he should return to his friends, there would be only delay and embarrassment; and his fresh and warm enthusiasm impels him to go forward at once by the first path which opens. I will tell you, in a moment, how I found him; but, first, have you heard that Holyoake too, like Leonora and Herbert, has gone to the war? He has gone as colonel of the regiment the 'Guards' formed; the organization, of which both Herbert and he were members in their youth, — both conspicuous for their soldierly bearing and proficiency. Holyoake has gone for personal glory, and to win Leonora, I believe, — not from interest in the cause; for I hold it to be proved, that he is false and selfish: and yet he rode nobly, with the silver eagles on his shoulders, at the head of his full battalions, down through the multitudes! His are eyes as fitted to beam through a helmet's bars as were ever those of ancient knight, and never shape more martial bestrode war-horse. But he is false, false!

"Have I ever told you, that Herbert's father came to



his death some three months ago ? He received a severe injury at his warehouse, which soon brought him to his end. A healthy, active man of fifty-five he was, who might have lived until ninety. He left no will ; and there is no heir but Herbert, who comes into possession of a large estate. It has been known that I have received letters from him once or twice ; and application was made to me for information. The letters, however, give but little clue. He is buried in a coal-mine upon some western river ; but, in his description of his surroundings, he has always been careful to speak very generally, — saying only what would apply to many places. I have felt, that, if we could find him, we could induce him now to come back. Tillenbaugh has turned out a miserable impostor. Not long ago, he was found guilty of a very gross case of mal-practice, and would have been imprisoned if he had not escaped. It was he, you know, who pronounced Herbert insane ; and he also was at the bottom of the censure which many were inclined to pass upon Dr. Benton for refusing to keep Herbert at the Shepherd Asylum. Dr. Benton has been active in befriending Herbert ; and, now that Tillenbaugh is unveiled, every one is willing to believe that Herbert has been persecuted. The case has attracted considerable notice ; and now that Mr. Lee has so suddenly died, and the heir is wanted, there are numbers of persons who are interested.

“ You see, Herbert gives very little more clue than he has done heretofore to his whereabouts. Insane !



Why, my blood burns to think of the charge, and what the poor fellow has been made to suffer through it! I can hardly believe — and yet, I suppose, it must be the case — that it was through some inducement held out by Holyoake, that Tillenbaugh so suddenly began to take the active part that he did, in influencing Mr. Otis and others against Herbert. So haughty, so selfish! Yet he is the man, forsooth, admired and feasted! Indeed, he will be a brave soldier; but his bravery is alloyed with a miserable baseness, if my suspicion is correct. It is his love for Leonora, perhaps, which carries him beyond all bounds. I know she does not love him. She is outwardly polite to him, as a lady should be to her father's friend, and to one who is, in manner, a thorough gentleman. I think she may have some admiration for him, as one who will, in terrible dangers, uphold the cause to which she is so thoroughly devoted; but Leonora will never give him her hand.

"Well, this letter came. I had just finished reading it when it came to be time for me to go to town, as I do on Saturdays, to dine, you know, with Mr. Blancard and his family, — the gentleman who is so polite to me. After dinner, said he, 'By the way, Mr. May, I have something here a little in your line. To-day, I have heard of quite a hero out West. I will read you the facts. You can make out an address for a Sunday-school from them, or perhaps point a sermon with them.' With that, he took out a letter. It seems Mr. Blancard is President of the Castleton Mining Com-

pany ; and this letter was from the superintendent of the mine, giving a report of affairs. The business details, which took up most of the letter, were omitted, of course, as Mr. Blancard read ; but here is the end. I got Mr. Blancard to tear off the page which contains it ; and I send it to you : —

*The Superintendent's Letter.*

“ Yesterday, we came near having a serious catastrophe at the mine. A portion of the mine, I have considered, for some time, to be in rather a dangerous condition. The stratum of shale which roofs the passage is unusually brittle ; and, in taking out the coal, great care is necessary. We have employed, in the passages and rooms in this part of the mine, only our best men, — Cornishmen, and our most careful hands. Although there has been this weakness of the roof, I have judged, that, with caution, it was safe to send the men there. The vein in that direction is very rich ; and perhaps that has made me overbold in working there. Yesterday, however, the roof cracked with a sound like thunder, and several large fragments fell. I hurried to the spot, or as near as I dared venture ; for I happened, at that time, to be in the mine. The fearful cracking continued. The hands were hurrying out ; and, though every moment we felt almost sure that the whole roof would fall, — as it was, the falling fragments began to choke the passage, — yet still the rock did not give way entirely. All were safely out at last at the foot of the shaft, as we thought ; but, on calling

the roll, I found that one was missing, — a man named Patrick Flanagan.

“‘ A Cornishman, who had been working near him, spoke up, saying that a large fragment fell, after which he heard Flanagan cry out. The probability was, that he had been struck by the falling piece, disabled from escaping with the rest, and left behind in the panic to be crushed, as seemed probable. As this became known, a hand named Bates sprang forward; and, though some sought to hold him, was presently rushing back, as fast as the obstructed passage allowed, into the danger. We watched the flare of his lamp as he went farther and farther; the mine, meantime, echoing every minute with the cracking roof. We never expected to see him again alive. Flanagan had been working at the very end of the passage. It was some minutes before the glare of the light appeared again; but it came at last. Bates had Flanagan upon his back. He is a man of great strength. Flanagan was wedged in by a heavy fragment, which few men could have removed. Bates, however, lifted it off. None of Flanagan’s bones were broken, though he was badly bruised.

It was a very heroic act on Bates’s part; but no one was surprised. This Bates is a remarkable character. He appeared at the mine a year or more ago. I found him, one day, looking into the mouth of the shaft, — a tall, broad-shouldered man, in a rough, dirty dress; well tanned, and hard-handed like a laboring man; and yet with an uncommon look of

intelligence, I thought then, in his blue eyes and about his face. His expression was stern, and rather sad; his carriage was that of a gentleman. We were short for help, then, and I engaged him at once; and he has worked ever since. He worked well, for he is strong and tough beyond most men; and his intelligence soon gave him a position. I put him with our first-class hands. He came to be much looked up to among the men. He is very reserved; but, in spite of the soot and dirt, you can see that he is a gentleman. There is some mystery about him. Certainly he is no scoundrel who is hiding here. Respectfully yours,

“PEEL ROBERTS,

“*Superintendent of Castleton Coal Mines.*”

(Putnam resumes :) “You may imagine my condition at this. Here was my friend; the man whom, above all others almost, I have held in honor, and whom, now that he seems to be coming out into this faith and trust, I should prefer, most of all men, to resemble; the long lost at last found. I shook with my eagerness; and, knowing my tendency to palpitation, I was really alarmed. Mrs. Blancard, in her silks, looked amazed; and Mr. Blancard waited for an explanation. When I was a little recovered, I accounted for my agitation. Mr. Blancard knew something about the circumstances. Herbert’s father was widely known in business circles; and his death, the condition of his property, and the disappearance of his only son, were familiar to them.

"I start to-morrow for Castleton, to bring Herbert back to his friends. If he goes to the war, it will be easy for him to go in a position where his abilities can be more valuable than in the ranks. I must go quick; for, as you see, he is about to leave Castleton. I hardly think it possible he can go, and leave no trace of himself."

## CHAPTER VII.

## C H E V R O N S.

HERBERT LEE is a sergeant; for his bearing, and familiarity with drill, give him some position at once among the men with whom he takes his place. Let us call the regiment which he has joined, the Lowell Regiment, after noble men. They are to re-enforce a post lately taken. At length comes the morning of arrival. The pilot and captain of their steamer are in the fore-top; and word comes down to the men crowding on deck, that they can see the sails of the frigates hanging loose within the harbor to which the vessel is bound. Now a pilot-boat is met off the bar of the harbor. Soon there is no lack of excitement; for the ship is in the channel, and every minute the ground upon which a famous action has lately been fought comes more plainly into view. In a few months, the Lowell Regiment will look upon such a scene with indifference; but now it is new. The pilot-boat brings word, that the gun-boats to-day have steamed away to engage a rebel fort not far off; and that, any moment, the sound of their guns may be heard. A sailor, with the lead, each moment sings out his monotonous, long-drawn cry,



as the vessel goes slowly forward. Now the captured fort is in plain sight, — a low embankment on a low shore. Herbert can see behind it the tents of a great camp; trees, in full leaf, of shapes strange to him; glistening bayonets, and the long lines of regiments at drill.

As he stands near the pilot-house, he sees the steamer's captain, who is talking with the colonel, point ahead to a black buoy upon the water. "There was our position during the fight, — just inside that buoy: hardly out of range; but they had no shots to spare for the transports." The steamer had been present at the fight. A few turns of the paddles, and the vessel is at the anchorage. Then, with a crash, overboard goes the anchor, dragging after the great chain; and, in due time, the regiment sets foot upon the sandy shore.

Long rows of unpainted extempore warehouses stretch inland from an unfinished pier. The regiment forms its line near piled-up barrels, spars, and ordnance-stores; then camps as it may. Herbert, alive with the novelty of every thing, fortunately enough is ordered upon duty which gives him an opportunity to look about. He passes near the quarters of the general commanding the post, — a room at one end of a temporary building, — within which, looking past the sentry, he can see a camp-bedstead; a military saddle; an unpainted pine case, standing on an elegant tapestry carpet; a marble-topped table and a rough stove, — a mixture of plain camp-furniture, and elegant articles

saved from the wholesale pillage to which the negroes had subjected the deserted plantation-houses. Herbert finds a guide in a soldier off duty, who was present at the action ; and, together, they go to see the fort. The sentries, on drawbridge and rampart, are good-natured ; asking the news by the steamer, and allowing the sergeant to pass. Here is the old palisade, — here the embankment ; and soon they are within the low parapet which runs about the enclosure, turning into angles and bastions. These are Union guns ; but those tremendous fellows were taken from the rebels. This one is splendidly sighted ; and a skilful gunner can draw a bead with it on a ship's side two miles away, as surely as a hunter upon a squirrel. This piece was struck by a bolt right here at the muzzle, where a deep dent in the solid metal shows the force of the blow. This had a trunnion knocked off by a shot, and is worthless. That pile of wooden fragments, so splintered, is made up of the enemy's gun-carriages, split to pieces by shot from our fleet : so says Herbert's guide. Here is an underground passage through the parapet to the outer rifle-pits, where a shell penetrated, which slew a surgeon. On this traverse ran the gun which, of all the rebel pieces, was best handled. Here was a certain red-shirted fellow, very brave and skilful, who won admiration from the whole Union fleet, until at length, as Herbert's guide saw himself, a shot struck the parapet close at his side. He was seen no more, nor was the gun again fired ; but, when our forces landed, it was found hurled from its carriage ; while a corse or

two, — one in a red shirt, — and a mangled limb here and there, made known the deadly effect of the shell. This is the magazine. Herbert cannot enter, but looks with curiosity at the piles of grape-shot bound together by iron rings; at the huge balls and shells, and the furnaces for heating shot, whose iron has been burned by intense fire, — all materials captured with the fortress. “Only a few weeks ago!” Herbert thinks. He leaps on to the low parapet, with the ditch and stockade in front. The sea is beautifully smooth, and over him breathes a summer breeze. In the distance behind, are the camps; and softly, from a mile away, comes the music of a fine band. Herbert’s face is grave, as he sits in the midst of the wreck, and listens to the story of his companion; but he has chosen his path. “God knows,” he thinks, “I have no love for this work of strife. God knows that I wish well to my race, — intelligence, virtue, joy, to all human kind. In the way of all this, stands a terrible power, not to be beaten down or driven off, but by cannon-missile and sword-thrust. With my life in my hand, I come to walk in bitter and desperate paths, trusting that my suffering, perhaps sacrifice, may tend to make the world more holy and peaceful at the last.”

Then Herbert goes out to new fortifications, which the Union general has thrown up. Soldiers everywhere; sentries at every few rods. A regiment at review marches past; a picket from an out-post, just relieved; then a company of axemen from the woods. Here now are the new intrenchments; a swarm of

soldiers at work ; a long, irregular line, re-entering constantly in angles and bastions, with cannon and mortars mounted on the platform behind. Herbert surveys the inside ; then the outside, where the strength of the work is more apparent, — frowning everywhere with embrasures, — a huge cannon-mouth guarding every possible approach. Then Herbert passes negro cabins, and the deserted mansions of planters. He turns in the dusk at last, — his progress lit up by the glare of camp-fires, and the new moon. He goes full of thought. Side by side with the destruction, he has seen the liberated slave. "A bitter price to pay ; but is not the freeing of these millions worth it? It is the only way."

Herbert's introduction to real danger takes place the very next day. His company is detailed to go as escort to a colonel, who is despatched on a gun-boat, through dangerous waters, to carry certain orders.

The water is blue and beautiful ; the shores, finely wooded. All is green, sweet, peaceful ; with every little while a plantation-house, backed by its rows of negro-cabins, appearing on the bank through palm and cypress. All is innocent, Arcadian ; the sweetest rural peace. Now, the broader stream — an arm of the sea — in which they have been advancing is abandoned, and the steamer takes a narrower channel. The men on board could almost jump ashore in many places ; but the water is deep. Here is a planter's landing, where vessels from the North are unloading coal, and one is taking on horses. A few rods back,

Herbert sees the deserted mansion. The orange-groves about the place are green. Sweet is the wind in the branches of the live-oaks; grotesque, the palmetto and cane. A score of nooks, one can see on either shore; delicious arbors within arching boughs; vistas stretching away into fields of cotton and cane. The blue coats of a picket-guard are in the garden. A sentry paces here in a pretty retreat. Northern coal is being cast, ton after ton, into the bowers and along the avenues; for this is to be a depot.

A pilot is taken on, and the gunboat steams forward. Contrabands come down from their cabins to look at the passing boat. Herbert can see the tottling children raise their arms, and hear them call. "There is devastation," Herbert thinks; "but, little innocents, you shall come up through it all into better opportunities." The frequent sentinels along the shore pause in their beat. Ducks and cranes swarm along the stream. A smoke is seen ahead. What can it be? They are on dangerous ground here; passing points where no troops have been stationed. Who can say what dangers lurk in those unpenetrated thickets! Herbert and his comrades are eager; for danger is not yet their familiar. They look at their rifles, to have them ready in case a volley is required. What can the smoke be? The pilot and commander of the gunboat confer. Can it be that a hostile gunboat has ventured so near to the Federal force? It is only a false alarm; for, as a bend is cautiously turned, a Federal transport is seen carrying a picket-force to a distant island.



Herbert talks with the crew, who have been in these waters before. They point out a fine mansion, with a colony of neat white cabins close at hand; deserted now by its former owner and his family, as are all the plantations for leagues. The sailors tell Herbert, that there lived the lady who sent a present of coffin-handles to their captain, who had known her in former days. They were brought by a fine black boy, who liked his new company too well ever to go back to his mistress. They are close in to beautiful shores: a summer sea, a summer air, a summer landscape. A hazy mist, almost like August, hangs over the distant clumps of trees. Arbors and glades open on the shore, where one would love to lie for hours to breathe in the beauty and balmy air. A sweet languor hangs over every thing, as if these were the retreats of the lotos-eaters. Through yonder leafy dell, Herbert thinks, might come the "mild-eyed, melancholy company," that met Ulysses and his crew coming from the far-resounding sea. If it were not for duty, he feels as if he "had had enough of action and of motion," and would like to live with the contrabands in those fragrant groves.

The crane, startled by the wheels of the gunboats, draws her long legs under her body, and flies away, — a huge, strange bird to the soldiers. Turkey-buzzards wheel over Herbert's head, making him wonder what impurities these scavengers of the air can find in such perfumed retreats. Boom! far away to the southward. Boom! again. They feel it, rather than hear it, — a long, deep jar that shakes the air. What is it? Where



is it? From the city that is beleaguered forty miles away? or in the sound, through which steal the swift blockade-runners? They see distant smoke arise; again the discharge of heavy ordnance. "Eleven-inch," say the sailors familiar with the sound. Report after report. "It is sharp firing," say the sailors. "There must be an engagement somewhere." Two or three columns of dense black smoke rise behind a headland. "There," says the commander of the gunboat to the colonel, — "there are rebel gunboats. We always know them by their smoke. They burn here pitch-pine for fuel. They are surely coming down." It has the effect to make crew and soldiers even more on the alert. A headland is passed; then, across a broad reach of water far away, right in the sun-gleam, a rebel strong-hold lies in view. Now it is only a black dash lying low on the marsh, just above the water, with the flag-staff, visible through the spy-glasses, near one end. On the left is a point of land, with a strong battery. Two large armed boats, full of Federal troops, row past. Boom! again the distant reverberation. The gunboat goes nearer; and, with a glass, Herbert can see the rebel flag, as yet a mere dot at the top of the staff. The sandy bar now lies just before the vessel, upon which the party are to land. On the beach is an old martello-tower, — Spanish, or perhaps Norse, — dating back far beyond the memory of this generation. Two rakish gunboats, on the watch for blockade-runners, pulling at their anchors like hounds in leash, lie close in shore. Back are the tents of the force which

is thrown forward here ; and the stars and stripes pushed up into the very fire of the rebel fort. The fresher breeze comes from seaward, inspiring all with buoyancy and heartiness.

The gunboat is within long-range of the fort, whose casemates and pointed guns Herbert can very plainly see. A word from an officer, and the great pivot amidships is manned ; each sailor in his place. A lanyard is jerked ; a deafening burst ; a shiver and settling of the little vessel's hull under the recoil ; then the hoarse hurtle of the great projectile towards the fort. Three times they fire ; and at the last shot, in a little jet of flame and smoke, the shell explodes on the edge of the parapet.

A knot of soldiers stands on the beach. The gunboat passes the stern of one of the anchored vessels, — the officers at the stern, in gold-banded caps, saluting the colonel and his companions ; then steams on still nearer the fort. They are now less than two miles distant ; and such a space, over water in a clear air, seems very short. "If we go any nearer, we shall surely have a shot," a sailor says. They all watch the dark fort ; expecting, every instant, to see the spirt of smoke from a casemate ; then hear the whistling, flapping roar of the coming shell. But no shot comes. The gunboat dances about on the swells, — a hard mark to hit, probably the rebel gunners think.

The colonel and his party land ; the officer going forward, conducted by an aide of the general in command ; the escort, a little in the rear. They go up

through the sand, past the old martello-tower, — a concrete of shells and mortar. "Very tough, that," says a sergeant, fraternizing with Herbert. "A shell from the fort struck it the other day, and only made a dent." "Do they fire often now?" inquires Herbert. "Yes: two shells have just been thrown in. One struck the beach, just opposite the tower there; we are passing the spot now: the other struck near our general's tent."

Several good regiments are posted here. There are sentries on every knoll; pickets in every clump of bushes. Good-natured they seem, in their wholesome, breezy cantonment; laughing, talking, not seldom swearing. Here is the tent of the general in command, — a little withdrawn from the others, in a grove of stunted, weather-beaten trees. The general appears from a reconnoissance; a fine, frank man, Herbert thinks, as he stands among the escort in the background, — a major of engineers the other day; now, just made a brigadier; a man in his prime, and esteemed promising; erect, cheerful, vigorous, no doubt a good soldier. He greets the colonel just arrived, — an old friend, — and shows the new-comer the shell just fired from the rebel fort, which lies near his tent-door. It is handled somewhat tenderly, for it has not exploded. "How well it took the groove!" says the general; and one can see how the iron projections near the base of the bolt are polished and deeply scratched, as the projectile was whirled out by the gun two miles away. The general thinks they would fire oftener, if they only

knew how well they did it. They are probably obliged to be economical with ammunition.

The colonel wishes to see the fort nearer. The general says he has a battery of rifled guns close at hand ; but it is masked from the fort. The escort must be cautioned ; for, if too many figures should appear, the fort would become suspicious. The officers go forward, the escort following behind. They pass over and around sandy knolls, through thickets and brush, through dense, dry reeds, for a considerable distance. They emerge from the bushes, at last, just under a steep, sandy ridge ; on whose sharp top, out in bold relief against the sky as they look up at him from below, a German boy is standing sentry. Close at hand are the half-dozen guns of the battery, in position, but with the crest of the hill undisturbed in front of their muzzles. An hour or two of brisk work with the shovel, by an enterprising party, would take away the obstruction. The officers go to the highest point ; the escort look cautiously over, a little below. Plain as the sun of noon-day can make it, lies the fort. The casemates yawn and threaten. The guns, *en barbette*, can be seen ; the flag-staff, flag, and the sentry pacing the rampart. A rash civilian visitor who stands with the officers jumps out in front, and shakes his fist toward the sentry. The general, speaking quickly, calls him back. "You put us in unnecessary peril," he says. "They see you very plainly, and possibly may fire. In their single shots at us," continues the general, "they usually fire the gun to the right of the flag-

staff, *en barbette*; but this morning it was the one to the left." The escort are so near that Herbert can hear the conversation. He can see the two guns perfectly well, and watches to see if they will be fired; but the puff of smoke does not come. The officers descend at last, leaving the lonely sentinel to resume his beat. The errand is accomplished: the party re-embark, and are immediately underway; while the grim stronghold behind persists in being dumb.

Soon after this, the Lowell Regiment marches inland, to take post on the banks of a broad stream guarded by men-of-war, in a town once rebel, but out of which the foe have been driven. They lie, however, close at hand. The regiment takes position within a line of old intrenchments, and sleeps all night upon its arms. Lay down the rubber blanket upon the earth; put a log for the pillow, accoutrements over the overcoat; lie now with the bayonet in its sheath at the side, — the point piercing the ground, the socket pressing into the ribs, — the most uncomfortable of bed-fellows; now the rifle across the breast; draw the blanket over all, — only let the soldier be more particular to keep the dew from the rifle than himself: so Herbert sleeps on his arms.

This was once a pretty town; but now it is almost deserted, and is, in great part, in ruins. Herbert finds the view a desolate one, looking out from the angle in the earth-works where his company is stationed. The line of intrenchments runs in zigzag; here just including a comfortable mansion, in which the commis-



sioned officers take their quarters. In front, on the opposite side of the ditch, runs the street of the town, once lined with buildings. These have been torn down, so as to afford no shelter to an advancing foe: the chimneys often, however, have been left standing. At the end of a street running southward, Herbert can see the walls of a tall public edifice. Now a picket on horseback turns a corner in sight, followed by a troop of negroes. Their garb is a mixture of the coarse negro plantation-dress, with the cast-off finery of masters and mistresses: the coarse shirt and an old silk hat; a skirt of rough sacking, a waist of rusty silk. They have brought the rough plantation-carts with them, drawn by the mules, heaped up with an assortment of articles; coffee-pots and violins; axes and porcelain; their own effects from their cabins, and the plunder of their masters' houses. These have just come within the lines, and go wonderingly behind the cavalryman to the depot.

Just behind the position of the regiment is a large foundry: its furnaces cold; its blasts silent; castings, large and small, rusting in the yard; the spiders spinning their webs among the patterns in the pattern-room up stairs; the soldiers rifling the office-desks of leger-leaves and handsome billheads, to replenish their stock of stationery.

Food!—beef, red, tough, and salt; hard bread, tough white squares: they might have been quarried somewhere out of a ledge. What will they do for a soldier? Locks might be built of them for the alimen-



tary canal, if that important thoroughfare needs such appendages ; or they would make a good pavement for some of the internal passages : but that their design is merely nourishment is not patent to the cursory observer.

Pat Flanagan, now bound to Herbert by the strongest ties, has enlisted with him, — a rough and rosy face ; a short neck rising upon heavy shoulders ; callous hands and warty fingers ; the whole uncouth figure alive with good-humor. Often his conversation is striped, as a sergeant's arm is striped, with the bluest blasphemy in streaks : yet he is thoroughly tender-hearted and well-disposed ; with unwashed fingers, handy beyond account in all sorts of work ; with rude, untrained brain, full of resource.

Day by day, Pat shows his knack. He adapts himself, jovial and rosy, to his circumstances, and bends his surroundings to suit his convenience. Within half an hour after the landing, he has a comfortable seat for himself and Herbert, out of the foundry pattern-shop. With a skilful chip of a hatchet, another pattern is changed into a comfortable wash-bowl. He takes bricks from a ruined building, river mud for mortar, a parcel of old boiler plates and rusty flue, and, in a forenoon, has a convenient cooking range, which the cooks of the whole regiment take for a pattern. Among the scrap iron, he finds half a potash-kettle. He rights it up, braces it, and it becomes the regimental boiler for clothes. A pork-barrel, stolen (Pat is an old marauder) from the commissary, is sawed into a pair

of convenient tubs. A broom is wanted to sweep clean the rough tent-floor, made of planks from the ruins. Pat finds a handful of old husks among the litter, where the horses of the field-officers are kept. It is short work to whittle out a handle; and short work, after that, with a string and a borrowed bodkin, to complete the thing. With a piece of old waffle-iron, fixed by wires to a broken coal-stove, Pat soon has an arrangement for cooking hoe-cakes. He finds the old foundry, with its scrap-iron and patterns, a perfect depot of conveniences. "If iver I have the bad luck to be wr-r-acked in an unthrodden desert, give ould Pat a foondhry, wid its convaynient hapes; and, bedad! he'd live." He is unspeakably handy; and Herbert, though willing enough, sits in a maze in an emergency, while Pat, with his resources, contrives some remedy. The scholar and gentleman almost feels humiliated before his rough friend.

Pat teaches Herbert to wash. Rash business to represent one's hero at a wash-tub, — an operation so moist and steamy, that the romance leaches out of it as the strength is leached out of ashes; and yet did not Nausicaa overcome the wandering Odysseus from her wash-tubs, and a pretty Norman maiden leave a heap of dirty clothes to be the mother of William the Conqueror? Let us be bold then. The sergeant duly builds a fire under the kettle, draws water out of the old foundry-tank, — then the tub and the soap, and the sleeves stripped to the elbow. Pat, full of benignity and brogue, rosily superintends, until he loses the com-

pany's iron mess-pail in the cistern, rendering beans that day at dinner an impossibility; whereat there is fiercely burning wrath, and Pat has no heart to advise further.

With drill and other duty, Herbert's time and mind are fully taken up. Thoughts, however, occasionally occur to him, which he feels like recording. At length, he is sergeant of the guard. At night he must watch.

It is chill and ghostly. Under his direction, the reliefs must be formed and stationed. "Fall in, men," — take arms from the stacks, — the steel sheaves in front of the tents; now right face, and forward. This corporal is a private just promoted; and the sergeant, to make sure that all is done right, must walk round with the relief, — first, down the disused road, into the old foundry, scorched and blackened by fires now extinguished. Stand there, Harker, sentry No. 1, in the moulding-sand, just under the arched door, by the rusting crank of the disused engine. Now, No. 2, at the gate by the river bank. File left, now, relief, here to the water side; and, No. 3, take your stand among these boxes and casks, — stores of a regiment which is just arriving. Good-natured Philip Munn, farmer from a little nook under Chepstow mountain, yours is the first beat here in the street of the town. Yours, Epinetus Low, here under the rampart. Now, the relief marches along what was once a sidewalk before pleasant dwellings. It has become a sentry beat; is crushed by cannon wheels, stained with

blood, where the slain fell the other day, — with shrivelled trees on one side, and the forlorn chimneys on the other.

While the sergeant who shares with Herbert the duty is on, Herbert spreads his blanket on the floor behind the stairway of the officers' quarters. Close by is the surgeon's room. The doctor opens his door; and the light from within falls full on the sergeant's strong face, and well-moulded limbs. He good-naturedly arouses Herbert, and prescribes an agreeable dose of punch, to keep out the damp. Herbert is coming into notice. He drinks the punch. The doctor wonders at the gentlemanly accent with which he is thanked; but the sergeant rolls over, with face to the wall, as if indifferent to further talk. He sleeps until the lieutenant of the guard, at midnight, calls him up. Then it is watching through the long dark hours, until, through the fog, glows at last the morning, lighting up the damp, soiled tents, the ruins and the rubbish, and the great shot-hole through the foundry roof. Charley Ross, company drummer, comes out coughing, to beat surgeon's call. At eight o'clock, the new guard is mounted, and duty is done.

After doing this night-duty, Herbert has the day to himself.

What does he think at these times? He has cleaned his gun, — laid it up against the canvas of the tent which he occupies with the four other sergeants of his company, — takes out his paper, and writes to Putnam May.

*Herbert Lee to Putnam May.*

"I find great relief in writing. It is a resource to me; but it is hard to write, if no one is to see it but yourself: so what I write I mean to send to you, as I have done heretofore. I know of a sutler who goes to New York from the point where I am, who will mail my letter for me there. So you will have no clue to the department or regiment in which I serve. I prefer to remain aloof, as before, from the world which I have known.

"I have come at last to feel earnest faith; faith in humanity as something worth saving; faith in myself, as endowed with some power of extending good among men. I have come at last to entertain a purpose. I devote myself to the work of freeing man from fetters, whether he be master or slave. In me at last are hope and earnestness, and I joyfully give my life and strength to danger and hardship. If it would help me in any way to come into contact again with the world I have known, I would seek it again; but I do not see that it would. I think I am fit for something higher than this place in the ranks. I am mature, — with mind and body well trained, — with some military knowledge. I could help the cause more efficiently in a higher place. I would like a higher place; not from ambition, God knows, but to do more efficient service. If I could be helped to this, I would unveil myself. But it would do no good. My soundness of mind is questioned. Since my flight, there has been no less of



eccentricity in my life than before. It would be said, that I was unfit for responsibility. It would not help me to see or hear from any one of you. It might embarrass me. I will push on with my life as I may, — full of my new peace and faith, — doing, I trust, the duty of a man.

“Do you know that I saw you the other day, — touched you, — that you spoke to me, indeed? What brought you West, I wonder! You remember the depot that was so crowded, and the man who stood in the way, when you were in a hurry to buy your ticket. Your train was about leaving; and the convention, which had just adjourned in the town, caused the depot to be unusually full. I heard you say, behind me, ‘Be so good as to let me pass here.’ I knew your voice in a moment; and, as I stepped aside, I pulled my cap down over my eyes. No wonder you did not know me, though you looked at me deliberately; for my dress was rough, and my beard is so full and heavy, that my face is disguised. I was half tempted to speak to you. But ‘what will be the use?’ I thought. ‘He can tell me nothing to alter my plans. He cannot help me. He may urge me to give up my purpose, and return to my old life. He might persuade me to do it in spite of myself, when, in my deliberate thought, I am very sure it is as well or better for me to remain as I am. I am as satisfied, perhaps, as I can be under any circumstances. What would Leonora care? (Though why do I speak of that which should be all deeply buried?) I would rather live as I



am. What do I care for the prettiness and daintiness which I have forsaken !' So I thought, and I watched you therefore from a distance, as you took your seat ; and your train moved off in the direction from which I had just come. Of my old friends, it is with you alone, Putnam, that I maintain any intercourse ; and with you it is infrequent.

"It would be easier to wear shoulder-straps than to be a simple sergeant ; but I am contented. I want to serve the cause as best I can. Some day, I think I shall be good for something better than to scour this musket, and, if battle comes, fire it off. I am vain enough to believe that I have a head that could take some responsibility ; but I will work up.

"For now, Pat and I, having changed our names, live here together in the mud ; with little beneath to keep us from the damp, and little overhead to keep off the rain. The air is misty ; and your bright gun-barrel freckles over with rust at short notice, like a Yankee girl's face, out without her sun-bonnet, in a warm wind.

"I write just what comes uppermost, — desultory, I know, — for I have not much to say. O Claiborne, Claiborne ! still my friend ; my heart goes out to him, lonely as I am, as it used to long ago. One thing troubles me, Putnam ; that there is so abominably little of truly chivalrous feeling in these times. I know you may say the South has a miserable cause ; I believe so myself. I hate their principles, from my heart ; but do tell me what is plainer than that grand

men sometimes are misled to embrace a foul cause ! But just read our papers, and hear the talk of people. 'Thief,' 'cut-throat,' 'bandit,' — the whole of them, — not one of these Southern men that has in him any thing to respect. You know, that is too often the tone. I hate their principles and institutions. I believe they barbarize men ; and therefore I am here, and in this dress : but I will not believe they are all so far barbarized, that nothing noble is left. In Claiborne there is something glorious still. My love for him may blind me, you may think ; or — no, you will not, for you have known him too ; and I will not believe he is alone. I have no doubt he is in arms on the other side ; yet I have no doubt, with all his passion and violence, in many ways he is the same true gentleman, with the old heroic traits for which I have loved him.

"Do you know what I mean when I burst out so about this want of chivalry ? Just take your Shakespeare, and in 'Henry IV.' turn to that challenge of the Prince to Hotspur (I am glad now that my memory holds my old reading so well) ; if I remember right, it is something like this. I always admired the generous chivalry of the passage : —

'The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes, —  
This present enterprise set off his head, —  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active valiant, or more valiant young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.'

"Is it not superb! So he talks, — the fiery, magnanimous young soul, while he challenges him. Then, in the same spirit, he fights with him, you know, and slays him; and over his body, says something like this: —

‘Brave Percy! Fare thee well, great heart!  
... This earth, that bears thee dead,  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
Adieu! and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remembered in thy epitaph!’

"Now what is there unnatural or fantastic in that? He is a grand young prince; and I believe in his spirit. How sad it is, and yet how frequent in history, for men equally conscientious to be ranged on opposing sides! I suppose there is no way but for each to follow out his idea of right, to the death if need be. I do not claim that there is much of the ‘Prince’ in me; but there is much of ‘Hotspur’ in Claiborne, — violent, imperious, but brave and magnanimous, I believe, — hot, frank, and bold, with swift, masculine fire in his haughty, headstrong soul. If we meet, we shall fight; for I hate his cause, as he does mine: but while I defy him now, I hope I do it with something of the spirit of that superb Prince Hal."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## FIRE BAPTISM.

THE Lowell Regiment is working hard at drill. For Herbert especially, the work is hard; for, in a green regiment, any one who may have some knowledge of tactics must teach others. The captain of Herbert's company is weak and sick; the first lieutenant, ignorant and inefficient; the second willing, but not posted. Herbert's drill with the "Guards," in old times, makes him the most accomplished man in that way, among all these hundred. It comes out little by little, that this is so; and the work of the drilling is given over pretty much to the sergeant. They form in line just in rear of the bank of earth, — their protection, — that they may know their exact positions in case of an assault; then, by the hour, it is from the "shoulder" to the "present," from the "order" to "ground;" until, by night, as well as by day, in their double rank, the men grow handy with their pieces. Herbert comes to know the feel of a minie-ball, as he did once the handle of his oar; and powder is as familiar as writing sand. Herbert stands on the rampart in front of the men, his figure relieved against the sky behind. Prompt

and skilful he is, with his shining piece. The short blouse, coming to the hips, fitting close, shows the figure well. The bright "U.S." burns on the clasp at the waist; the eagle is on his breast. He is eager and animated in these days; full of health and vigor, — as fine and manly a soldier as the nation has.

Herbert is faithful, even in the small drudgery of soldiers' life. Brasses are polished. No stitch is wanting in the knapsack; no rust or blur, from butt to muzzle, on plate or band, on sight or ring, is visible upon his rifle. At inspection, the colonel holds his gloved hand for Herbert's piece. The sergeant flings it up from the "order," into his left hand, and passes it. It rings clear as silver, as the colonel thrusts the rammer into the barrel; and the white glove comes away spotless from the contact. "Sergeant, yours will do," — and the colonel gives him a frank smile; for it is coming to be generally known in the regiment, that it is a fine specimen of manhood that wears the chevrons there, so well-formed and active, straight and strong, bearing easily his pack.

One night, in his tent, — boom, boom, fifteen miles away, — Herbert hears a distant cannonade. He comes from his place beside the sleepers, and, standing at the door, can see through the night the far-flashing of the guns. In an hour or two, a lead-colored gunboat — watchman at masthead, eleven-inch gun sleeping dark under the moon amidships — speeds up in silence with pressing despatch. In a few minutes, a step through the lines of tents: it is the sergeant-



major, — “more force wanted on the pickets;” from this company a sergeant and six men must go out at once. Stowell is sick, Sanderson is just off duty, Sikes is to go on to-morrow. Herbert must go. His canteen is already filled. There are beef and bread in the haversack for breakfast. The two blankets are speedily strapped into a roll, and hung at the side. Guns are loaded; and the sergeant, with his men, reports for duty. They go silently; for to-night all know that it is a service of some hazard. The enemy are close at hand; and, in case of attack, these receive the first onset, while the army behind rallies at the long roll. A lieutenant-colonel rides at the head of the column: silently on, through a gap in the parapet, — the sentry on each side saluting, — presently to the left, by a ruined building, and the suburbs of the town are reached. Here is encamped the brigade farthest out. Beyond this, the detachment moving comes into the region of pickets. A few steps more now, and they will come into the belt of neutral territory, — visited by reconnoitring parties from both sides, — extending out five or six miles, to where it is believed the rebel videttes are posted.

“Silent, men,” — it is the order. Open fields now are on each side, and in front a tall forest, which looms dim at first, but becomes more plain, — tall magnolias, the gum-tree, and live-oak, hung with gray moss. The light is faint; and the sections in advance stumble over a telegraph wire, stretched across the road at about the height of a man’s knees. At the same time,



sounds out the hail of a sentry. The column halts, comes to a front, with the arms at the order. The moon is down; but, by the starlight, Herbert can just see his position. It is a point where the street of the town becomes a country road. A rough barricade is built across the roadway, in the middle of which is an open gate. At the gate are two sentries, silent, and sharply on the watch; and a strong guard standing in the rear. For half a mile or so beyond here, pickets are stationed, — two or three men, — silent, without fire; motionless, with gun in hand. A rod or two beyond the outmost of these posts, is a solitary cavalry vidette; then the enemy. Herbert and his comrades crouch down for the time being, under a fence near. He spreads his rubber blanket, puts his back against the fence, shares his woollen blanket with an Irish soldier who happens to be next to him, and is ready for the night: not much prospect of sleep, even supposing there were no apprehension; for now and then comes a gust of rain.

A sergeant off duty comes up from the gate, and talks low among the men. During the day, a strong, hostile cavalry force has approached within a short mile of where Herbert is now lying. They crowded the road close before the vidette, within easy cannon range; all in gray and butternut, restless, with slouched hats, and carbines. Moreover, the distant cannonading is thought to betoken activity on the part of the foe. This is why the extra reserve is called out. The sergeant goes back; and soon comes a stout, tall captain,

— officer of the grand guard. He chats sociably ; has been cutting trees, magnolias, just along there in the road, — “tougher’n torment” they are, — this is to impede the rebel advance, in case of an attack. Presently, he goes too. Herbert cannot sleep. If he nods, a poke from his bayonet-sheath sets his eyes open again, or his gun slips out of the hollow of his arm, into the wet. He hears the sword of a dragoon hitting the steps in succession, as he comes out of a house near ; then sees him mount his horse, and gallop out to relieve a vidette, sabre jingling at his side, right hand upon the lock of his Sharpe’s rifle. Presently, the vidette relieved comes trotting in, splashed, and sleepy from his vigil.

The night is passing. The insects pipe, dogs in the distance bark, now and then comes the distant firing of a gun. The outposts are quiet out there in the dim wood ; so are the foe, no one knows how near, but not far beyond. Herbert at last falls into a drowse.

Suddenly a volley rattles close at hand. Herbert starts to his feet, to find every thing in activity. On the double-quick, the outer pickets, with pieces just discharged, rally in upon the reserve. The drums of the outer brigade are beating just behind. The post is attacked. “We must have more light here,” says the colonel commanding the outpost. “Set the house afire there, captain ; we must get sight of their advance :” and he gallops off to form his reserves in line, to resist the rush, as well as possible, while the army behind springs to arms. The captain turns to Herbert ; and

he, with his squad, leaps up the steps of the house. Upon the hearth, in one of the rooms, smoulder a few brands. There is a litter of straw in the corner; and, in a moment, the room is in a blaze. They hurry out, to find that the pickets are already falling back. Quick about their heads, as they run, fly bullets from behind. The flames are streaming out of the windows, and catching the clapboards outside; so that Herbert and his party can be seen. They keep close in the shadow of the fence, and hurry forward.

In the camp, the men sleep on their arms, as they often do. Spies have brought in word of suspicious signs; so, at retreat, at seven o'clock the evening before, the men had been ordered to make sure of their pieces. "Are your cartridges right? Thornton, you who are sick must give your cartridges to stout Mike Flaherty. Load the guns well to-night." So, all night, at the head of each soldier stood his trusty gun. At three o'clock, — now clear from the southward, then fast through the camp northward, — sweeps the rattling alarm, rolling hot and sharp; now throbbing faint, now thundering harsh, through the mist. The colonel commanding the brigade, with his staff behind, comes at a sweeping gallop along the tents. To the commander of the Lowell Regiment, "Colonel, do you hear the long roll?" Then, with his sword drawn, and pointing, "To your post at the parapet instantly!" Where before have we heard that voice, now an energetic shout? Where have we seen that dark and patrician face?

In another minute, the regiment, a little lagging at first, responds to the sonorous "battalion!" of the colonel; and, full armed, have manned the lines. Dropping, far-away volleys. The brigade thrown out, as it falls back within the lines, now from an angle of the road, now from the summit of the hill, pour volleys behind them, where the rebel infantry, plainly seen in the light of the burning buildings, which are now numerous, hurry on in pursuit. It is dark, cold, and damp. Herbert regains the regiment, to find them standing ankle-deep in mud and wet, with the chill, deadly air of the night beginning to penetrate to their very marrow as they wait. Two or three fall, and are carried fainting back to their damp blankets. A week from now, when the dead from the coming battle have been buried, the soldiers must go also to the funerals of these; for already they are struck with death.

The brigadier is again galloping this way. Muffled in his cloak, he plunges on; his horse's feet splashing in the soil; then, as he comes down into a walk, sucking moist as they are lifted out of the sloppy clay. He draws rein at last; and his horse's head, it so happens, is close at the stout shoulder of Herbert, third sergeant, as he stands in his place, a pace or two in the rear of the files. How dark and raw it is! The glare from the front now shines back upon the shivering line of men; upon the sergeant, with his musket apart, and hand on the lock, as he stands in the mud; upon the face of the horseman, looking out into the night; over the caps of the men; over the ridge of earth; out to

where the rifles are cracking, now singly, now in a long volley. Do we know the face, dark and handsome, haughty and cold? It is Holyoake again, rising through the influence of friends, and through his own merit; and his horse's mouth, as it champs the bit, almost drops the foam upon Herbert's shoulder.

A young aide, just from college, rides up shrugging in his cloak under the chilly air. "Ah, well!" says Holyoake, for a moment taking his eye from the front, and smiling at the young lieutenant: "it is raw." Then he goes on to give the familiar Latin phrase, meaning that it will be something pleasant to remember hereafter. The young aide laughs, and says nothing. Herbert has recognized Holyoake, and stands bewildered in his surprise. Holyoake, in giving the quotation, has omitted a word or two of the Latin; and, without thinking, Herbert completes the sentence by putting in the omitted words. They are in his mind; and in his bewilderment, without intending it, he gives them voice. He does not speak much above his breath; but it reaches Holyoake's ear. Herbert stands without turning; fearing that he has betrayed himself. Holyoake starts; either recognizing the voice, or receiving from it an unpleasant suggestion. The sergeant stands in his place, still and tall, with blue overcoat-collar turned up about the face, and broad-vizored cap drawn down to meet it. Perhaps the colonel is afraid to follow up his suspicion, or perhaps he does not care to. At any rate, he shakes the rein upon his horse's neck, and rides rapidly off in the rear of his regiments, — one



beyond another in the red glare, — drawn up in solemn line of battle.

The crash of artillery has already sounded. First a solitary gun; then roar upon roar from the impatient batteries. Now it is from the parapet; now the rebel guns, sweeping up on the gallop to the little hill half a mile away, have unlimbered and opened. Splash in the mud! a shell falls near the sergeant. He is bespattered, and two men out of the line are carried back bleeding. Presently, through the night, among the tall chimneys left standing; out from behind the heaps of rubbish where houses have stood; creeping and running; a knot of two or three now tumbling into the old wells of the houses, left uncovered for pitfalls; a company in line now wavering and breaking a little, as one flank or the other strikes an obstruction, then dressing up manfully as they come to a clear and open space; advancing irregularly, and yet in as good order as the obstructed ground will allow, — the hostile storming-party hurry forward. The line is open, that the volleys from the Federal earth-work may be less deadly. From covert to covert; now and then taking breath; they creep and run, — at first, dark, almost indistinguishable shapes in the quivering glare; then, as they come nearer, showing the slouched hat above the fierce face, and the loose gray suit. Herbert can see as he peers above the parapet, — meantime shells humming sharp about his ears from the rebel batteries, and rifle-bullets singing, as the enemy try to sweep clear the brow of the intrenchment, — Herbert can see, here



and there, an officer, and one brave field-officer, whose duty it is to keep straight and watchful in the charge, while his men go crouching.

Meantime Herbert's regiment has forgotten the chill of the morning. Careless of the wet, they lie with breasts against the sloping ridge; and, fast as they can load, they fire. Twist the ball out of the tough paper of the cartridge; pour the powder down the barrel, letting the cone of lead slide in afterward; tap it with your ramrod, and take aim.

Of this company, now, there is no commissioned officer on duty. The first and second sergeants, untrained and bewildered, can do nothing; and all look to Herbert. He is calm and confident, and gives orders in a deep, strong tone. A bullet tears through his sleeve into the muscle of the fore-arm, just above the wrist; but he twists his handkerchief about the wound, and does not go from his place. It is doubtful. They come nearer and nearer, until the shouts of the rebel captains, and cries of the men, sound over through the roar and rattle. At last a party have gained the very ditch at the foot of the earth-work, and a bold head or two are actually thrust up on the other side. It is critical; but, through the darkness and red glare, the light of day begins to break.

Hark! so heavy, deep, and long-drawn; so bitterly thunderous! It is the ordnance of the men-of-war; and the shells begin to groan and hurtle now into the battle like planetary bodies diverted from their orbits, and come to blast the earth. Close at hand, it crashes

like doom ; and, fifty miles away, listening villages are wondering at the sullen rumble. It is too much. With the increasing light, the ships see how to plant the shells. The batteries on the hill limber up and gallop away, while the bombs explode around and among them. The rebel reserves at the edge of the woods fall back into the forest. The storming-party returns routed, leaving dead and wounded along its track ; sad swaths of them close in front of the intrenchment ; two here behind a bush ; three here in a well ; a little pile in front of a chimney ; one there on the broken pavement. The men in the ditch outside, within arm's length of the defenders, call for quarter, and presently come climbing over : bearded and brown ; smeared with mud, and wet with sweat ; some supporting wounded comrades ; some sullen ; some good-natured, glad that they are out of it and alive. Then Herbert goes with his wounded arm to the surgeons.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE CANDIDATE.

*From Putnam May to Louisa May.*

"DEAR LOU,—I can write more fully to you than to any one I know. I am blue to-day. It comes rather hard, this first taking hold of preaching. I am inclined to be sorry that my course of study is ended, and that my quiet life here must close. Not that I would shrink from my work. I desire to play my part well; but I find I must meet with some rubs, harder than I ever believed were in store for me.

"Sunday I preached as a candidate for the first time. They want a minister at Slocumville, and are hearing our class. It is a village which has sprung up within ten or twelve years, within one of the old townships of the State, in consequence of the shoe-trade. It is named after its founder, — Epaphras Slocum, — who began life when the shoe-manufacture, on a large scale, was just engaging attention, and who has been very prosperous. I believe I went to Slocumville with the sincere desire to do good. I had taken great pains with my sermons. I dreaded it; for I knew I was to be pulled to pieces. Few would come with any other

design than to criticise. My praying, as well as my preaching, voice, appearance, garments even, I knew, were to be submitted for judgment. There is no other way, I suppose; but, oh! if one has any delicacy, he would almost rather be flayed.

"I kept this view of the matter out of mind as much as I could, trying to feel that I was going out simply to do people good. During the preceding week, I tried to entertain devout thoughts in a greater degree than usual; for I was about to take an important step. I read much in those old poems of Wither, George Herbert, Southwell, and the others, — which you know I love so well; trying to steep my soul in their piety, so sweetly and quaintly put. I desire to have Sunday seem to me, as it did to old Vaughan, —

‘Heaven once a week;  
The next world’s gladnesse prepossest in this.’

I tried to arm myself against disappointment by cherishing a true humility. I read again and again Southwell’s rhyme, —

‘Silk sails of largest size  
The storm doth soonest tear:  
I bear so low and small a sail  
As freeth me from fear.’

That and the verses near it; trying so to humble myself that nothing should affect me.

"It was a damp, dreary afternoon at last, when I left the hall; a quiet place under its trees. It has become now like home to me: cool in summer, cozy in winter;

the library below, the chapel above; the entries like cloisters. The train was crowded with brusque people of business on their way home to spend Sunday; full of rough, robust health for the most part; loud-voiced, burly, fresh-colored. I am small at the best; and my student-life makes me pale and slender. As I walked in to find my seat, with black satchel and clothes, and felt the unsympathetic stare of people, I fancied they could see at once, that I was a young candidate. You may say, 'What if they did?' and I said to myself then, 'What if they do? what is there to be ashamed of?' but I could not help shrinking. I know I am unduly sensitive about my personal appearance. What would I not give for the muscle and fine height of some of my friends! I am puny, and have so little voice! I know I rank well as a scholar, and have a name really worth having as a writer, even among men who know; but how I covet, sometimes, these grand physical gifts, — this superb vigor and masculine beauty! (These confessions and boastings to you alone, Lou, my other self!)

"It was late in the afternoon when we reached Slocumville. The village has sprung up on a bare, bleak, uncultivated tract. The soil is mere sand; yellow and arid along the streets, except where, in front of the shops, scraps of refuse leather have been thrown out to rot and mould. Slocum's shop, the principal one in the village, was larger than those about it. All were built on the same general plan: long, with the windows set close on the sides, having a most ugly, staring



effect. Generally, the shops were painted white; but, through the damp, they seemed to me to have a most unclean look about the doors and windows, wherever dirty fingers could come in contact with them. The streets were lined with cheap and tasteless houses. There were numbers of children, and, at the windows, women binding shoes. There were no trees of any size; though in front of some cottages of more pretension, belonging probably to bosses and proprietors of shops, trees had been set out. Slocum's house, large and square, with a cupola and projecting roof, hung thick with knobs and points, — a pimple, then a stalactite, — stood at the end of one of the streets. There are really tasteful places a mile or so beyond, by a beautiful river, occupied by most agreeable families, who attend church at Slocumville; but these I did not see till the next day.

"I came at last to the church; in planning and building which, there had plainly been a serious conflict between ambition and economy. It was in Gothic style, with a tower at the corner. About the doors and windows were luxuriant mouldings. It was quite small, however, and built of lath and boards. Down over the wooden buttresses and pinnacles, the dampness of the day fell drearily; washing off, little by little, the thin painting, till the hue of the wood beneath appeared. The door stood open, and I looked in. Spindling joists and beams supported the spire. Passing from the vestibule into the church, I found the walls frescoed, in the most florid manner, into arches and recesses; the



ceiling tassellated with great intersecting beams, — all in cheap water-colors, and stained in many places where the rain had leaked through the roof.

"I was to stop with Mr. Simon Tarbell, and presently found his house. It was bran-new; close upon the road. Mr. Tarbell answered my ring, — a lame man between fifty and sixty, — in his shirt sleeves, with hat on, and very dirty hands. His hair was scanty and white; his forehead wrinkled; his eye gray, sharp, and good-natured. His son, it seems, has risen to be partner here in one of the shops. The father sold his farm as his son's prospects brightened, put his money into this house, and now works in the shop of his son; for labor is so divided in this business, that an inexperienced person, after a day or two, becomes a tolerable hand. The son, I heard, had just enlisted. The family, besides the head and the son, consists of Mrs. Tarbell, and a daughter who was introduced as 'Malviny.'

"Now, believe me, Lou, I have no desire to hold up this family to ridicule, or to speak with disrespect of them in any way. They are worthy people, and were hospitable to me; but I can write to you as I could to another self. Of course, this letter will not be seen. No doubt I am too delicate and fastidious; but the tastes and ways of these people! What shall I do, if this is the world that I must come into contact with?

"Mrs. Tarbell appeared at tea, — a matron silent and serious, wearing a front of brown hair, with a cap

behind. She was a fleshy person. Take a bright spoon; hold it horizontally; then look at your face in the back of the bowl. You will find that your nose becomes very fat, and that your cheeks distend. The space between the eyes becomes very wide, and the mouth enlarges; while the forehead above is reduced to the smallest dimensions; and so the chin below. The countenance of Mrs. Tarbell was as a lady's face reflected in the bowl of a spoon. At supper also appeared 'Malviny,'—a very plain young woman, with bad teeth. I did my best to be agreeable; but Mrs. Tarbell refused to be interested. The father now and then put in a remark in broad Yankee; and once I made 'Malviny' smile; but the spectacle was so melancholy, that I preferred, after that, to confine myself to serious topics.

"When tea was over, we sat in the parlor, where every thing was new and very cheap. Miss Minerva Jones's Poems lay upon the table, among the daguerrotypes; violently red in its sheepskin, and so brassy with its gilding, that I am sure the volume must have pushed its way to fame, though unknown to me. In the pictures, 'Malviny' was given in pink, with elaborately-gilded brooch, ear-pendants, and rings. The gilding lay upon the plate in masses, standing out distinct, with the likeness, which was faint, in the background.

"I accidentally discovered that Mrs. Tarbell, whom I had come to consider as impregnable, had her vulnerable spot. Happening to allude to a case of small-pox

which had come under my notice shortly before, while busy with missionary-work, I noticed that her features, from their rigidity, smoothed out into a pleased and benevolent expression. Noticing this, I went a little more fully into diseases; Mrs. Tarbell's delight appearing to become more intense in proportion as the particulars of the disorder were horrible. At length, she fairly beamed with joy, and fluently reciprocated, with an account of a most mysterious and novel disease, in which the subjects were curled up backwards, until the heels and head nearly touched. She followed this with a catalogue of the ailments of which herself and family were the victims; the period at which Malviny and Pharcellus had had the measles; winding up at last with a complete account, from first to last, of a fever-sore which had deprived Mr. Tarbell of a portion of his shin-bone, — appearance, treatment and all, — producing at last the very piece of bone that had finally come out.

"I withdrew at length to my room, a little homesick. I had no reason at all to feel that these people did not wish to be kind to me. They did their best, I am sure, to treat their guest well. Mrs. Tarbell's house-keeping seemed to me excellent. The table was as neat as could be; and nothing could be fresher and whiter than the bed in which I slept. I hope you will not think I mean to ridicule them, even in this private letter to you; but I could not help thinking, Saturday night, that if this were a specimen of the Slocumville congregation, of what earthly use would be my elabo-

rate and rather subtle sermon upon the 'co-existence of the qualities of activity and rest in the nature of the Deity!' It was rather bitterly that I thought of the morrow.

"After breakfast in the morning, I should have preferred privacy. The air was quite raw, however; and, there being no way of warming my room, I was obliged to go into the parlor with the family. Here I saw Pharcellus for the first time, — a man whom I thoroughly respect. He has left his business, in which his prospects were excellent, to enlist. At this time, he was at home on furlough from the camp of his regiment, which will soon march. I talked enough with him to discover, beneath his uncouth exterior and Yankee accent, grand patriotism and stubborn courage. There was something very heroic in his rough figure, — when I came to understand his temper, — clothed in the soldier's blue, dusty and stained already, from the overcrowded tents. His self-sacrifice is really grand. Poor fellow! he has little sympathy from his parents, I fancy. The father bewailed his son's foolishness, and made much of the grievance which he himself was to suffer, in having 'Pharcie go now, jest when he'd broke up, and come to stay with him. Pharcie'd find t'want a payin' thing; he might jest count on that.' The mother was silent; but I could see that Pharcie was sustained by the sympathy of his plain sister. The young man was obliged to return to camp before service; and it was with real reverence that I shook his rough hand when he rose to go.

"Before church, there came in a great dog, which smelt of my boots, then jumped with his dirty paws right upon my black suit. 'Ah! that's Nap,' said Mr. Tarbell. 'My dog, you see, Mr. May, can tell a preacher, I b'lieve, far as he can smell him. Sence the meetin'-us was built, you see, we've had forty-one different ministers down here to Slocumville, and he's got used to 'em. T'other Sunday, a young chap come down, and fetched his cousin along, — a lawyer, — and old Nap, he nosed round both their shins; and blessed if I don't believe he could tell which was the preacher. He snapped and growled at that ar lawyer, till Pharcie here had to turn him out. Never you mind if he does kind o' make himself free. It's all well meant.' I could not help protesting here, that I was fond of dogs; and that Nap, in particular, was a splendid fellow. After this, I hardly dared to resist his blandishments, whatever the consequences might be. An hour's work with the clothes-brush has hardly obliterated the marks of his embraces from my shoulders down.

"I asked a few questions about the church, — dodging the nose of the dog, who persisted in trying to lay his cheek against mine; lamenting inwardly my rashness, which made it impossible for me to seem otherwise then pleased. 'Well, the pulpit was kind o' queer: had a door underneath, and the stairs was in under, out of sight. Mr. Jones, he come once to preach, and had a kind o' funny time. He went up the aisle to one side of the pulpit, and the stairs wasn't



there. Then he went round to the other side, and they wasn't there. Then he came round in front, kind o' flustered, and looked up, so it sort of seemed to the folks that he was goin' to climb up. The folks was all come; for it was gettin' late, and Bijah Nevers, he'd got through some time playin' 'em in on the organ: but Sam Trull, he sets jest at the side, he come out and showed where the door was, underneath. After he got up, it didn't go all smooth. You see, inside it ain't a first-rate arrangement, and the committee are goin' to see to it. You have to go up two or three stairs from the seat, before you git to the standin' place. That's a block not very wide, and a leetle onsteady. Well, Mr. Jones, he was a bashful feller, and was flustered yet; and I van, if he didn't step on the edge of the block, so it tumbled over, and he fell with it. Some on 'em laughed, but I felt mighty sorry; for he was that kind of man to take it hard.'

"Then Mr. Tarbell spoke of Mr. Claptrap; a man whom I know about well, and who passes for rather a rude, unrefined person, in the circle to which I am accustomed. Mr. Tarbell, however, appeared to hold him in high appreciation; expressing himself in these pithy terms: 'He's a good one, though, I swan! there don't no one go to sleep while he's a preachin'. Of all the young fellers that's been to Slocumville, he's took the rag.' So Mr. Tarbell beguiled the time, until the hour for service. As the bell began to ring, he called Nap, and withdrew, saying, 'He'd been to work kind o' hard, and guessed he'd go and snooze awhile.'



O Lou ! I did suffer. He is sordid, but I think meant well enough, and wanted to entertain me agreeably ; but what had we in common !

"I went to church oppressed and desperate. I avoided the errors of the unfortunate Mr. Jones. Mr. Tarbell, by the way, had said, at the end of his remarks, that ' he wa'n't no great shakes ; ' an estimate which I felt inwardly sure he would pass upon me, when he was reciting my experiences to some future guest. I entered duly at the door, passed fiercely by Sam Trull, who sat there, all ready to repeat his kindness if necessary. I climbed the stairs ; and when I rose, although the block was miserably narrow, I balanced myself with care. I did not dare to look into the faces of the congregation, imagining it was Mr. Tarbell repeated in every pew.

"I got through the day ; but it was hard. I have studied faithfully nearly eight years, perhaps too faithfully ; for it certainly seems as if I had done little in the way of preparing myself to meet the world, if this is the world. I have written essays, that scholars and men of taste commend, and tried to be helpful to the poor and ignorant. I have such a high ideal of my profession ; have dreamed so of Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed ; of Burnet, and his audience spontaneously bursting into admiration ; of Bossuet and Whitefield. Far be it from me to think I can approach these, — or even lights far less than these, — yet these I have thought of as ideals ; and this was the actual ! In the midst of the best passage of my morning sermon,

the organ boy tipped over his stool ; and I knew by the rustle, that every head went round.

"I hardly know how I came to select my afternoon sermon as I did. It was something which I had prepared for the audience at the mission-chapel ; in which I had tried to be very plain and simple, choosing such language and illustrations as very plain people would understand. It is a sermon I think very little of. After church, a pleasant-faced gentleman spoke to me in the porch, and invited me home to tea. He introduced me to his wife, — a refined lady ; and we drove together to his cottage, which stands near the old village, at some distance from Slocumville. These people were very pleasant ; though, I own, I can hardly understand how it is, that a man of so much intelligence as this Mr. Harwood seemed to be could pass the judgment he did upon my discourses. He spoke of my afternoon sermon with very cordial approval, as interesting, and likely to do good. Of the morning sermon he said nothing ; and I construed his silence to mean that it hardly pleased him. I am surprised ; for that cost me double the labor. Though I say it myself, it had considerable rare learning in it, and, I flatter myself, showed some metaphysical ability. Mr. Harwood said nothing about this, although I set him down as a very intelligent man.

"I should have enjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Harwood more, if I had been well ; but my head ached severely, and I was forced to ask Mr. Harwood to drive me to Mr. Tarbell's, very soon after tea. He did not express any

commiseration ; but I thought I could judge from his kind manner, that he appreciated the trial I had gone through in the candidating. I felt full of gratitude to him when he left me ; for he put out his hand, and told me to keep up good courage ; that I would come out right in the end.

"During the evening, I became fairly ill. Mrs. Tarbell, I am bound to say, nursed me like a mother. Sage-tea was provided by the pint ; and bottles innumerable, filled with hot water, were put to bed with me, until, in my heat and perspiration, I almost expected to sing like a tea-kettle.

"In the morning, on my departure, 'Malviny' was ready at the door with a bouquet. This she gave me with a smile, whose revelations were so dismal, that I precipitately buried my face to the eyes among the flowers. So very plain ! and yet there is nobleness about her ! Mr. Tarbell carried my carpet-bag to the depot ; asked me to visit them again ; then gave me my pay with a munificent air, as if it were charity, and not something fairly earned. 'If there ain't Slocum himself !' said he, as a large, rough-faced man came down the street. 'Now, he don't go to church, and don't pay much,' continued Mr. Tarbell ; 'but our folks want to be perlite to him, and fetch him round. He oughter give a good tax. Couldn't you kind o' be agreeable on the way down ?' As the magnate came up, I was introduced with much ceremony ; Mr. Tarbell taking care to emphasize the 'reverend' before my name, for fear, I suspected, that Mr. Slocum would begin to swear, unless he received a hint.

"We took our seats together in the car; he taking up about two-thirds of the seat with his heavy, burly frame: but there was room enough for me. It was some few minutes before the train left, and unspeakably awkward when Slocum, with, a 'haw! haw!' and in a voice audible everywhere, remarked, 'Well, had a good preach?' I had hardly replied suitably, as I thought, to this, when this other inquiry was abruptly launched: 'Ain't your doctrine rather goin' down?' I know I was pale in my despair. The whole car-full hung upon the words of the magnate; and I longed to sink through upon the track below, and run my risk of getting out from under the wheels as the train moved off. I summoned all my courage; but I know it was with the feeblest flicker of a smile that I said, that 'it went down remarkably well with some people.' Slocum then said there was talk of 'puttin' up a new gospel-shop, but he thought one ought to do. 'Why,' said he, 'I never went but once to this one! That was in the afternoon. There was a mighty sparse sprinklin' of folks. Fact, the congregation that time looked like a rat's tail in a quart-pot!' Here the train went forward to my great relief. Soon after, the great Mr. Slocum went to talk with a brother manufacturer upon some question of welts and shoemakers' wax.

"Do you not pity me? Yet do not think, for a moment, that I believe the fault to be anywhere but in myself; at any rate, in great part. Mr. Tarbell, no doubt, has his merits. I wish I knew how to meet him properly; and I know it is over-sensitiveness, in great

part, that makes me shrink from him. Even Slocum, probably, has something to like in him. But these men of the world I know almost nothing about. In our seclusion, I have grown more and more delicate, until such a rough touch of the atmosphere of the world as I have just had has almost thrown me into fever.

"As I write, I hear steps, and Mr. Tarbell's voice, in the hall: 'Yes, *sir!* we shall do a right straight-out good thing to get him.' It is a committee of the Slocumville Parish sent up to wait upon Claptrap, and give him a call to settle. I do not think he can have had Mr. Harwood's vote.

"I resume my pen now, after an interview with Mr. Tarbell. Claptrap, it seems, holds the matter in consideration; and, meantime, Mr. Tarbell and his associates would like to have me come next Sunday to supply: 'Nothin' serious, you know; only just to *amuse* us.' Well, I shall go, and face it. I shall write two new sermons on purpose, and try to have them of the kind that Mr. Harwood approved, though my judgment suggests something different. I shall carry up some suitable gift to Mrs. Tarbell. I hope I am being disciplined into such shape that I shall be useful. Well says old Henry Vaughan, —

'Thus doth God key disordered man,  
Which none else can,  
Tuning his brest to rise or fall;  
And, by a sacred, needfull art,  
Like strings stretch every part,  
Making the whole most musicall.'"



## CHAPTER X.

## THE OLD WOUND.

MONTHS go by, — for Herbert, months of strife and hard marching. The fortune of war carries his regiment hither and thither. Fully restored from his wound, the rough, out-of-door life only confirms his vigor. The active service gives an abundance of adventure. The military enterprises in which the regiment takes part meet with a fair measure of success. Herbert finds something to enjoy in the excitement of the life, in spite of the hardships, and feels that he has a share in accomplishing good. He is too conscious of his power not to be restless in his subordinate position, too refined to be congenially placed among the rude men into whose society he is often forced; but he has resolution enough, for the time, to make light of such things. Although, in great part, his comrades are rough, Herbert finds in the ranks at his side numbers of men of fine sense and admirable intelligence, — some even of refinement.

Why is not Herbert promoted? We see that he has attracted attention by his soldierly bearing, and won the regard of officers: yet he does not get forward;



and this is the reason : He has come to have the name of being insubordinate, and in this way. Generally mild and genial the sergeant is ; but this narrative gives poor account of him, if it leads you to infer that there was in him no fire upon occasion.

There is an amazing want of fortitude among part of the men. What was expected when they enlisted, it is hard to tell ; but, too commonly in the regiment, it is a long-continued, ceaseless grumble against the food, the officers, the duty. Certainly there are things which are hard to bear. There is much ill-health, and, any day, there is the liability of being ordered again under fire ; but many, instead of making the best, make the worst of it.

In the tent of the sergeants, one evening, sits a party grumbling over their hardships ; unusually depressed, through bad news just received from a much-talked-of expedition, which has ended in disaster ; wishing they were at home ; betraying the most selfish disposition to consult their own comfort. In this talk, the pitiful first-lieutenant, who is passing near, stops to join. Herbert sits cleaning his piece. He has removed the bands, and taken the barrel from its bed. Suddenly he dashes fiercely down the iron and the implement, and springs to his feet, every feature glowing, the loose planks with which the tent is floored cracking beneath the indignant stamp of the powerful man : " Miserable weakness ! " he cries : " and what are you to foster this spirit of discontent and wretched cowardice among those whom you command ? " Under the fiery

glow upon his strong face, and the deep wrath that burns in his powerful tones, the group is cowed and silent. Two or three of the better ones among them catch his fervor. "Where should we have been without the sergeant?" says one. "Yes," says another; "and if we only had you to lead us!" The lieutenant goes away to report Herbert as mutinous and dangerous. His prospects for promotion are destroyed, and he is only saved from punishment by the essential service which he has rendered.

As we have seen, Herbert has come into contact with one personage whom he had known before his flight. The morning of the rebel assault, suddenly he had encountered Holyoake; and at length it has so happened that the Lowell Regiment becomes attached to the brigade that the rising young officer now commands. Herbert can look upon his face, and not be moved from equanimity; but there is another meeting for him, the effect of which is to stir his soul in the profoundest deeps.

A finely-officered veteran regiment has come out in the afternoon for battalion-drill. In upon the parade they come bravely marching, the band at the head. The men are dark, through exposure to sun, in face and hands; but the muskets glitter, the thousand of them, as if they were fresh from the arsenal. This regiment knows what it is to be decimated; to march many leagues; to lie in rifle-pits, when all the pomp and circumstance fade, and fade; with not a solitary drum to sound a call; with the colors tattered and

drenched under rain ; feather and tinsel all thrown aside for terribly stern grappling with bloodiest death. But to-day all is bright. Ranks are recruited to the full number. New battle-flags are in the hands of the color-guard ; the musicians, dropping the stretcher-handle, resume the horn and bugle. Rapidly they form in their line of battle ; their brown, stern-faced colonel galloping upon his stallion from wing to wing. A sonorous order, and all is motion. On the run, but with the even line preserved, they wheel in sweeping blue radii ; they concentrate into squares ; then roll out again into solid column. Meantime, for a soul to the whole, the full band at the edge of the ground is pealing out its quick, inspiriting sound. Over all thrills the shout of the colonel ; then the call of the captains ; then the tumult of the foot-beats of the thousand men, and the clash of their arms : combining to dissolve, assembling to separate ; now a long array, now compact order. Upon the hill above the parade is gathered a crowd of spectators, beneath whose eyes the regiment gleams and changes, from formation to formation, like the pieces in a great kaleidoscope, with rattle and clash, and yet with perfect regularity ; falling into new, and again new combinations.

Herbert looks at the drill from the hill, and feels the excitement from the splendid rush and glitter, and from the pealing of the instruments. Hoof-beats sound near at hand. He turns ; and lo ! Holyoake, now a general, through brave conduct, trots up the sand, with a lady in his company. The lady is veiled, mounted on a spir-

ited horse, which she manages with grace. Once or twice, too, upon the flank of the animal, as it shows restiveness, prompt and firm the gloved hand brings down the whip, — a fearless, confident horsewoman. As they go past, the wind blows out the skirt of the habit, and lifts the veil from before her face. Pale cheeks; earnest eyes; a broad brow; dark, thick, clustering hair, — at sight of which, Herbert shrinks to one side, and averts his face; then seats himself in the sand, as they pass on, with his head in his hand. "I know her," says a Maine soldier near, so far well of a wound as to be out at the drill: "the nurse in our ward, — and a good, smart one; clear stuff right through; nary knot or crack! She keeps too close. I'm glad she's out awhile for the air."

Face to face with her! he full of generous, manly love that will not die; for, as he looks upon her face, the fountains he had sought to seal within him deluge his heart with a hot flood, till it is nigh to burst. "Fool! fool that I am!" mutters Herbert to himself. "So hopeless! Work, work! give me something to fill my thoughts. It must not be." Toward dusk the camp is reached. The company-cook comes out to meet him. "The boys, sergeant, growl at the cooking; and there's need of convayniences." Herbert hurries together half a dozen men, who wonder at his impetuosity, and sets to work with mud, and bricks from a destroyed building, to repair the cook's arrangements. In an old wheelbarrow, he himself carries material; then, in an empty box, brings mud, like a

hodman, or an enslaved Israelite under Cheops and Rameses, setting up sphinxes by the Nile. He is fierce almost in his eagerness. "Kill it! kill it!" he mutters. "Any thing to crush it out! Why is it, my God, that I must suffer so?" So he struggles and prays, until he grows pale with exhaustion; then thanks God as his eyes close in sleep.

*Herbert Lee to Putnam May.*

"A soldier of our regiment, discharged from sickness, is going home. I have rendered him some service; and he is willing to take a letter for me to some northern city, and there mail it. So I can write to you again, and still give no clue. And yet I hardly know why I care so much that you should not know where I am. Perhaps I have been hiding so long, that the habit has grown upon me. I would love to see you, or hear from you; and yet what good would it do to you or to me? If it would help me to be more manly in my life, you should know at once: but I do not see that it will; and I might hear what will perplex and harass me. I try now to do good. I try to enjoy this present companionship, and endure it well when my vigor is firm. 'So long as a man is good-natured and well-meaning, why make account of his roughness?' I say: and there is no need to make account of it, and I do not, when I am well; but privation somewhat lowers the physical tone. It must be that that often makes me pine and thirst for what I have once



known : cultivated friends ; the voices of ladies ; books ; refinements.

"Ah, well ! let me tell it all. I did not mean to at first ; but perhaps it will ease me to confess to you. You see, from the few words that I have written, that I am not happy. Yet, Putnam, I was trying to hide my misery in writing that. It would come through some, you see, into the words. Oh ! I am wretched beyond words. Here it is ; all, all. An old wound is bleeding that I thought I had cauterized with bitter fire ; but it is freshly opened : how, I do not care to tell. Agony, that, under different circumstances, might be such sweetness ! O my queen ! glory of womanhood, steadfast and great and calm Leonora ! There ! no more. You know it. It is folly to be thus wretched. I think of past heroism and sainthood ; after which, I sometimes hope to follow, feebly and far away ; but I know of no precedent for such breaking-down as this into foolish misery. I am unworthy of the faith and purpose that have been given to me. Life, — in which I hoped to do so much, — now, O friend, is so utterly, utterly a burden ! We go here with our lives in our hands ; and blessed to me would be the hostile bullet that should take away my weak, irresolute soul. But this is not right or honorable, and you shall hear no more of it. I believe it has done me good to write it. I will write on to occupy my mind now, trying to feel as if the suffering were not.

"I have fought and fought ; and I am almost shaken in my opinions as to the justice of war, under any cir-



cumstances, by what I have seen. The battle-field is so terrible!—dreadful at the time, so ghastly at the end! Once, after a battle, I had gone back upon the field. I saw two of our men, each with a pipe in his mouth, burying the dead. They took one, a rebel, with whom, indeed, they had fought the evening before. One at the head, the other at the feet, they carried him to the trench. They tried to pilfer his watch and money; but I saw their purpose, and thwarted them. But they laughed, and insulted the corse they bore as so much carrion. Do you remember when we read Plato's "Republic" together? One passage we noted as being generous,—and it rose then into my mind,—where it says, you know, that it is 'mean and forbidden to plunder a corse, and the mark of a weak, small mind to deem the body of the deceased an enemy.' These men seem so mean and low!

"Once, on a march, I was one of the guard in the rear, whose duty it was to arrest stragglers. You must know, that always, if the roads are at all heavy, and the sun hot, men leave their regiments by dozens; some really overcome,—too much exhausted to go farther; others only feigning exhaustion, thinking, that, by loitering, they may find opportunities for plunder. I marched with the guard, some distance in the rear, along the trampled road. We came to a house,—a poor, mean dwelling; the shelter of poverty. In front, there had been a skirmish. Three rebel dead lay unburied, in the hot sun, gory and distorted. O Putnam! do you make it real to yourself what gore is?

— a familiar word enough, but such a dreadful sight in reality ; that clotted, gelatinous purple, oozing from mortal wounds !

“ On the piazza about the poor house, sat the inmates, — a bowed old man, amid a group of squalid children ; bare-footed, bare-headed, anxious, weeping. He was the grandparent. The father was in the rebel army somewhere ; the mother sat rocking with an infant in her arms, thin and sickly. The house and the yard were full of straggling soldiers. The garden had been rifled of every vegetable which could be eaten, and what was left was trampled down. The cow in the wretched shed had been shot, a little meat cut from the carcass, and the rest left to waste. The guns of the men were cracking about the yard, and every fowl was being killed. A number of men were coming out of the door with haversacks full of meal. The whole substance of these poor people was being devoured. As I came up, a drunken soldier — of our army, Putnam — had just torn the brooch away which the woman with the child in her arms wore at her neck, — a cheap thing, which, however, had attracted his drunken greed ; and (I can hardly bear to write the terribly ruffianly thing) he was rudely taking from one of her ears the ear-ring, making the blood flow in his heedless brutality. I rushed upon him, and saved her further pain ; and, the officer in command of the guard being close at hand, we had the fellow arrested. We tried to restore order : but, while we were there, flames burst out from the barn, which speedily caught the house ; and the

guard passed on, leaving the old man, the woman, and the company of little children, shelterless and foodless, looking in tears upon their blazing home. My heart bled for them so ! Yet I could do nothing. We were pursuing the enemy. Duty forced me forward.

"On another day, I was engaged in similar duty. The guard came to a solitary church, standing in the midst of a burial-ground. It was a sweet and solemn spot. Trees — some of them familiar, some of strange tropical form and foliage — grew about it. In front was a grove of pines, whispering as if with oracular breathings ; behind, a clump of live-oaks, with small glossy leaves set in dense clusters upon the far-reaching branches. Over some of the trees crept vines, making their green still more thick and graceful. Still farther behind, in the still burial-ground, were trunks and branches, hung with the funereal gray moss, which swayed slowly back and forth like coffin-plumes. I stood in the porch of the little church, and saw how the door had been wrenched from its hinges, and lay broken on the ground. The pews were split and torn down. In the chancel, rail, desk, and pulpit were scored and dented, and the walls scrawled with soldiers' names. Doors and windows, flung rudely open, gave free ingress into the violated shrine to rain and winds. The army had gone forward ; but I went round the building, in discharge of my duty, to see if any straggler might be lurking there. The church was somewhat venerable, and not ungraceful in its architecture.

"Passing among the graves, I saw that it had been

the burial-place of families of wealth and consequence. Some lots were elegantly inclosed, and contained tasteful and costly monuments. One stone bore, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' for a motto. Another had a verse from a touching poem. The inscriptions were mostly simple, humble, appropriate; indicating refinement and piety in those who had erected the stones. Some inclosures were moss-grown; having stood, evidently, for many years. The vines, the cactus, and prickly pear, grew thick within them. Here were the stones of grandfathers, placed a half-century ago; and, by the side of them, white tablets to their grandchildren, babies dead within the year.

"On one side, at length, I saw a very handsome and costly sepulchre, with the name of the family by which it had been erected cut in deep relief upon it. It was built of stone, brought, evidently, a long distance; elegantly inclosed; the massive blocks carved with inverted torches and other appropriate funereal emblems. 'Integrity and uprightness' was the legend cut in deep relief above the door. It was plainly the mausoleum of an ancient and honorable house.

"It was sad indeed to see how the butts of Northern muskets had dashed in the marble doors, and shocked the solemn interior repose with impious violation. I bent over the threshold, and looked in through the broken portal. There lay, in their niches, the burial-cases of adults and children; the wreaths which the bereaved had left there at the funerals still lying over the lids!

"Do not think that the terrible ruffianism that these things indicate is universal, or indeed general, in our armies. There are some, who, away from restraint, and often in drunkenness, do these things; the worst among our roughs and rascals. You would hardly believe they can be men; and yet, too, they have a bright and human side to them, when they are themselves, as I have sometimes been surprised to observe. As an offset to this class, I know numbers here at my side, undistinguished by any badge, of fine sense, with many grand qualities and much intelligence; freemen of the class who give to our land its character.

"You will say all this is terrible; and yet these things are happening everywhere, where war comes. They almost unman me, — shake me in the belief I have felt that war is sometimes just. It is the cause, the cause alone, that justifies it. This dreadful thing of war I hope solemnly is to last at furthest but a few years. Then it will be past, and the evils we are battling will have passed with it, I solemnly trust; evils which, if not thus met, would cause, through long decades, — through centuries probably, — an amount of suffering and sin enormously greater in the aggregate than all that follows in the train of war now. We do not do evil, that good may come. We do the less evil, — bring this bloody strife, with its attendant horrors, upon the land, — as the only way to avoid doing the greater evil, suffering a dreadful power to triumph.



"As I left the old man, the haggard mother, the frightened little ones, behind me there, in the instance I have just related, my heart was hot with pity, with rage, with grief. 'What can extenuate it?' I thought. Then, as I became calmer, this passage came into my mind, which I fell upon somewhere years ago, and learned by heart.

"You know my memory is retentive; yet I forget whether these are words of Milton himself, or words which some one has put into his mouth. It seems to me they are wise enough to be Milton's own. With scarcely a change, I apply them now:—

"'For civil war, that it is an evil, I dispute not; but that it is the greatest of evils, I stoutly deny. It doth indeed appear to the misjudging to be a worse calamity than slavery; because its miseries are collected together within a short space and time, and may easily, at one view, be taken in and perceived. But the misfortunes of nations cursed by slavery, being distributed over many centuries and many places, as they are of greater weight and number, so are they of less display. When the devil of slavery hath gone into the body politic, he departs not but with struggles and foaming, and great convulsions. Shall he, therefore, vex it for ever, lest, in going out, he may for a moment tear and rend it?' \*

"Is it not grand wisdom? I am carrying that sen-

\* This passage which Herbert gives is Macaulay's. It is put into the mouth of Milton in an imaginary conversation between Cowley and Milton, to be found in the "Later Essays and Poems."



tence, which years ago I learned by heart, in my mind ; and it is the staff upon which I go forward now, in my fighting. Terrible the misfortune and suffering ; but how much more terrible if this devil of slavery had been suffered to remain, and vex us ! though indeed, the woe, in that case, might have made less show than that of the war, through being so distributed.

"These are words of an unhappy man, — unhappy, I fear, in an unmanly way ; but let me, for once, pour myself out. So lonely as I am to-night ! Once in a fortnight comes the mail. 'What, said a good-hearted corporal, the other day, 'never letters for you ; no sweetheart nor any one to send you a word ! Now we chaps grab our letters, I tell you. I van ! I believe there is a kind o' mileage about them, and each letter comes in here like a Californy Congressman, — mighty rich, — though when it started, praps 'twarnt worth nary red.'

"What a mileage the poorest scrap you could send me would gain, before it reached me ! But would it help me forward ?"

## CHAPTER XI.

## M E A D O W B O R O ' .

AFTER Herbert Lee's disappearance, Mr. Wells, the minister of Meadowboro', hearing of Putnam's friendship and active interest in his old pupil, sent for him to make him a visit. Putnam went, and it was the beginning of an intimacy between the two. When Putnam had completed his regular course, he resolved to spend a few months in Meadowboro', that he might read under the direction of Mr. Wells. During this time, the infirmities of the latter increased so rapidly, that it became necessary for him to have an associate. His own preferences were strongly for Putnam; and the Meadowboro' Parish, after duly passing judgment, invited him to the position. Thither he went, therefore, as the colleague of Mr. Wells.

At this time, too, he became married; concerning which, this is all that will be said. Putnam was married and settled; and his wife is that Alice Granger, who was at Honomok with Leonora. The preliminaries were gone through with at Honomok, for the most part; and, if any one is curious in the matter, he is referred to old Windy Haines, whose red eyes were glaring over at the pair from his opera-glass, regularly,

every evening of the wooing; and who is probably familiar with every particular of the courtship.

This is the way Putnam writes to Lou, just after they have gone to housekeeping.

*Putnam May to Louisa May.*

"This flower-set cottage, in which Alice and I, sweet wife, are laid away! Now all is done. We have driven home the last carpet-tack. The vases, even, stand upon the mantel-piece, — each with its flowers, — and every picture hangs true upon the wall. Such an eye as Alice has got! It is as good as a spirit-level, to fix the bottom of the frame exactly with the horizontal. So, now that all is done, and we are not so very tired, Alice is playing some sweet thing from Mendelssohn, while I come here to dedicate my fresh, new study, by seeing how I can write. The music comes in to me softly through the closed door, as I love to have it. I do not listen to it. As I write, I forget about it; but still it comes in, to mould the feelings, I believe. So, if I blossom out into a posy here and there, think it is my poor pen trying to dress up her pretty arpeggios in ink.

"I am certain, that I know what is the prettiest thing in the world, — a half-blown tea-rose, in a plain, small Parian vase. Alice has put this prettiest thing in the world just before my eyes, here on my desk. It is a little translucent urn of Parian: not marred by any vain embossment, nor wrought over with any painful counterfeit of twining vines and leaves; but perfectly

plain. It rises so, in this chaste, unfretted symmetry, only some three or four inches. Below, it is a slender stem, that midway swells into pearly fulness; then, white and smooth and round, it tapers up, holding at the top this one tea-rose, half-blown. It is pretty as the arm of some young fairy. This rose did not grow in our garden. It is one of the house-plants. They have just been moved here; and what should come out but this little bud at once, — the first thing born in our new home? The hue of the petals is exactly what we see in the west sometimes, very late in the twilight, and I am half-sure those sad, sweet-throated whip-poorwills, that we hear bemoaning the approach of evening, on the mountain, would wail out that triple, melancholy note of theirs, if they could catch sight of it, — it is such a perfect match to that twilight hue!

"Of course, there is a fly in my pot of ointment. A little hard, is it not, that my poor little inheritance — all I have, you know, except my salary — should be so utterly sunk! But, Lou, no picture was ever more brilliant than that painted before me by the agent of the South Goose-Creek Coal-Mining Company. Upon the banks of that agreeable stream, the company owned a wide tract of territory, their fee simple; as the agent expressed it, with an approach to sublimity, extending 'from the surface to the centre of the earth.' Shafts had been sunk in a profuse manner, into beds of the richest character, which lay one beneath the other. Such wealth as was sandwiched there among the strata by South Goose-Creek! So fairly honey-combed was

the earth above it and around it, with shafts, adits, pits, and drifts, by which it was to be brought to light, to feed by the multitude the forges of industry; and, properly transmuted, to make heavy the pockets of poor me, would I but invest! All of this was in due form set forth by the smiling and gentlemanly agent. To be sure, just then, operations were at a stand-still; but I was that very capitalist, (just think, with my few hundreds!) whose emetic finger, as it were, inserted within the throat of the mine, would forthwith cause it to belch up its most hidden deposits. It was urged upon me to be wise in time. The streets were jammed with an excited crowd; steamers were that moment making port; trains thronged were whistling into the depots; and all these were large capitalists, with their means in their pockets, hurrying to the city to buy this famous stock. Would I linger? I went out presently, with a certificate of stock to the entire amount of my little funds, — walking, I was conscious, with something of a strut, as became the nabob to replenish whose coffers even the haunts of the gnome and the kobold were invaded. But either because the goblins at South Goose-Creek are a swindling, light-fingered race, who swallow fortunes into their caverns, and give no return, or because the managers, bold in their consciousness of owning to the centre of the earth, ran shafts so deep that the investments dropped through to the hidden fires, — for one or both of these, or for some other reason, the money went, and gave no sign, while I, poor victim, droop and mourn.



"Of course, you will want to know something about Mr. Wells, whose colleague I am. He is so simple and sincere! The burying-ground at Meadowboro' is upon the brow of a terrace, looking down upon the meadow. The oldest stone is mossy and leaning; the inscription badly blurred by the clinging lichens, — 'To Mistress Mindwell Pumry, who was captivated by an Indian salvage, and by ye salvage tragically tomahawked,' in King Philip's war. The newest stone is small, and very plain, — 'Leonard Wells, æt. four.' Now here is the story of this little fellow's death and burial, that will show the pure and high old man as he is.

"Leonard, or Lenny, was his only grandchild. He died last month, leaving the poor man alone. His wife died long years ago. His only daughter grew to a lovely womanhood, only to marry ill, and be deserted by her husband. Shortly after this, Lenny, her only child, was born; the throes of the mother's travail being at the same time her death-pangs. A fair, loving boy he was coming to be, in the current of whose sweet young life, as it flowed freshly on in the parsonage, the grandfather bathed his soul, and grew young, as in a rill from some fountain of youth. Lenny sickened and died, when scarcely four. I went up to see the old man, as he sat alone with his broken heart in the still chamber, — a little cold heap of white upon the table at his side, — cloth and napkin, and the dead boy. 'Gone from me!' he broke out; and then, with his gray head upon the table, he poured out his grief in



the words of David above the corpse of Absalom, 'Would God I had died for thee, my child, — my child !'

"What could I do or say? Before such a bereavement, I felt powerless. Every thing I tried to say seemed cold, and almost harsh; and I could only take the old man's hand, to clasp and bend over it. Mr. Wells grew calmer, as I sat with him. 'At least, Mr. May,' he said, sitting upright, and becoming collected, — 'at least his burial shall be worthy. This clay, so sweet to me, must lie in a casket of the costliest; the little shroud must be of the choicest; the memorial in the burying-ground shall be rich as chisel can carve. I must have it so, sir. All that is fine and delicate must wrap these little limbs. Upon the small, plaited shroud, must lie rare flowers, — softest silk under this damp, white cheek. Help me to these, Mr. May. Oh, it is little,—little enough! but, through these poor symbols, I would speak the precious love I bore the child.' I promised to give my help, and took my leave.

"It so happened that John Burns, a poor laborer of the parish, had also lost a child in the same night in which Lenny Wells had died. I went from the parsonage to Burns's house, and found there as much grief as I had left behind. Little Roddy lay under white cloths, like the old minister's grandchild. Already the two little fellows had begun to be playmates; and together they had thrown aside their toy drums and horses, and drooped away. I naturally talked to Burns and his wife about Mr. Wells; and, rather thought-

lessly, in speaking of his grief, alluded to the arrangements which the minister wished to have made. 'Yes,' said Burns's wife, 'a brave little chap;' then, after a moment, with a sort of fierceness, 'but no braver than our Roddy. They'll be buried the same day. They played together down here on our slope; and pity 'twould be they should not be buried alike. What say ye, Burns? We'll go even with the minister, won't we? Surely Roddy shall have only the brightest and best about him.'

"Burns is poor, and in debt. They could not make such an outlay without stinting the other children and themselves in clothing and food. I was sorry enough I had said any thing. I hinted at the expense as delicately as I could; but it was almost with passion that the woman spoke up, 'It's not at such a time, sir, that we'd be counting dollars.' I took the charge with great reluctance, 'When I was ordering for the minister, to order just the same for them.' With Mr. Wells again in the evening, I told about my call at the Burns's. I feared again I had not been guarded enough; for I saw that Mr. Wells was moved, when he heard what Burns had done. He walked thoughtfully across the room. He turned down the cloth from the dead boy's brow, kissed it, and hung over it; then replaced it, and was thoughtful again. Sensitive as he was, I knew there would be positive solace to him in having the circumstances of the burial and the grave rich and tasteful; and could not feel that it was right, in such a time of agony, that he should give them up.

"Early the following morning, he sent for me. He was with the body, as before. 'Let the order be cancelled,' said he, 'if not too late. God forbid, that, in the midst of my chastening, I should set an example of luxury, or lead my poor neighbors into expenditure that must come out of their bread!'

"So Lenny and Roddy were buried; the sexton fastening a plain, walnut board down into a plain coffin, above each little wasted face. Each lay in a snow-white night-dress, with wild-flowers upon his bosom and in his hand; and each has, for a gravestone, an inexpensive slab from our quarry under the mountain.

"Now, Lou, perhaps I see more in this than I ought, or than you will; but do you think every one would be so self-sacrificing and thoughtful at such a time?

"It is a great bond between Mr. Wells and me, that we both feel such an interest in Herbert. I show him the letters which come from Herbert; always guarded so carefully, that I may get no idea of his whereabouts. You remember the one I sent to you, telling of his new-born faith, and enlistment. That I showed to Mr. Wells; and, shortly after, he sent me this acknowledgment. It was before I came to Meadowboro' to live. It is so characteristic of the old man, that I will send it to you. I dare say you may call him pedantic; but really, it is from perfect simpleness of heart, that he strews his letters and conversation with these scraps of learning. He has lived in seclusion, and is full of old-fashioned habits. In his quiet, he

studies much ; and his retentive memory keeps every thing at hand for him. These sentences from his reading come unbidden almost upon his pen and lips. I am sure that he has no desire for display. The giving of place and page is part of the accuracy into which he has disciplined himself.

*Mr. Wells to Putnam May.*

“MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, — Indeed, I am much beholden to you, in that you so promptly have put into my hand these good tidings respecting Herbert Lee. I am much overjoyed, that thus, at length, through his doubt begins to dawn the light of hope and trust : in part, perhaps, from some little vanity I feel, that my judgment in the matter, often pronounced, will be at length justified, namely, — that the young man’s questioning was but preliminary to a fair and sweet faith ; but principally because, when a youth, he endeared himself to me by many admirable traits of which he gave sign, — merits which needed indeed direction and restraint, but nevertheless noteworthy. Therefore it is that I hail this coming of peace into his mind.

“My study, as you know, is for the most part confined to those ancients, so venerable through their own wisdom, and through the respect which has been so long accorded to them ; yet I do not abstain altogether from the writings of our own time, though I am sometimes brought to think, that mere froth and air, rather than the sober substance of wisdom, are pleasing to our cotemporaries. I have only praise, however, for De

Tocqueville. He, I remember, puts well, in a pregnant sentence, a thought germane to this present case, namely: "that strong convictions are found only at the two ends of knowledge, and that doubt lies in the middle." (*Dem. in Am. ch. xi.*)

"Certainly this is a wise man's language. Herbert Lee, when under my charge, was little versed in men or books; and, moreover, showed no doubting tendency. Though impetuous, he had much aspiration and abundant belief. As his knowledge began to gain, the questioning came, — deep, as was natural, the strength of his mind and his sincerity being taken into account. However, in his full maturity, — becoming amply furnished, through study and experience, with wisdom, — he comes anew into assured conviction.

"I like the letter of the young man. I like his account of the old friend with whom fortune so strangely brings him face to face. There is solid substance in hearts that can maintain so long the fire of friendship, through separation, and diversity of feeling. Misled and intemperate that young Claiborne may be; but who can say there is no excellence in him? For my part, I incline to the sentiment put into the mouth of the wise Lælius in the dialogue: "I am of opinion, that, except among the virtuous, friendship cannot exist." ("Sed hoc primum sentio, nisi in bonis amicitiam esse non posse." *De Amicitia*, V.) The sentiments of the young man I loathe; and his rage, in the instance related, is unpardonable. Well indeed may we know whence the taint is drawn. As regards master, as well



as regards slave, is that sentiment of Homer true :  
 "The half of his nobleness does far-sounding Zeus take  
 away from a man, when the day of slavery seizes hold  
 of him."

(Ἡμῖν γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνονται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς  
 Ἀνέρος, εὐτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἡμᾶρ ἔλθῃν.)

Odys. xvii. 322-323.

Yet there is nobility in a nature, which, through every  
 thing, is mindful of a friend.

"But the point in Herbert's letter which strikes me  
 most is the conclusion ; in which he declares, that, in  
 laying his hand upon weapons, it is for *mankind*. We  
 may, I think, take the young man as representing the  
 spirit of our nobler and higher toned youth to-day,  
 who go forth to fight, and who will sway the nation  
 when the times of our peace return. Remark the  
 breadth — the Christian breadth, I may say — of the  
 spirit ; and I am much at fault if it be not something  
 new in the world. I go to Greece ; but among her  
 heroes I find not one, who, when he gave himself to  
 sword or spear, had a thought beyond Greece. *Βάρβαροι*  
 were all others ; not precious, and worthy to die for.  
 I go to Rome : it is simply for Rome that her heroes  
 die. It is for country ; but there is no thought beyond  
 country. To die for that was the last refinement of the  
 Roman *virtus*, — the sublimest limit of honor. If  
 the country were wrong, — if it stood as a curse in the  
 world, rather than a benefit, it was the same. So  
 the semi-barbarian, mediæval prince, for his first virtue,  
 held loyalty to the great stock, Orsini or Colonna,



York or Lancaster, Guise or Navarre, — the great stock from which he sprung; loyalty to that, or at farthest, to his king. I know not where, in the past, we shall turn for heroes who rise to the great Christian thought, — who lay down their lives, not for any narrow idea, but for their kind. But to-day, when our nobler youths, upon bloody fields breathe up their spirits (*efflare animam*), how is their dying agony glorified, when the benumbing lips tremble with that sentence, the utterance of nobler chivalry, "I die for my kind." They seem to say from their holy sepulchres, "We fight, we fall, for country indeed, but not for that alone; for that, because it secures everywhere weal for mankind; because it means freedom to them in bonds, and assures honor and faith in all parts." So seem they to call to us from their hallowed tombs; and, in so calling, do these their young voices transcend even the sublimer utterances of antique heroism. Leonidas and Epaminondas, ye were lower than this! farther down than theirs in glory are your pedestals, O Brutus and Scipio! In this latter day hath arisen a race nobler than the old chivalry; weaponed and helmeted now, that mankind may be blest!

"But whither does my too inconsiderate pen lead me? I fear I am betrayed beyond prudence into the heat of rhapsody; and even you, my young friend, indulgent though I have ever found you to the talk of a poor old man (garrulous often, I doubt not, and perhaps evidencing the approach of the time of doting folly, — "*Senectus est natura loquacior*"), will scarcely

bear with me. Yet so it is, that the spectacle of vehemement and generous youth inflames me with an ardor which perhaps is hardly timely, — admonished as I am by the whiteness of my head to court cooler and graver impressions, — until in a manner I am so stirred as to fancy almost that I might box with Dares or run with Phidippides; and, in my fever to undertake some achievement, I am like the youth in the poem, —

‘Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis,  
Optat aprum aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.’”

## CHAPTER XII.

## EBONY.

HERBERT'S meeting with Leonora proved a serious matter for him. His love for her had only slumbered; and when aroused, the circumstances being so hopeless, Herbert was plunged into the wretchedness indicated in the letter which he sent to Putnam. For the time, the elasticity of his spirit had departed; and when it became necessary to endure hardship, his frame sank beneath it, the power of resistance being in great part gone. He became ill, and was sent back from the front to a town on the border, as a hospital patient. He grew better at last; and, while recovering, found work which brought him a degree of peace. Here is the record of it which he sent to Putnam, careful, as before, to give no indication of his whereabouts, —

*From Herbert Lee to Putnam May.*

"I have been ill; but, my boy, I have got it under foot, I think. I wanted something to kill time, while recovering. Whittling, you know, is the great resource in rebel prisons, and the convalescent wards of hos-

pitals ; but I could not manage a knife, and doubt whether I could be easy making fans and jackstraws. The fact was, Putnam, I was uneasy not to be doing some one good. I think I shall never be satisfied to do any thing that will not have a pretty direct bearing upon the welfare of men. I hope I never shall be. I mean to tell you now what I have found to do here.

"I managed early to get the surgeon's good will, who has given me a little freer range than is generally allowed. There is, here in this town where my hospital is situated, quite a population of free negroes. In a slaveholding community, of course, their position has always been that of outcasts. Since the outbreak of the war, their condition has been even worse than it was before. Their life has been more precarious ; and, though they are full of hope about their future, the upturning brings them much temporary suffering. Too often, now, they are marks for kicks and cuffs, even with men from the North. The women are often abandoned, the men cowed and cringing. The children grow up neglected, in hovels ; for no systematic effort, in the way of instruction and relief, has been made here as yet. They are eager for instruction, and have waited impatiently for the time, which they have felt was close at hand, when they were to obtain it. Now, the work I have laid out for part of the day is to turn schoolmaster, and teach these poor things.

"The black laundresses are heré every day. I asked one, — Phillis, a very tidy, respectable body, — if there was any school for her people. 'No.' 'Would

her people like a school?' She rather thought they would. 'Well, who are some of your principal folks, that I can speak to about it? I have half a day, five days in the week, that I can give for it; and I will keep a school for you, and you need not pay any thing.' Phillis referred me to a certain Aunt Filey, who lived on the river-bank, as having influence, and as likely to put me in the way of getting at the black people; so I went with Phillis to see Aunt Filey. I found her in a more decent house than belongs to most of her race here, — a tall, large woman, of quite dignified bearing, plainly with some white blood in her veins. She received me gravely and courteously, and I sat down in a chair by the side of her ironing-table. A colored Methodist preacher, at that time, I found, was staying in her house. He was employed as a hand aboard a river transport, usually; but had been sick, and had stopped a few days among the negroes here. The work of examining me was given over to him.

"It was a tough piece of business for the poor fellow. He belonged to the down-trodden class, I to the whites; and apparently, so far as my dress was an indication, to those from whom he was too often accustomed to receive insult and abuse, and before whom he was used to bowing and submission. Yet, I think, the man honestly felt his responsibility. 'The child'n,' he said, hesitatingly, 'ought'n to be given to any one who might offer. He hoped de cap'n would'n take no offence. He spoke for de folks; and he reckoned dey was some skeered.' I made it as easy for him as I



could; put on a genial face, and told him to ask any questions he chose. There was really need of his caution. But to question me was a hard thing for that poor, ignorant deck-hand to do. I looked at him with pity, — dull and ignorant, with little self-respect, and hardly the pluck to look me in the face; yet with the sense of responsibility in his breast, a dim recognition of what was proper in the case, and a faithful effort to do his duty.

"He was shy of giving his entire approval. He said, at last, that that night he was going to preach. If I chose, I might go with him to the church. There I should see a number of the people; and, when he had finished, I might say to them what I chose.

"I was punctually at Aunt Filey's in the evening, in a shirt fresh from the hands of Phillis. In the twilight, we set out in procession. Aunt Filey led the way, — with her large, dignified figure, and arms crossed under her shawl. Then came the minister, — heavy-shouldered and slouching, with an awkward, shambling gait. Then Phillis, my washerwoman, behind whom I followed. Two young women brought up the rear. Most of the time, we had to go in single file. The unpaved streets were deep with mud; the wooden sidewalks out of repair, leaving in some places only a single plank. At length, the sidewalks disappeared entirely, and there was nothing for it but to wade through the abysses of black mud. The air was damp, and full of drizzle; the evening grew dark. We came at last to a distant quarter of the town,

where stood the church, — a poor, slight building, surrounded by miserable houses, — a little back from the mud of the street. The gable end faced us. It had no windows ; only a door in the centre. We passed in. Every thing was cheap and coarse, to the last degree. A large, rusty stove stood near the door. Rude, unpainted benches faced an unpainted desk. The only lights were two poor candles, which stood upon the desk. Although the light was so dim, I could see marks of violence. The panels of the door had been broken ; the window-sashes at the side smashed, and a sill badly split : but an attempt had been made to patch up the injury, and make the building decent again. I afterward learned, that, a few evenings before, there had been a rowdy attack. Upon the benches sat a company of men, women, and children, who rather shrank from me as I came in ; probably fearing that I had come to make some disturbance. I took my seat upon the front bench, and was glad to see that the little congregation were somewhat re-assured, after Aunt Filey and Phillis had whispered a few sentences about among them.

"The service went forward. There were some things plaintive, some things grotesque. They sang a hymn, which was unintelligible, for the most part, to me. Then came an impassioned, incoherent prayer ; then the sermon. The minister spoke an hour. When he had finished, he said, 'There was some one there who had something to say to the people ;' and, bowing, said 'that now I could have the chance.' Thus introduced, I rose, and made my speech. I tried to speak very

kindly ; said I had time to give to teaching them, and wished to employ it so. I assured them I would faithfully give them help. The minister had never been entirely satisfied. When I had finished, he had some questions to put to me. He was considerably bolder now, poor fellow, than he had been at Aunt Filey's ; the congregation giving him confidence. I had my fears that I could not satisfy him when he began to propose a series of questions as to my theological belief. My heresies have been grave enough, as you know. I tried to couch my answers in such terms as would not shock them, and felt that I was doing tolerably well. At length, however, he took out his prayer-book, and turned over a few pages. I saw that his face brightened. I knew that the crisis had come. He had found a question that would reveal me fully. If I could answer it in a satisfactory way, I might hope to have the confidence of him and his flock from that time forth. I waited with anxiety. About the room, you might have heard a pin drop. Every mouth was open, every eye fixed on the minister and me. It came at last. 'Does you believe dat God is God, and dat Christ is Christ?' That, truly, was the question. The suspense, for a moment, was painful. I stated that I could say, without reserve, I did believe it. I avowed, that, in my mind, there was no doubt upon the subject. There was a general sigh of relief. The minister bowed, and said he was satisfied. The doubtful faces about began to look cheerful and confiding ; and I have no doubt now about having the full confidence of

these poor, simple souls. It is pitiful, and yet grotesque too, — is it not?

"The school opened, the day after this examination. Young and old were there, — gray-haired men and women, and little children, that could hardly toddle. I have enjoyed it. I took hold of it solemnly, as I shall always, I trust, take hold of every thing hereafter. Still, there was a humorous side to the experience, which I came to enjoy at last. Strength returned, and with it came buoyancy of heart; so that, while I worked for the good of these poor souls, I found myself laughing with and at them; so droll, yet so melancholy, — always in kindness, I trust. Perhaps, during these two or three months, when I have gone daily to the poor little church, I have lifted them a little. I have tried; and they too have lifted me with the clasp of their dark hands and trustful faces: so that again I am buoyant, and I fancy you will see that my pen floats buoyantly through the account I write.

"The women would put off their washing, the men give up their chance of finding 'jobs,' to come to 'de scule.' Among them, they contributed a load of wood. They patched up the broken windows, and tried to make things comfortable. Phillis came, gay with ribbons. A family of pretty, hazel-eyed, cream-colored quadroons, came in similar attire. The men, too, put on their Sunday finery. There were decayed dress-coats, fancy-figured vests, flounces and soiled velvets. I tried to make them feel, that neatness was rather the thing to be desired, and not all this display.

"So, for four hours a day, I taught them. The first enthusiasm died away, and the school dwindled a little; but that was natural. It was the novelty that had attracted many. When it became an old story, and they found there was hard work in learning, the more indolent and capricious drew off; but a fair number remained to the end. In the little room, the air would often grow bad with the crowd; and I would throw open doors and windows.

"When I bent down close by my grimy pupils, in the writing lesson, — cheek by jowl with them, — taking their hands into mine, as I guided them in the formation of the letters, there was no peculiar African smell, that I could discover. There was dirt enough. I object to it; but, when I am put to it, I can endure dirt: for what is dirt? I fall back on my chemistry. Analyze it, my boy, and it is nothing but carbon, oleine, salts, alkalies, the very substances which, in almost the same proportions, go to make up the most savory food and the choicest perfume.

"My school did well in reading and writing, and in all things requiring merely exercise of memory; but, with arithmetic, many of my pupils came to sad grief. I spent many days trying to teach a class to count on their fingers. Every day, they stood before me in a despairing row, their wits as hopelessly snarled together as the kinks in their wool; extending, in a melancholy way, their dark and dirty digits, with the fore-finger of the right touching, one by one, the fingers of the left hand, following the operation with vacant eyes. With



some of them, it was of no use. Sometimes I would strike up the multiplication-table to a favorite tune. For that, they were all sufficient. It was learned, from twice one to twelve times twelve, in a very little while; and they would roll it off with a strength of lungs that was inspiring; black Nancy Bugg and the cream-colored Flowers girls handsomely carrying the treble, while old gray-headed Jim boomed away from the back bench in a mighty bass.

"In due time, I had a visit from my poor friend, the minister. The 'Bald Eagle No. 2,' his boat, had injured one of its cylinders; and, being laid up for a week for repairs, he was at liberty again to visit his flock. The 'scule' was, for the time being, the lion among the blacks; and the minister, who had so conspicuous a hand in putting it into operation, naturally would want to examine into its progress. His coarse shirt, — worn by bales and tobacco hogsheads, — and his cotton-hook, for the time were laid aside. He wore a threadbare, cast-off dress-coat, of an ancient fashion, very shabby; and, below, pants of the coarse material they sell at the South for slave clothing. In this incongruous attire, he was vastly less respectable than when I saw him once on the deck of the 'Bald Eagle No. 2,' as she stopped at the wharf to coal. Then he was in his rough shirt, in which he seemed at home; and which set not ungracefully across his broad and brawny shoulders.

"He is a good man, who tried manfully, according to his light and gifts, to do his duty in the first in-

stance, when I made my proposal to teach, as I have told you; but I know that he was not altogether pleased. I know I have done his flock good; and really it is a matter of positive sorrow to me to think that honest, simple soul should suffer any disappointment. I think of his visit, and examination of 'de scule,' with regret, and at the same time with a smile. In my university, the curriculum had not embraced much biblical instruction; whereas I saw that the preacher thought that should be a main thing, as was natural indeed. I wanted to please my visitor; but you know the perversity of things. Of course, the blunders and levities were more outrageous than ever before.

"I gave the school into the preacher's hands. A class was called upon to read. On the board, I chalked the sentence, 'God is kind, and shows mercy.' Tommy, a black little chap, was called upon to spell it out. He stood on tip-toe, wriggling in his intellectual spasm. At length, with 'shows,' he was fairly ashore. So was the entire class, all but Nancy, — a little girl of eight, — who waved her hands in a frantic manner, in token of her ability to master the difficulty. 'Well, Nancy, what is it? God is kind, and — what?' 'Skittish!' shouted Nancy, — to my dismay, and that of the preacher, who, I saw, found it painful.

"Meantime Tommy, discharged from the questioning, was giving certain instructions, on his own account, to a pupil near by. In front of his seat sat a very dingy and kinky little darkey, into whose young mind Tom-

my had managed, I believe, to infuse the notion that every thing great and good centred in him. Before the distended eyes of this wonder-struck young man, Tommy was displaying a large number of accomplishments. First, he looked cross-eyed steadily at the end of his nose. Then, holding up his hands, he put both thumbs out of joint. Then he exhibited a surprising suppleness of his forefingers. Then he lifted up his leg, and put his heel behind his head; all of which exhibitions, produced within the soul of his admirer, apparently, the most profound awe; and they certainly were noticeable, as showing the extent to which the institution of bones and joints in the human frame may be abrogated by genius and persevering effort. For a crowning feat, Tommy, straightening up, patted his belly with one hand, while with the other he rubbed the wool on the top of his head,—an art which Tommy had mastered only after the most patient labor, and which so overcame the little boy, his rapt disciple, that he groaned aloud. I had seen it all, but had not interfered; but here the preacher turned toward him suddenly, and surprised him in the midst of his iniquity. Brother Jones told him he was a bad boy,—‘he’d seen how much he knowed;’ and asked him who killed Abel. ‘Didn’ know he was dead,’ said Tommy, in his shame and confusion. Brother Jones’s countenance expressed still further dismay. He began to tell the school the story of the prophet, and the children, who, for their insolence, were eaten up by the bears, with an implied reference to the discomfited Tommy, as if he had been

guilty of a similar offence. Then he sought to draw from Nancy an opinion, that it was suitable retribution for the sin.

"Nance, who was wayward and independent, and not without sympathy for poor Tommy, said, 'Dunno, 'spose 'twas kind o' mean in them young uns to sass the prophet;' then paused, leaving it to be inferred by the reticence in her reply, that Nance thought the bears rather overdid the matter of punishment. When Brother Jones bade farewell, though externally he was polite, it was plain he felt, that, after all, "de scule" was not an entire success. I saw it, and was grieved; for I would have preferred to have him pleased.

"This work is done; satisfactory in the circumstances. But now for the sterner duties. My business for now, Putnam, must be with the gun-lock, rather than with the pen and pencil. First, let us free these poor souls; then we will lift them up, and the others, who have been sinking themselves while keeping these down. Right enough for any, who see it to be their plainest duty, to do this teaching; but it is borne in upon my spirit, — fervent now and dutiful, I trust, — that to-day my proper equipment is the warrior's harness; my place, among the choking battery-smoke, and the dust of charging men. I clinch my hand, as I used to about my oar, and the muscles knot hard into the old ridges. So they shall knot to-morrow, when I catch my good musket-stock. I go forth again with joy, in my deepest soul bidden thus forward."

Herbert returned to his regiment, and, in a few weeks, received the following letter from one of his black pupils, by the hands of a soldier, returning from hospital : —

“Dear Sir, i hope you enjoyed teaching us and will be rewarred for it in a day to come. I have sawall the scolars they aire all glad to hear from you and wold like to see you and wold like to have you to teach them again. Nancy Bugg is dead and Mrs Henderson have had much troubel since you left she has lost her husband he got drowed. Mary ballard is married and also Eliza flowers, all the cholars old and young sends there compliments to you and wold like to see you very much — the weather is pleasant hear you must excuse Mee fornort riting sooner i am very sorrow to have say that wee have no school now you don't thought no often of us than wee do of you i wold like to see you very much indeed pleas answer this letter as i am ankious to hear from you nowmore at at present. yours very truely particular.

RUTH T. LOFTON.”

Pretty good for Ruth, — is it not? a young yellow woman she is, with blue eyes, and hair neither very dark nor curly. She knew her letters, and a little more, when the school began ; but her penmanship and spelling came during the few months when she was under Herbert's tuition. Many times had he bent down beside her to guide her hand in writing ! That letter cost her a good two or three days' work, there is no doubt. One



can see poor Ruth, hurrying through at her wash-tub ; putting on a clean, dry dress, and taking a pen into her scarred, parboiled hands, to make another and then another copy. This comes with only three blots. Imagine how her tongue must have stuck out with the pains she took.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## CYPRESS BAYOU.

It is a forward movement: cool in the morning; blazing hot at noon; cold and damp again through the dew at night. Pat is accoutred like a practised old campaigner. Gun and belts, of course, are part of him. Next to the bayonet-sheath, hangs a hatchet; from the cross-belt in front hangs a crocky little kettle; and, strapped on to the outside of the knapsack behind, is a spider. Pat and Herbert carry each the half of a shelter-tent. At night they button them together; and the gentleman, and this rude familiar of his, lie down close side by side in their sweaty, dusty clothes, to keep warm under the coolness and mist.

The great army tramps and rumbles forward. There are cavalry in a bustling swarm, captain at the head; jingling troopers galloping behind, buzzing, humming everywhere; gathering, dispersing, restless like bees, and banded and belted with yellow bars and welts against the darker uniform, like bees; searching suspicious patches of woods; streaming out from the road to farm-houses; hurrying over and around little knolls, behind which danger may be. Now and then, from a

group across a field, comes the crack of rifles; and you see the light smoke and dust where a party of hostile scouts is making off.

Heavily rolls the artillery along the roads: the siege-piece with its team of eight tugging horses; the lighter field-piece, with its spirited horses prancing before it; cannon now polished, cannon now dull and tarnished, iridescent about the muzzle, smutched at the breech, from the heat and smoke of discharges during the night, when there was an alarm; gunners, sitting with folded arms, in front; gunners behind, on the dark green iron-banded caissons; finely mounted officers, decked with red, riding at the side; and the red-barred bugler, side by side with the pennon-bearer, at the head of each battery. These roll and rumble along the road, except in case of an alarm. Then, in a moment, the fence is down, or a way slashed with axes through the hedge. Off into the fields the galloping horses hurry the guns; through the mire, over the knolls, gunners holding hard upon their rocking seats,—then halt! the horses are in the rear; each piece braces back upon its limber; the ready mouth is toward the danger; a brawny fellow, at the caisson behind, stands ready with a loaded shell.

Forward toils the infantry. In the morning they are fresh and cheerful. The blistered feet of the day before are less sensitive; the strained sinews are supple again. At the call, each regiment packs away its camp upon the back; for a moment, a long double line upon the trampled, rubbish-strewn field,—then face to the

right, and file into the road. Far over the land sound out the drums at the start ; jolly are the faces, loud the joke, and long the laugh ; colonel at the head of the column, surgeon in the rear ; captain, with neat haversack and pistol-belt, and sword over shoulder, at the head of each hundred ; guns at the right shoulder shift ; in each company the line sloping back from the big fellows on the right to the little fellows in the rear. Woe to the poor fellows detailed for flankers ! who must carry all that the others carry, but forsake the smooth and beaten path ; climbing fences in a long line, pushing through brakes, wading through morasses, searching behind plantation buildings, out from the road, just within hail to guard the line from rebs in ambush. Then, toward noon, how the heat comes down ! the lagging and the limping ! Heads that were up begin to droop ; the man who sang begins to curse ; the joker is silent and sad ; the man who kindly laughs when the joke is made is deeply rueful. No sign of energy except at a halt : then the desperate rush for good places in the shade, — a forest, a fence, a group of farm-buildings ; your most amiable and long-suffering friend, snarling through his perspiration in the bitterest manner, if, in the jumble, your elbow or musket-butt come into a position to give him inconvenience.

Pat Flanagan — short, broad Irishman, with soles broad as his shoulder-blades, and pants tucked into his russet army stockings, to keep the dust out of his legs ; flinging himself back upon his haversack, until its unyielding bowels of hard tack crack, sucking gur-

glingly at his canteen — *loquitur*: “Whoosh! wheree was the morils he shwore to Biddy that he’d kape? he’d been contint his life long wid mere innicint whishkey; but, begorra! he was conthtracting a curse of a taste for that liquor of the ould divil, — could wather.” Pat’s “Biddy” was purely mythical, but often alluded to.

In the rear of all roll the great wagons, with subsistence and reserve ammunition; grinding through dust and ruts, behind the awkward heels of the mules, — compounds of iron and the toughest hide. What to another animal would be roughest abuse, is only gentle and agreeable cosseting to them. Their drivers feed them or not, as they like; it not seeming to make any particular difference. But laud not the merits of the mule. Herbert thinks, when once he has had his hair raised to the stiffest perpendicular by its discordant, diabolical bray, that it is indeed a very terrible and disagreeable fly that is contained in this piece of amber.

Gen. Holyoake, the officer of growing fame, — freshly laurelled now, for certain skilful manœuvres in face of the enemy, — now and then gallops, with his staff, by the side of the great moving column under his command; he in the advance, the colonels and captains of his staff streaming a few rods behind; and, at the rear of all, the mounted orderly, with the red, white, and blue flag of the division. The hoofs of his horse fling the dust over Herbert, as he moves to one side out of his place at the side of the column. Herbert is sweating and footsore, the drops cutting channels



through the grimy coating that comes to cover over his face ; quiet but resolute, where scores curse and grumble ; and often with room upon his back for the gun or the blanket of a comrade.

They enter towns deserted by their former population. One night, it is a town lying upon the bank of a navigable stream. Herbert, wandering alone, goes into deserted streets, with something the feeling which he had years before in Pompeii. There are stores with the old signs ; workshops, tenements of all dimensions ; but, of the former white population, hardly one remains. Herbert comes upon the church, which is old enough to be venerable, with a mossy tower and time-stained walls, clad with vines which reach to the eaves. The church-yard is deeply shadowed ; and in it are numerous tombs and stones, many of them dating back more than a century. He passes within the portals of the church, removing his hat as he comes within the shadow of the aisles. A large, plain interior, with a gallery running about three sides, an organ at the end ; and, opposite, the chancel, with pulpit and reading-desk. Here came to worship the more prominent families of the neighborhood. "Proud eyes," Herbert thinks, "have glanced here, when the minister, in surplice, has given thanks for rebel successes. Earnest responses have rung here from haughty dames and gentlemen, when the Litany, specially provided, besought our destruction." Herbert goes into the minister's room. The floor still has its carpet, worn by the feet of the clergyman. In one corner lies in confusion

a theological library. It is well selected, made up of works of standard value. There are Burnet, and volumes of Tillotson, and Jeremy Taylor in the very edition which Herbert has known.

The sergeant comes out, and goes slowly onward. He approaches a fine mansion. He goes up the step, hesitates a minute before the open door, but enters; for there is no master or mistress to forbid the stranger's ranging from room to room. It is a scene of destruction; done in part by negroes, who, finding the weight of subjection suddenly removed, have bounded up sometimes into wild license; done in part by the ruder soldiery. In the parlor stands a richly-carved piano, with the top dashed off. A litter of fine furniture, more or less broken, strews every apartment. Herbert goes forward to another mansion. A gate admits him to the handsome garden and grounds. Orange and lemon trees there are, with a variety of vines and luxuriant shrubs. Roses bloom in the beds; the cactus and oleander, and other flowers, that elsewhere demand the shelter of a green-house, push up large and vigorous on every side. Here, on a trellis, Herbert sees a vine whose flowers have a gorgeous tint; delicate it is in perfume and hue, as a tea-rose, yet larger than the peony. The lord of the deserted garden, it flings largesses of beauty and fragrance over the paths of white shell, and the beds of humbler blossoms, — rich gifts, gathered eagerly by the senses of the march-worn Northern stranger. The mansion, like the others, has been rifled; but Herbert finds the wreck of its former

elegance strewn on every floor. The rich cornices remain, the costly wainscot, elegant chimney-ornaments of Parian and alabaster, tables, divans, side-boards. One room is the library. The books have been mostly removed; but a litter of pamphlets and letters cumber the floor. Herbert takes up one, whose cover and leaves are partially gone. It is a copy of Froissart, — an appropriate souvenir of a haughty family. There are periodicals in various languages, sermons, poems, speeches, classics in Latin, standards from our own literature. "The dispossessed master of all this," thinks Herbert, "surely was a man of refinement and piety." In the upper rooms are heaped up the school-books and playthings of children, and heaps of letters, in female hands.

Herbert goes on down the street. Here lived a rebel general; so he learns from a guard near. Herbert ascends the marble steps, and looks in upon the table of the commander; heaped, as he left it, with blank muster-rolls, prepared for the hostile force. Doors and windows are thrown open, or dashed in, to the damp of night and the sun of day. In one house, the huge pier-glasses remain yet unbroken. A quartermaster has established himself there; and pork, flour, and clothing are distributed in the drawing-room, amidst the unshattered elegance. The feet of sentinels tread a marble pavement, and orderlies in rough uniforms brush against rosewood. Through the streets, here and there, clatter companies of cavalry; and batteries bivouac in the public squares.

Now the dusk falls upon these sacked and deserted mansions ; in the midst of their gardens, the box fringing the beds, the rose blooming in the bower, the ivy mantling the lattice. Herbert climbs a staircase, and stands alone in a deserted chamber. The evening star — shining as it does nowhere else than in the clear deeps of the Southern heavens — is so bright as to cast a shadow. Herbert follows its beam out upon a balcony, and looks upon the river near, rippling in its light. The moon rises at last ; and, with its wand of light, turns every sign of roughness and dilapidation (for such appear with the signs of taste and elegance, in almost all these Southern homes) into splendor. The hour and the circumstances are most touching. "On such a night, in times past," Herbert thinks, "gay boating parties have put out from the water stairs there below ; or the host and his guests come spurring in from a moonlight ride." Herbert goes back through the dusk, over the wreck. He feels as if he had committed an indelicacy, in penetrating into these spacious halls ; and, were he confronted now, in the gloom, by some indignant figure, stepping out from an unsearched retreat, he feels that his apology would be stammering and unsatisfactory.

Pausing on the steps, again he gives way to reflection. "How can I do otherwise than entertain sympathy and pity toward the old masters of these devastated homes ? Their piety, their evident refinement, — what proofs I have seen of these in this sad excursion ! works of devotion, of the choicest poetry, the most refining

literature in various tongues, music, and art!" But there comes into his mind, too, the thought of the negro, who, making his way through the country, that very morning has joined the federal line of march, near their regiment; whose back, from neck to haunch, is scored and cut by whippings frequently given, so that he cannot bend his body, through fear of tearing open the wales and ridges. The thought, too, of what he has also seen, — the examination by surgeons of strong young blacks needed as soldiers, — when, often and often, as they stripped, there came to light upon the frame some deep unsoundness, an ill-set fracture, produced by a heavy blow of the paddle; a stiffened arm, where the sinews had been cut by the knife, in the hands of some angry overseer; or a thigh, lacerated by the teeth of hounds. Even while he stands, the negroes pass to and fro in the street, singly, or in little knots; the other day, slaves in these rich houses, now their own masters. It is only moonlight; and yet Herbert can see how seldom it is among these family and house servants, that any are of the pure African color or feature. Nubian and Saxon are blended in many a face and figure. Here, beneath the flat nose, lies the mouth whose lines are Caucasian. Above brows almost white, the hair hangs with an Ethiopian curl. What a tale of corruption can be read there! this hybrid product, the two races thus adulterously blending!

Herbert remembers what he has heard at New Orleans, about the great, granite Custom-House which



they have sought to raise. The walls have been built high, and made beautiful with mouldings and carved stones; but the work has ceased in the middle, — no cornice above the pillars, no roof above the whole. They said it was out of the question that these should be added; for the builders found that the structure was beginning to sink into the soil upon which it stood, so sapped, and, as it were, emasculated was the earth, by the penetration of water from the Mississippi. The building is a type, Herbert thinks, of the civilization that flourished about it, — in some degree beautiful, Christian indeed, but utterly incomplete; necessarily incomplete, from the corruption and weakness in the society where it stood.

Herbert's purpose is not broken, though he mourns over the rapine. The words put into the mouth of Milton come into his mind, which he had quoted in his letter to Putnam: "War doth indeed appear to the misjudging to be a worse calamity than slavery; because its miseries are collected together within a short space and time, and may easily, at one view, be taken in and perceived. But the misfortunes of nations cursed by slavery, being distributed over many centuries and many places, are of greater weight and number."

"Infinitely of greater weight and number," thinks Herbert. "This devastation is but for the time. In a decade, probably, it will be fast disappearing; and, by the time a score of years has passed, with God's help, we shall have something far nobler than this imperfect

social order, here in its place. But slavery unopposed would curse for ages, — the curse constantly becoming deeper and more irremediable.”

Herbert makes his way to where the tired army sleeps. Fatigued himself, it is only the interesting locality that has called him out. On the bare earth, side by side with Pat, he closes his eyes upon the heavens overhead; the only tent he needs.

Here is another of Herbert's excursions, when, once after a halt in the country, he has life enough to leave the camp, and look about. For a furlong perhaps, straight from the road, canopied above, turfy beneath, a stately avenue leads up to the portals of a mansion. He goes up the avenue. The portico commands a vista, columned by stately trunks, overhung by live-oak foliage, and on either side lie beds of flowers. It is most beautiful as he leaves the road, and walks slowly up the path of shells within the turfy border, the green arch overhead groined by the great branches; the southern sky, where it shows through, lined and dotted with cloud, lit up with sunset light: the ceiling of some great temple, by some mighty hand frescoed with arabesques. From a distance, the house looks most tasteful and elegant; white, with green blinds and a noble portico: but, as Herbert comes nearer, he finds that, as usual, roughness and dilapidation lie together with richness and finish. Broad to the outward air and light are flung the portals of the mansion. Negro children swarm on the staircase, in the basement, beneath the shrubs in front; and Herbert finds a colony of happy blacks established in

every saloon and parlor. Echo and Pomp dance the juba in their late master's quiet library, and Phillis cooks hoe-cake in the boudoir. Negroes from the country about have come here in considerable numbers, so that the original force of the plantation is largely increased.

Passing from end to end of the house, finding affable blacks perfectly at home, and hospitable everywhere, Herbert descends a stairway in the rear, into a grove of orange-trees, whose glossy living emerald ought to be set off by the golden fruit; but that has just been taken by a party of foragers. A foot-path winds westward under stately trees again, over a swell, then through a little quiet valley; a picturesque, secluded walk leading to a group of negro huts. Herbert follows the path, and mingles with the negroes. The men touch their tattered hats with painful cringing, and make no protest against Herbert's entering the huts, if he chooses, or counting the poultry, or leaning over the sty to look at the pigs; though, for all they know, he may be no better than the lawless men, who, a few minutes before, coming from the camp, levied rough contributions upon their possessions.

Herbert looks about him, but with the delicacy of a gentleman; talking good-naturedly with men and women; making note of the want of self-respect betrayed in the manner of so many. At length he returns toward the house. An old gray-headed man stands on the steps. "Uncle, where did you come from?" "Come from Africa, massa;" then he pours out a

stream of half-intelligible sounds, out of which Herbert can only gather, that this old man, in his childhood, knew the tiger and serpent haunted jungles of Soudan or Guinea; underwent the middle passage; has become crooked and rheumatic with heavy enforced labor, but survived to receive his freedom again before he dies.

Herbert looks off, through the afternoon light, at a bayou not far away, and the tall cypresses on the shore beyond. The branches of some of them, putting out from the trunk, bend upward. The tops of the encircling boughs, in many cases, surround the central tuft, as the branches of a candlestick are ranged on either side of the central socket. In these dark candelabra of the fen, however, no light ever shines, except perhaps some ghastly will-o'-the-wisp. Herbert, at length, re-enters the house, and ascends to an upper room. It is vacant. It is plain, that once it has been used as a library. Book-cases are fitted into the walls, and the floor is strewn with the books, heaped up in utter disorder. Among the rubbish lies an elegant desk, whose lock has been rudely broken. It lies open. Within it, too, is a little case, open, — such as might be used for preserving jewels or valuable relics. It so happens that Herbert's eye falls upon this, and a little handful of withered flowers which the case contains. He stoops to see what is written upon the slip of paper bound around their stems. Lo! this is the inscription, — "Class-day at Havenbridge;" then follows the year in which Herbert himself had graduated. Becoming eager

now, he seizes the case, causing the lid to fall. There, stamped in gilt upon the leather, is the name "Claiborne De Treville."

Claiborne's flowers! those which he held in his hand when they parted at the end of their youth! As Herbert's eye again falls upon the desk, he sees his own handwriting; and, hastily taking up the paper, he finds that this is indeed his last letter to Claiborne, narrating the share he had taken in the riot, and his meeting with Leonora in her father's hall. Bewildered with his surprise, he turns toward the window, looking out upon the yellow stagnant stream, with the tall dark trees, — Cypress Bayou! Herbert takes up books. Upon the fly-leaf of each is Claiborne's name. In this strange way, uninvited, he has come to the home of his friend. With heart full of melancholy, he stands among these memorials; holding in his hands the books which bear evidence of Claiborne's study; looking at the broken desk, with velvet worn, and wood-work blotted with ink from his pen. It is dusk when he turns away at last.

Passing along the hall outside the room, he reaches a door which stands ajar. Looking in, he sees a female figure, sitting quietly upon the hearth, with face turned towards a fire. Her hands are upon her knees, her eyes fixed upon the coals; her head does not move. She sits motionless as an effigy or a corpse propped into a sitting posture. Herbert pushes the door open, and steps inside. There is no movement at the noise, and he stands awed at the fixedness of the attitude, and the perfect stillness. The thought passes through his



mind, that he may be disturbing some act of devotion ; "or, perhaps," he thinks, "it is an attitude assumed by some broken-hearted, desperate person, as she broods over her miseries." There is something most weird and witch-like in the figure, solitary in the room, in the gathering gloom, and so motionless ; just touched, by the faint flush from the embers in front, along the features and arms. After a few moments' hesitation, Herbert goes forward to the fire, and seats himself near the woman. He is burning to know more of Claiborne, and would rather hear about him in quiet, than from the crowd of negroes below. As he comes to see the woman's face, it appears that her skin is quite light, and features Caucasian. She says nothing, as Herbert takes his place opposite ; only moves her seat to be at a greater distance. He tries to re-assure her in a few words ; then tells of his interest in Claiborne, of his former acquaintance and friendship, and desire to know of Claiborne's present whereabouts. As Herbert tells his story, the rigidity of the woman's face relaxes. When she speaks at last, it is with the accent and language of a person of some refinement. Claiborne has been in the Southern army ever since his return. His father has died. The agent forsook the place, on the approach of the Federal troops ; and the negroes have had their own way since.

As she tells the story, the door again opens, and a young boy enters. At sight of the stranger, the child draws close to the side of the woman. His skin is as light as that of a white child. Herbert starts as he

looks at the eyes, and the curve of the nose, already giving sign of spirit and power. The woman notices the movement, and says, with the rigid look of despair again settling upon her face, "My boy; mine and Claiborne's!" Then Claiborne's mistress, while the gloom grows deeper, tells her story: that she herself is the child of a De Treville, — a brother of Claiborne's father; that her mother was a slave; that she had lived a slave, in the family of her kindred, full of the pride and sense of honor of her paternal stock, — yet there had been no refuge for her, when her young master and kinsman had looked upon her with ungoverned eyes. Her past was full of wretchedness; she had no hope for the future. Herbert's gentle tone and interest in those, who, while they had wronged her, were yet of her own blood, had won her confidence. Darkness comes apace. Through the loose windows comes the sound of the evening drums from the camps not far off. It is time for the soldier to return; so, through the dark, with heart full of sorrow he slowly walks, and, on the morrow, has left far behind this pathos and despair.

Battle at last. 'Tis a great army; and, at nightfall, it camps in ploughed fields. The soldier, under his shelter-tent, or stretched without cover along the ridge of a furrow to be on the highest and dryest ground in case of a rain, shouts a joke through the dark; then adjusts his piece in the hollow of his arm before he goes to sleep. The army camps there, and upon the summits of ridges, among trees, — rude roads being hastily cut, and artillery wheeled up to positions through the stumps,

the axles hardly clearing the obstructions. The battery-men in their shirt-sleeves, after smoking their pipes, lie down by the horses, tall and stout, in their red blankets. The army camps, too, in ravines ; tired men, lying in long rows in the sand, in the dried-up bed of a torrent, getting up with limps and growls to let a body of cavalry go past, who rattle by at the heels of a colonel. The capes and braidings upon the officer's dark overcoat show out when he trots past a little gap, through which the starlight comes down into the gulf. "Boom," from far away ; "boom," now and then, from near at hand ; "crack, crack," from the rifles of the pickets. So it is at night ; for friend and foe, on the opposite sides of hills, at the opposite ends of fields, just across the brook from one another, alike belted and weaponed, soiled and wearied, lie under the same canopy, waiting for day-break.

Now, it is nearly time. Enoch Felt, Yankee blacksmith, now corporal of cavalry, hears a rustle in the woods in front ; then a sudden crack and whiz past his ear. Five carbines flash in return their sudden spouts of sparkling fire from his squad ; then the videttes canter back with word that the enemy is in motion.

A sound of galloping hoofs, far away, coming nearer : so remarks Manly Wilde, on picket under the gum-tree. With gun apart, starting up from leaning with back to the tree, he calls low to the two sleeping men, lying snoring, with heads pillowed on gnarled roots. Now the tramp of a line of men ; three guns, one after

the other, sharp and clear in the night ; then back upon the reserve. Forward the enemy come, here too ; the woods snapping and rustling before the lines, as they pour after ; the foot of an Arkansas rifleman sinking into the ashes where Manly last night made his coffee.

A sudden deep boom, then the wish-whish of a shell, a burst overhead ; then a pause, while crash through the limbs come the fragments of iron. "Whisht, Biddy ! what mad ye spake so airly," says Pat Flanagan, rising from sleep on to one elbow, and rubbing his eyes. "Och ! it's at the bloody war-r I am," as he pretends to recover his senses. "Hurry up !" says Zur Hanscom, whose turn it is on guard, "they're comin' sure ; I heern a captain, just now, dressin' up his company." "Bedad !" says Pat, "but afore I lave, I'll fill me ould kittle here at the spring in the hollow beyant. Niver a rib 'll-kape me from that now !" So Pat climbs out in front of the post, slipping down the bank among the moss and dry leaves to the flat stones by the spring. "Click !" among the bushes above. It is gray now, and the rebel skirmish line is hurrying forward. A Mississippi corporal cocks his piece, and, in a moment, poor Pat has the bullet. He tumbles his length along the rocks, badly wounded.

And so comes forward the enemy's line. For miles and miles, in woods and fields, along slopes and the banks of solitary creeks, through the smouldering village, obscure, now destroyed, but about to leave its name to history as the designation of this battle just beginning ; out of the woods, and quickly over the

cleared plain by the plantation, — for miles and miles, hoof-beats, rumbling wheels, the tearing of shell, the rattling staccato of the fusillade. Little beyond the situation of his own division, knows Gen. Holyoake. Last night, the corps commander, grave and quiet, with no sword or pistol; only a field-glass slung over his shoulder, the strap passing among the buttons (buttons in groups of three, the insignia of the Major-General, — upon which Holyoake looks with some envy, even while he receives the orders for the following day, and reports concerning his own brave brigades), — last night, the corps commander, grave and quiet, assigned him his duty and place. These regiments, therefore, maintain this slope behind the breastwork thrown up in the night; these lie here unseen, among the leaves at the edge of the wood. Here batteries sweep forward into your terrible line before the gap between those opposing ridges, through which, no doubt, the foe must pour; and these regiments for a support to the guns. Throughout the day, Holyoake knows only vaguely what happens beyond the space in which his four or five thousand are posted. In the lull, now and then, of his own cannonading, comes in the roar from one side and the other; but he sits upon his horse, intent upon his special work.

Still less knows Herbert Lee, at his place in the battle-line. He only knows what happens in the little acre upon which he stands of that great field. As day breaks, in come pickets and videttes. The regiment springs from sleep into line of battle, as across the fields in its front, beyond the deep furrows where cotton has



once been planted, — the dry stalks standing here and there, — they see the advancing line of rebels. Then the vapor from the battery shuts it out; shuts out the distant, shuts out at last the near view on that side, so rapidly discharging; until, at last, all Herbert can see close by is the man, who, every few moments, behind the nearest gun, jerks the lanyard; but he knows the enemy are there, from the scream and hiss of shells, and the drone and “isp” of the balls. A puff of wind, and the smoke lifts. Still there, and coming nearer, brown and gray clad men in a line, with many gaps in it, but holding forward.

Musketry is in order; so five hundred minie-balls presently from the regiment break out of rifle-muzzles, and sing across the field toward the enemy's line; and again and again, and it is take as well as give. Herbert feels the rush of something passing his head inconceivably quick, with a sharp, bitter sound. Down upon neck and shirt, trickles the blood; but he feels no weakness, and gives it no heed for a time. It is only part of his ear that is gone.

Forward toward the spot comes Gen. Holyoake. His horse leaps into the air, and falls with a bullet in his neck; but his rider has disentangled himself, and comes forward on foot. “Steady, men, with your volleys. Colonel, the fate of these pieces is in your keeping. It is bravely done;” and the general goes forward to a hard-pushed brigade still beyond. A puff of wind spreads out the silk of the great flag. A shell takes out part of the stars, and the stripes are perforated here

and there by the balls. Carefully, Herbert, as your piece comes down to be loaded! A dead man, see, is at your side; and one with a bleeding thigh tries to stand, but cripples down presently just behind. "Save the battery; maintain the line! when we have rolled them back, then for the wounded."

Hear the shouts of the rebel captains, trying to hold the men to the charge; but now they fall back hurriedly, — first wavering; then a straggler or two, who rush past the file-closers; then more, then more still, until here and there are brave ones almost by themselves; and, at last, all have sought the woods. Herbert stands hot with the exertion, black from burnt powder, bloody with his wounded ear, upon the trampled field; leaning upon his hot gun, and inhaling with deep breaths the purer air, which comes, now that the smoke has blown away.

Toward nightfall, unwashed and hardly fed, Herbert stands again on the field. Holyoake's division has not gone forward in the pursuit. The ambulance-men have done their work. All day, since the morning, upon bloody stretchers they have carried the wounded to the hospitals close at hand, where surgeons, in their shirt-sleeves, bloody to the elbows, go from man to man. Pat, about whom the enemy poured in their advance, then again in their retreat, leaving him wounded and helpless, is brought in at last among his friends. The dead are gathered in heaps from among the furrows where they have fallen; leaving the ground trodden, strewn with bloody shreds of garments, and broken

arms. A pit has been dug by negroes, to be the grave of some seventy rebels, just collected from the field, and lying together in a row upon the brown earth freshly turned. Upon the brink of the pit stands the sergeant; upon the other side stands Gordon Holyoake, his horse held by an orderly some paces behind, a young captain of his staff in his company. They stand opposite one another while the sun is setting, face to face; the corpses already blackening close at hand. Holyoake looks toward Herbert with earnest, searching eyes, which presently fall as the look is calmly returned. Does he know or suspect? Certainly, in the figure so broad and bearded, disguised still more by the bandage in which the wounded ear is wrapped, and the torn and bloody uniform, it would be hard for any one to recognize the scholar of Havenbridge. "Sergeant," says the General, "will you attend to the burial of these men? Here are prisoners, who, perhaps, can help you to their names. We desire to preserve the names, if we can." Herbert gives the military salute, and takes his post by the row of corpses. Holyoake turns away quickly, wraps his cloak about him, — for the damps of the evening begin to arise cool and penetrating, — then turns away. Through the hot, tainted air, by and by comes the moonlight, and Herbert is still at his work.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE NURSE.

*From Putnam May to Miss Louisa May.*

"ONCE more at home, — sad, because the errand on which I have been absent has failed. Herbert is still lost; and though I give time and means to find him out, — though I am ready to drop every thing, to go to him with the good cheer I know I can carry to him, yet I know not where to go. If a clew is put into my hands, as sure as I begin to follow it, it comes to nothing. I do not know what I can do but keep trying, with the hope of coming upon him at last. There was my sudden expedition to Castleton. It was sad enough to be so close upon him, and yet find him gone. The superintendent of the mine, and the miners themselves, all stood around me silent, to hear my account; but Herbert had gone, leaving behind him no trace. So far as I could discover, there was no soul to whom he had dropped a hint of his plans. Pat Flanagan and he had suddenly disappeared together: that was all that any one knew. The letters that I have received from Herbert since, have been mailed in Northern cities. One, received not long ago, was sad enough.

The poor fellow now yearns for different companionship, and tells me very plainly how his heart is suffering over Leonora. He would make his whereabouts known, if only 'it would help him in any way to be manly.' Oh! it would help him. No one would doubt about him now; but all true and noble men would be ready to take him to their hearts. When you have read this letter, you will see how quickly I could dispel the chief cause of his misery, if I could only see him.

"A fortnight or so ago, there came to my door here one of our honest farmers. When I first knew him, he was a bright, cheerful man, living on a pleasant terrace, lifted up a few yards above the meadow, with the river in front, and his sugar-orchard and pastures on the hills behind. He had then three sons; all of whom I knew, and all of whom enlisted. One went from our high school, where he was nearly ready for college; one went from the farm; the other went from the West, where he had gone to live. The eldest received a bullet through the heart, while on picket in Virginia; the youngest was blown in pieces by a shell. He belonged to a battery, — a laughing boy. They say, in the midst of the battle he was joking, with a laugh on his face, when the missile came which annihilated him. The third son now has been badly wounded, and lies in a critical condition. The father is almost broken-hearted; and a more pathetic object you can hardly find, than that poor man when he touched my bell the other day, and came in to tell



me the news about Eldred. His cheek was thin and sallow. He spoke mournfully of these dead sons; and, as he talked, his eyes filled with tears. Gone entirely was the smile which was always upon his face, when I first knew him. He had grown careless in his dress; his coat was out at the elbows; the hat was faded, — band and crown, — and the brim was limp. 'I am old,' he said. 'I only tried to keep up the place for the boys; now two are gone, and the third likely to go. What is there for me to care for? I am going to see Eldred. If he dies too, my heart will break.'

"I could say nothing to him. I silently took the letter which he handed me, and read. Eldred had written the few lines which it contained, evidently with great difficulty. It was simply that he had received a bad hurt in the chest. He suffered much pain, and the doctor was doubtful how it might turn. Then came the passage that enchained me. 'Did his father remember Herbert Lee, that was wild, and sent up to Meadowboro' to be with old Mr. Wells? — the one that used to like to have his company so often in hunting?' Eldred went on to say, that as he lay on the field, after the battle was over, neglected by the ambulance-men who were carrying off the wounded, a sergeant came and helped him; that he thought it was Herbert Lee, although he was much changed in looks; that he gave him care, and had him brought off the field, thereby perhaps saving his life. Eldred went on to say, that Herbert went now by another name; 'for he hushed him up, when he called him Herbert.' The letter was

very brief; Eldred saying at the end, that he was badly off, but that he could not be easy without sending a few words to his father.

"I jumped to my feet, and called Alice. I told her briefly, that I had come upon another trace of Herbert, and must follow it up. Probably Eldred could give me Herbert's assumed name, and perhaps the organization to which he belonged. Alice urged my poor health, the severity of the weather, and the danger of exposure among crowded hospitals; but I could not wait: so, in the afternoon, this poor friend of mine and I set out on our Southern journey. I will tell you, sometime, all that I saw; but now I will pass over every thing not connected with this special matter.

"We found Eldred still living, but scarcely rational; stretched on his comfortable pallet, in the long, high, many-windowed room. Very pale he was from loss of blood, very thin from suffering, — the stout young farmer I had known. The black hair was wet upon his pillow, — sopped with cold water, to give his head comfort in the days and nights; and drops, coming down upon his face, lay side by side with the beads of clammy sweat that oozed from the emaciated forehead, and the hollows where had been the cheeks. He was near to death. There was not a moment to lose, in making my inquiry; but, pressing as I felt the case to be, I could not thrust aside the father, who knelt with his face buried in the pillow of this his last son, holding in his hand the hand of the young man, even now unnaturally cold. When, at last, I did speak, it was

too late. I bent over him ; called him by name ; briefly as I could, asked my question ; tried to make it plain to his fast-departing mind. ' He took care of you, you know, poor boy, — your old mate, — what do they call him ? ' But it was too late. The filmy eyes opened at my voice ; but there was no intelligence in their ghastly stare. Hard through the white, wasted nostrils, rattled the breath, and the shaking lips shrivelled away above the teeth, as if there were terrible heat there that burnt them. He could not tell. I said no more ; for it seemed hardly proper to harass a departing soul with queries, even when I felt that the happiness of a living being was so concerned.

" I sat by his pallet, holding his hands, and adjusting the sheet. In an hour he died. It was terrible to me. It was the first time I had ever come face to face with any such scene. The father sat pale almost as the wasted young man, — so stony and stolid by the corse. I tried to care for him, and then went out into the streets. The city was full of stir. Wet regiments were tramping over the snowy pavements. Squads of troops sat upon the curbstone at the side of the street, where the wet snow was cleared away during some momentary halt. I searched through many ranks with my eye to find tall, athletic men : then I searched their faces ; but I saw no Herbert. Far and near, through the stir, came the sound of drums. I passed them by brigades and divisions. Perhaps he was one among all these thousands. How hopeless was my search !

" You know, Leonora is nurse in a hospital. I believe I have not said, that she was in this very city. Herbert must have been near her many times. If he could only know what it is in my power now to reveal to him ! I hardly knew whether Leonora would take an interest or not in the object for which I had come so far. You are aware how once, when I had resolved to approach her upon the subject of Herbert, through her magnificent fire I was turned aside from my purpose. I resolved, however, to go to see her. It was only friendly for me to do so, now that I was so near her. Tired and discouraged, I made my way to the great building to which I knew she was assigned. It was a scene similar to what I had already witnessed, although there was more order and neatness. I passed between the crowded rows of cots, with the clean bedding, the screens, and the long, prostrate shapes. Sweet and airy it was ; quiet too, except a groan now and then from a pallet which a surgeon was visiting, or where an attendant was moving a patient. In a moment, I caught sight of her. She is younger than she should be, according to the regulation as to nurses ; but so intense was her eagerness, that her application could not be resisted. Not beautiful, — young I say still ; but, nevertheless, with the first bloom and freshness a little gone by ; a queenly woman ; her old imperial spirit, so out of relation and ill assorted in the midst of trivial circumstances, more congenially placed now, in the midst of all this tragedy. I used to think her harsh, wilful, and rude. So she was where flirtation

and light talk were the order of the day. It was not her place; and she was rough, as an eagle might be in a flock of twittering, chattering sparrows. Now she was more at home, — calm and grand, — her unbroken power toned down from its old, hot impetuosity, in the midst of labors and groans; a noble gravity upon her broad forehead and in her deep eyes, a dignity in her mien as she moved. I can see how such disciplined and consecrated power as hers can help a whole hospital. A subduing might, from her imperial, unselfish womanhood, goes out; so that, as I heard afterward, there is, within the circle of her influence, far less of levity among attendants, and far less of petulance among patients, — the lightest souled learning earnestness, the sufferers learning fortitude.

“Putting one hand beneath the bandaged head of a patient, to raise it while she held a cooling draught to his lips, she bent forward. As she rose again, after the head had fallen back to its place, her eyes met mine. I had stopped at the foot of the bed. She came toward me quietly, — speaking in a low tone, — with a manner grave, but cordial. I was determined that she should know all. Briefly, I stated that the errand which had brought me so far from home had reference to Herbert Lee. I meant to have seen her face clearly, when I spoke his name; but the man on the pallet called querulously at the very moment, and, through her quick turning, I could not see whether there was any trace of agitation or not. Her hands quietly smoothed the pillow; and, when she turned



toward me again, the countenance was calm as before. It was very quietly that she spoke at last. 'It was a strange matter,' she said, — 'a thing to sadden one. Had he been heard from?' I said that he had, and she might perhaps be interested to see the letters. Then I gave her, in a packet, the letters which I have received from him, from first to last. She looked a little surprised, as I handed them to her; but did not refuse to take them. Then she said, 'I believe we were friends. I am interested to know about him.' Then I asked if there was not some hour later in the day, when she would be more at leisure. She mentioned an hour in the evening, and I took my leave.

"I went to my old friend, who had come with me from Meadowboro'. He sat by the body of his son, broken by grief. I made the arrangements necessary for bringing the body home. This one, at least, of the three, should rest in the little village burying-ground. We lifted the frame, once so stalwart, now with the skeleton within hardly veiled by the wasted flesh, and laid him reverently in his coffin. At the hour appointed, I returned to Leonora. I found her sitting in the little room adjoining her ward, which belonged to her as the superintending nurse. She met me as gravely and calmly as in the morning. On the table lay my packet of letters. They had evidently been opened, and, I judged, read.

"In my interview with her, before she went as nurse, she had refused, you know, to let me speak of him to her; but I had clung to the belief, that she might, after

all, love him still. I feared now that I was wrong. If she loved him, how could she stand so calm, when she knew his sufferings and the depth of his love? I sat opposite to her, studying the figure eagerly for some trace of agitation. But there was no tremor of the unringed fingers, that I could see; no wave of the plain gray garb to betoken inward agitation. The light fell upon her face, so that I saw every feature, and the dark abundant hair, knotted away under the plain cap that she wore. I began earnestly to speak of Herbert, — the persecution under which he had fallen, which had led to his flight. I told the circumstances, which made it so clear that he had been deeply wronged; the bad character of Tillenbaugh; the earnest and unsolicited testimony of Dr. Benton; the interest of our wise old minister. I told of the letter of the superintendent at Castleton, which sent me on my first search; the proofs I found there of his manly life, in spite of the bitter sadness and doubt by which he was oppressed. I spoke of the letters she had just read, — the evidence they gave of a chivalrous nature, so manful and resolute. Then I spoke of the letter of Eldred to his father, the mention in it of Herbert, and my hurrying at once to the spot. I spoke with deliberation; but the depth of my feeling was plain, I know, in my words.

"She sat before me in perfect quiet, with lids hanging dark down upon her cheek, so that I could not see the eyes. I watched her with painful earnestness, — the passionless features, the calm hands folded within her gray robe. Would she give no sign? I spoke of

coming at last to Eldred's bedside ; still no sign. I had almost finished, and now it was the last sentence, 'but he died, without leaving me any clew !' Thank God ! she started, and breathed a long sigh ; and then there was quick, convulsive heaving of the breast, that could not be controlled. I rose from my chair in joy. I hardly know myself, why it is that I am so much absorbed for Herbert ; but so it is. I think I have hardly been so happy, since I read in the eyes of Alice that she would be my wife. It was unreasonable enough ; but I could not help feeling, that in some way a great difficulty was cleared out of the path. Of course, this will not help me in finding him ; and yet, when we do find him, as I know we shall, what sweet intelligence it will be with which we can welcome him !

" ' You see it, — you see it all,' she breathed low. ' I did not mean to show it ; but I could not keep it back.' She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed convulsively. Now that the heart of Leonora was revealed to me, I was filled with hope more than ever. ' Courage — have courage !' I said : ' find him we surely shall.' She grew calm, and told me all quite unreservedly. She had begun to love Herbert at the island. Her father was fully persuaded of the unsoundness of Herbert's mind ; and, in her prostration, she had had no force to withstand him. Indeed, she had feared herself it might be true, the opinion seemed so general. This fear had had much to do with her continued illness. Then, at the outbreak of the war, as she began to grow better, her mighty, passionate force had swept her away

into a tumult of patriotic fervor ; so that, for a time, her personal affections were overwhelmed. It was at this time that I approached her first, and was repelled. Afterward, however, this all-engrossing zeal had somewhat subsided. I think her devotedness is as earnest as ever, but it is far calmer ; and now, in this calmer time, the deep-seated affection, eclipsed but not obliterated, began to appear again, far down within her soul. She knew, indeed, that there were those who thought Herbert was misunderstood. She knew little, however, about their reasons for the opinion. She judged it idle to inquire ; for he had fled. If he had loved her, she thought, she would have heard some word. Her love lay in her soul ; but she had rejected it, and sought to cast it out as a hopeless thing. Still, from day to day, it possessed her ; and yet none have known, of all those whose lips she has moistened, whose pillows she has smoothed, how wrought the agonized heart, behind that calm, still, white face. Now I know it, and I have given her comfort and hope.

"As we talked, she became composed as ever. At length there came a knock at the door of the room. She rose and opened it, and there entered a tall figure, with heavy military coat, and boots splashed, as if with riding through mire. He removed his cap, and I knew the face at once, — Holyoake, grown so noted these last years ; browner than of old, with a form somewhat heavier, and shoulders more square. His face had lost nothing of its old masculine beauty ; indeed, there was more. Resolution in the eye ; strength in the mouth

and on the brow, won amid danger and hardship; caught when the batteries have flamed, and rung the hoofs of chargers; indeed an Agamemnon, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, — a king of men! He was not glad to see me, though sufficiently polite. He threw back his heavy coat, showing the insignia of a general officer. In old times, he subdued me by his prestige and superb personal gifts; and even now, at another time, I might have been oppressed, puny, and undistinguished there, before one whom the world calls a hero: but my soul was roused by the previous events of the evening, and, I believe, I sat before him then, possessed and confident as if I had been his equal. Herbert must be found: that was my thought. No stone must be left unturned. Even this man, — rival though he was, — author though I had good reason to suppose he was of Herbert's wretchedness, — even this man might be made to help me; and help me he should, if it was in his power.

"I soon found the opportunity to tell Holyoake my errand to the army, — 'to find Herbert Lee: what could be done? As a college friend of Lee, no doubt he would be ready to give advice, — to help in any way that he could to bring his friends to him.' He started as if stung. I almost fancied he had seen him; and yet, I suppose, his repugnance to Lee was enough to explain his movement. Still it was a little strange, that a man so exposed to the fiercest excitements should have so lost his self-possession. He recovered himself in a moment. 'Lee, — yes, it was a sad case. He had been heard from then? Supposed he was drowned. Was I



sure he was in the army? Difficult matter to find a man who chose to hide himself;—would do what he could to help, he was sure, but feared there was little hope.'

"I rose presently, and took my leave. The next morning, before departing, I saw Leonora again. She keeps nothing from me now. She told me of Holyoake's devotedness, persisted in year after year, though she gave him no hope. She believed him to be brave and noble, and desired to retain his friendship. Occasionally they met,—when Holyoake for a day or so could leave his division; and once or twice, when she had needed the relaxation, he had accompanied her in riding. I did not tell her, that this noble friend I suspected of base treachery; that probably he was at the bottom of the misery of both Herbert and herself.

"There, that is all. I write from Meadowboro' again. Eldred is buried close at hand to the broad mead along which he went shouting to his cattle, and the mountain grove that heard his holiday singing.

"And now, to end the sorrowful story, word comes to me that the father died last night. He came home, to sit shrivelled and sad within his house, thinking of his dead sons,—the husbandman once so hale! I knew he must go, but did not look for the end so soon. Tomorrow, we shall lower his dust into the dust, among the graves of his line, reaching back to the foundation of the town. I think the soil will embrace him there in his silent sleep, more tenderly than if it were the clay of a stranger. I am glad, too, that Eldred is buried here;

so that one child, at least, of those who knew so well the clasp of his hearty arms, and the heave of the hale knees, when he tossed their baby figures years ago in his play with them, — that one child now again may nestle at his side. His joy is fled, and he sleeps well. And now the line is closed. There are none left of his household to join the honorable farmer and his kindred, there in their solemn sleep. He lies dead within his house to-night; and without, in the bare trees, there is a weight of white snow in their branches, — ghost-like, as if the leaves that died there in the autumn came like spirits to haunt the branches in white shrouds.

“Never more than now have I lamented my weak frame and uncertain health. I should not dare to expose myself to the sights and labors which even a nurse must bear. Or, if I could do it myself, how can I ask Alice to undergo separation from one whom she has come to love, — to live upon the little pittance that would be my portion should I go, or bear the hardship that would be her lot should I die? But I avow to you, that any work I can do in the way of my profession now seems utter trifling and waste of time, before the work that might be done in the scenes that I have beheld. I try to be faithful here, — to wife, to parish, to duty in general; but to live here, in quiet and comfort, amid flowery ease!”

## CHAPTER XV.

## CLAIBORNE.

FOR weeks and weeks it had been alternate battle and march, and now the enemy had turned again; lying low behind a long ridge, thrown up in a night on the brow of a slope, with a swampy forest at the base. Here came crowding their Federal pursuers, — cutting roads through the thick vegetation; hastily bridging with the felled trees dark pools; cutting in twain the knotting vines that had woven the wood into a tangle: so that the horseman could ride, and not hold his hand above his head to guard himself from the branches; and the white-covered wagons, with bread and beef, and powder, could go to and fro, with no solid trunk to hit their hubs, and no slough to swallow them to the axle. Herbert lay in his place, — a little booth of boughs behind a heavy fallen trunk, his habitation; but, in day-times, or at night when he was on duty, he crouched with silent men in the edge of the woods, where trees were pitted and leaves torn with bullets from the rebel sharpshooters. Smeared was their dress with the slime of the mire in which they crouched. Ague rose at nightfall with exhalations, and fastened upon their bones. Lying under his low shelter-tent, drowsing once, after a night

on picket, something drew itself slowly up upon Herbert's shoulder, then over his breast: he opened his eyes upon a poisonous snake.

An order came for a force of infantry to move back. Herbert was in the detail. Pat was in hospital again, wounded in the last battle. Herbert did not know — how should a sergeant ever know? — where they were to go. Out they moved from the thickets one morning, just before day, — at the time when it is most dark, and men sleep soundest, — stepping carefully, so as not to break the dried limbs in their path; so as not to slip on the damp curve of the logs of the bridges, and send out on the stillness the rattle of their arms: for the alarm would have gone over to the rebel line, and a hot battery-fire have come hissing after them through the darkness. Soon they could march, taking less care. They were on the bank of the creek, where, in booths and shanties, the cooking was done for the division, in advance. Here they stayed till the day broke, and saw, from each booth, two stout men go out with iron kettles of smoking food slung between them, to creep and crawl to the companies ahead there under fire. "Look out for the kettle, cooks," said a soldier: "the boys would rather have a bullet go through you, than that crocky old iron-side." Here the force took rations, cramming haversacks with beef and bread, with coffee and sugar. Then came the drum-tap; and, before the day was hot, they halted before head-quarters, — a large wall-tent for the general, with a sentry in front, and shelter about for aides and escort.

The general came out in undress, smoking ; and the soldiers looked at the man, whose name was on their lips every hour almost, whom they had sometimes seen on the gallop with a cavalcade of aides and orderlies, but upon whose brown, resolute face many of them had never before looked steadily. Word went from man to man, that the present duty was likely to be neither dangerous nor severe. They were simply to guard a wagon-train which was to go out for forage ten miles or so beyond the videttes. A few companies of infantry, with a section of a battery and a small squad of cavalry, were to be the guard. The wagons were to go out empty, or with only sacks : so, for once, the infantry were to go royally, half a dozen in each wagon. Rough coaches ; but as the men laid their guns on the broken and splintered boards at the bottom, the broad-soled, well-worn shoes on quiet feet, instead of crunching through dust or sucking through mire, it seemed so much better than to tramp. Forward went the rusty caravan, — like some great articulated creature, the successive joints along whose trailing body were the white wagon-tops, ribbed and curving like shell ; whose antennæ were the squads of cavalry thrown out in lines from the front, thrust on suddenly toward any thing suspicious, and then withdrawn.

Then they gained the mills from which the forage was to be taken ; and the soldiers, forsaking the wagons, the groups of half a dozen re-assembling, stood in line, fresh through their ride ; then were marched to an elevation near, where arms were stacked. Close at the



musket-butts the men lay, and opened their haversacks, while the wagons were loaded. It was a pleasant change from the dismal life at the front; for, out in the fields there, the wind swept free. Herbert lay at ease, glad to be able to stretch out arms and feet without fear of their affording a mark to a sharpshooter; watching the artillery-men sleeping in the shadow of their caissons, with backs braced against the wheels, and the cavalry horses eating their corn. It was peaceful enough; for in his ears sounded the little river gurgling past the mills. Its waterfall sent spray over the rough unpainted clapboards, to which clung mosses; and the sky was full of such clouds as cover the heavens above harvest-fields.

Presently a solitary rifle cracked out from the brow of a hill above them; then an intermittent volley came sharply upon the air; and a mule or two, bleeding in the neck or back, kicked madly in their traces there by the door of the mill. Each man is instantly on foot; for this is hostile territory, and here is a force strong enough to venture upon attack. The cavalry are in saddle, and clatter over the crazy bridge across the stream, whose planks bound under the galloping hoofs. Startled drivers, to whose teams the bullets are whistling so that they do not need to shout, rush headlong back along the road by which they have come. The major in command hopes it is only a guerilla force. The brow of the hill is within artillery range; and the battery-officer, with red cord daintily twisted into an artillery-lieutenant's badge upon each shoulder, presently has his pieces

pointed. The infantry close by snuff the sulphurous air, and feel the jar at the discharge ; then far ahead, a moment after, see the jet of smoke against the trees, where the shell explodes. Now, from a wood at the side, comes an unexpected volley. Suddenly a rebel battery opens from the hill where the first volleys were heard. Shells whiz here and there ; and, one falling beneath the axle of a cannon, Herbert sees it thrown from its carriage by the explosion, a heavy dent in its brass, and two strong, red-trimmed artillery-men on their backs by its side. The infantry, hastily facing to the right and doubling, hurry back in the direction of the army ; and the remaining federal gun, after sending a parting shell, limbers up, and goes off on the gallop, with three horses, — the fourth being left behind, kicking, and on his back, with the blood coming from a bullet-wound in the side.

So they begin to retreat ; but a panic-stricken wagoner, hatless, and lashing his frantic mules, who heads the disorderly caravan that is rushing back toward the army, suddenly falls from his saddle, shot ; and the next moment his team, coming round a turn, run bolt against a large tree, felled across the road since the expedition passed two hours ago. "Cut off, by Heaven !" says the major, a young officer of little experience, who is not equal to the occasion. Teams and men are huddled together in confusion ; horses kicking, men shouting ; now and then an exploding shell dashing a wagon in splinters, or killing a number of men. Now from behind comes a heavy rumbling. Down the road sweeps

in disorder the Federal cavalry, left behind to protect the rear ; and immediately on their heels, filling the road, rushes a force of rebel horsemen, on steeds lean but active ; with bridles of rope, and saddles sometimes of bagging ; gaunt and fierce-eyed ; some in shirt-sleeves, some in butternut ; often shoeless, and with slouched hats, — all on the run, with sabre and pistol and curse, into the midst of the confusion.

Surrender is the only thing. It is done, and the firing ceases. A strong column of the enemy, it appears, has suddenly been thrown into the neighborhood ; and it is this which has been encountered. The wild-looking horsemen wheel and trot back. Up comes a line of infantry as uncouth, with as little approach to uniform ; and hastily the captives are made to lay down their arms, and take off equipments. The wagons are quickly collected, and sent back toward the main rebel force. The prisoners follow, a strong guard marching behind ; for the cannonade has been heard, no doubt, by the Federal general, and a relieving force may be sent out. They hurry past the mills, brightly blazing now through exploding shells ; then go onward. Herbert wonders whether it would be better to be lying with those just fallen, — left unburied there behind, — or to meet the fate which is before him. But he is well ; thinks he is in the way of his duty, at any rate ; and nerves himself to bear it all as well as he can.

They march till nightfall, quickly forward, with but few halts ; then forward, for most of the night, unarmed and desponding. Their captors make them carry pretty

heavily ; so it is tough work, with but little to hope at the end of it. Morning brings them to a town which the rebels hold in force, and here they stop for rest. Pretty much every thing has been taken but the uniforms they wear ; arms first, then shelter-tents and blankets : for their captors want them. They fling themselves down by the roadside, so tired, that, for the moment, there is nothing to ask for but a chance to rest. With heads resting on timbers, and on the edge of the dry gutter, they go to sleep at once.

Toward noon, Herbert is awake again. His comrades in captivity, most of them, sleep ; one or two are bathing blistered feet in a spring near. Herbert washes face and hands, beats the dust out of his clothing, then surveys his surroundings. His position overlooks a field upon which lies a strong force of the rebel army ; men lately from besieged strongholds, where they have lived in ovens hollowed out within the steep sides of ravines, or lain on backs and faces in shallow rifle-pits ; now and then raising their heads for a shot at the beleaguering Federals. From this they have lately come, — to this they are speedily going ; their life, in great part, a crawling and crouching upon and within the earth ; with tramps across the country thrown in, through dust and swamp and wood ; and now and then a day amid thunder and fire and blood. In garb and complexion, they seem, like the little chameleons of that same region, to be taking on the hue of the substance upon which they live ; faces and clothing in hue brown and dull as the dusty clay where it is their life to burrow and creep. For

knapsacks and haversacks, there are simply bags of white canvas, — through soiling, very soon as brown as their coarse dress ; for canteens, two broad disks of red cedar, with a narrow space between, belted about by an iron-bound curb of little staves. From these Herbert can see them sucking their beer, — the drink which the rebel soldier knows how to make from steeped herbs, and which, in some regions, stands to him as coffee stands to his Federal opponent ; his regular beverage, more palatable and healthful than the water of swamps or stagnating streams.

Herbert sees the Arkansas backwoodsmen (a regiment have arrived within a day or two, and are to remain) framing rude cabins of logs out of the forest trees, making them tight by cementing the cracks with mud, building their chimneys of sticks piled up cob-house fashion, then heavily smeared over and joined together with wet clay from the banks of a creek near, until they are tight and serviceable, — tenements as elaborate and comfortable, probably, as those in the backwoods, where they were born and nurtured. Herbert sees, too, the batteries, — sometimes of shining brass. If he were nearer, he could see, in some cases, the stamp of Northern foundries on the breech, — captured guns ; batteries of guns brought over by blockade-runners ; and some cast in their own roaring, hard-pushed foundries. The horses drag them by traces of rope. The caissons are unpainted, the butternut drivers whip their gaunt teams with switches of hickory. No gloss or finish ; but the guns will be well



served in time of battle. He sees officers riding here and there ; gray-haired men, and tall, dark-faced youths, with black hair streaming from under their caps, — sometimes richly dressed ; tasselled and braided finery from Paris or London, by way of Wilmington and Nassau ; but more often in plain homespun, with no embroidery but the badge of rank upon sleeve or collar.

At last, there comes by a division on the march, — veterans, Herbert imagines, of twenty battles perhaps ; inured to wearying tramp and death-haunted trench. It is like what he has seen on the other side : only, in place of blue, the dress of the infantry matches the road where they move. Dust has lodged upon hair and beard, and the brims of their tattered hats. As they pass near him, Herbert hears a huge, heavy-bearded sergeant, — ragged at the knee, feet protruding through worn-out shoes, — in a voice hoarse as if through shouting challenges, or screaming amid the din of batteries, singing the solo to "Stonewall Jackson's way : " —

"He's in the saddle now. Fall in !

Steady ! the whole brigade.

Hill's at the ford, cut off — we'll win

His way out, ball and blade !

What matter if our shoes are worn !

What matter if our feet are torn !

Quick step ! we're with him before dawn :

That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

At the end of each verse, the ranks take up the refrain from the Sergeant's heavy bass, and peal it out,

"That's Stonewall Jackson's way;" ragged, poorly shod men, but with elastic tread; with their brown hands holding sometimes light-colored butts, — rifles of Belgian make; sometimes the darker Enfield pattern.

Herbert talks with those who approach. The soldiers who come are, for the most part, good-natured; avoid every thing like insult; and compare notes as to battles in which, on both sides, they have been concerned. Reb and Yankee both have had experience of one another's courage; so the man in blue, and the man in butternut, mutually respectful, confer affably about these past combats. "We thought we were gone for it one time," says Reb, "when you made that charge." "But you met us with such a fire!" says the Yankee. "I'll be dog on it, ef I ain't sorry for ye. Now, stranger, ef I could come across ye in the old Arkansas bottoms, you'd get a right good dish of pork and hoe-cake up to my clearin'!" It is the ordinary thing for soldiers to meet with hostile intent; and, when two sides come together with hostility laid away, there is at first a grand novelty about it, which makes it a most interesting meeting. For cordiality, commend me to the meeting of hostile pickets under flag of truce; or the coming together of prisoners and those who have taken them, after a bitter piece of campaigning, when both sides have shown soldiership.

As the prisoners lay in the streets, the soldiers were friendly, though citizens, as they went by, now and then said a bitter thing, and sometimes sharp-tongued women heaped reproaches upon them. Herbert bore it

grave and unmoved, when a woman shook her fist in his face, thinking of scenes he had witnessed ; among others, of the poor woman who bled, while a ruffianly soldier clutched at her ornaments, with the food of her children wasted and consumed, and the home on fire. Perhaps this woman had suffered in that way.

So they lay, with no shelter, and but little food ; and, in a day or two, went off under a hot sun, upon open cars, through leagues of country where there was scarcely a house ; stopping now and then at little dingy villages, in whose streets were only women, children, and old men : until, at last, they came to the city where they were to remain.

Here, within a comfortless space, fenced in by a guarded stockade, were Federal prisoners by the thousand ; some broken in spirit through long confinement, in every way foul, with clothing unrenewed falling to pieces about their emaciated limbs ; some like Herbert and his companions, just arrived, with the mark of good Federal bread and beef — wholesome if coarse — in healthy faces and firm limbs.

Fever began to prevail ; and to fall sick was almost to die : for the conditions of the life were to the last degree unhealthy, and there was little or no attendance of physicians. Herbert became a nurse of the sick, who lay beneath a miserable shed. This, although poor shelter enough, was yet the best that the prisoners' camp afforded. He gave such poor comforts as there were, and the few remedies that were provided ; soothed the men, softening his heavy tones ; wiped

away the death-damps, as the eyes were becoming fixed; then decently composed the thin limbs for the rough burial. How many there were of these unknelled, uncoffined dead! From man to man among the sick, by day, — by night with the candle he could sometimes get, or by the stars, — he moved faithfully and affectionately to where one called for water; to where one in delirium had got up from the boards where he lay, and with trembling limbs, and ghastly, idiotic smile and gibber, staggered off; or to where there was one to be bathed. Herbert's health remained firm; and he rejoiced that he could do brave duty there, where there was weary groaning, and the frequent breathing up of life.

One day, there came among the prisoners a rebel colonel. Herbert saw him first, at some distance, with his face turned away. His gray coat was worn with rough service; but Herbert knew his rank by the badges embroidered upon the collar. Though slight, and not tall in figure, he stood erect and firm; and his bearing was altogether martial. The left sleeve hung limp and loose. It was plain, that the member which should have filled it had been shot or hewn away. Now and then, as he moved among the prisoners, he stopped and talked. At first, Herbert's attention was not much drawn; for it was an ordinary circumstance for officers of some rank to visit the camp. Presently, however, happening to look when the face of the visitor was turned fully toward him, how was he startled to recognize Claiborne! Beneath its bronze, it wore all

the old, high-born, haughty look. As he walked, the step was full of pride, — an imposing carriage! Herbert's heart went out to him; and yet he shrunk from recognition. He knew that in his wretched plight as a prisoner, — stained, too, as his clothing was from hard work in the hospital, — he was more than ever disguised. He was debating whether to address him or not, when circumstances determined his course for him.

He sat still, while Claiborne approached, stopping now and then to talk. He was trying to induce the prisoners to forswear their allegiance; to join the rebel army, or take positions elsewhere. He came at length to a soldier near Herbert, — a young teacher just from college, a pure, dutiful youth, in soldier's garb from the noblest of motives. He was taken with Herbert, when they were cut off. He had begun to languish, and had come under the poor protection of the hospital-shed. He was Herbert's friend. Claiborne addressed him as he had done others. Hubbard (that was his name) raised himself on his elbow, pale and weak though he was, and sent a hot "No" right into Claiborne's face, then poured out a spirited rebuke to him for so addressing him. Claiborne grew white beneath his tan, with sudden anger. His teeth were clenched. In a moment, his hand was at his belt, and his pistol drawn. In another, it was discharged, and poor Hubbard fell back, shot through the heart. "Take off this carrion!" said Claiborne to the guards near, kicking the body with his foot as he put back the pistol.

Beside himself, Herbert leaped to his feet. "Cow-



ard, — coward and murderer, Claiborne!" he said: "unarmed, and your prisoner; it is the deed of a coward!" Claiborne sprang, at the voice, and at being called by name; at first defiant and angry; then, as he saw and recognized Herbert, the wrathful light faded from his eye. "It is Herbert Lee," he said; then he stepped forward, as if to speak to him; but, changing his purpose, grew confused, and hurried away.

Herbert went to Hubbard's body. They made room for him; for he had acquired some ascendancy among the men. As he stooped over him, he saw where the ball had entered. Hubbard still gasped, and desperately tried to say something, as his friend took his head in his arms; but he could not articulate. He knew Herbert; and, as he gave over the effort with a mournful look in his eyes, the sergeant kissed his brow and cheeks, letting him know that he went not unlamented. Then the features fixed. Herbert straightened the body, made it decent for burial, simply brushing the dirt from the clothing, and buttoning the blouse over the bloody breast. Then he sat and thought. The men around him talked low about the incident, — the cruel killing, the sergeant's anger and calling of the officer by name, and the confusion of Claiborne at sight of him: but no one questioned him; for they had come to treat him with some deference. His heart fairly ached. Hubbard was his friend, and the man for whom he still felt love had slain him before his face. "So cruel and cowardly," Herbert thought to himself; "how deeply is he cursed!"

The day went on as usual. There was sickness in the hospital ; the usual round of lamentation among the men ; the devouring of the scanty ration of bad corn-bread and repulsive meat. When night came, the camp was still ; and Herbert sat alone by a sick man, with no light but the stars. Then Claiborne came again ; and, standing with his feet almost where the blood had flowed which he had so cruelly poured out, he called Herbert low by his own name. The sergeant rose ; and they stood together, while the prisoners slept about them. "Come, let us walk," said Claiborne ; and they went forward.

They passed the guard at the gate, who made no remonstrance, only saluting with precision ; for Claiborne, Herbert found, was now in command of the camp. He was recovering from the loss of his arm, not yet able to take the field again ; but, while he was recovering, appointed to this duty. When they were by themselves at last, they sat in the edge of a wood, — they two, who had been separated for so long. "I could have met him with so much joy, if it had not been for the terrible incident of the morning !" thought Herbert. As it was, he found himself almost forgetting it ; for Claiborne seemed now like another man. His tones were full of the old tenderness. He pressed Herbert, with most friendly interest, about his own affairs ; how he came there, and in that garb. "I should expect to find you high in rank," he said : "tell me your story." Herbert had thought he could never meet him again on friendly terms ; but his mood

was so changed, his better nature that he had known so well in old times was so manifest, that he could not do otherwise than treat him as the Claiborne he had known. So Herbert told him all, — the whole history of his doubt and persecution, his love and flight; then the revelation of duty to him, and the inspiration. When Herbert had begun, he could not help going forward. He needed so to make confession of every thing, that he told him all; yet, at the same time, he maintained a resolve that he formed when they walked out of the camp together, — that they should not part before he had told Claiborne the abhorrence with which he looked upon his deed of the morning.

Claiborne sat silent while Herbert gave his story. "You see your duty so strangely," said he, at last; "yet I believe you to have a most honorable heart, and to be faithful to what you hold as right. It would be amazing to me, that a man of your discernment should be so far gone in error, if I did not know that whole populations were in similar error and madness. Such world-wide differences! I am as set in the belief that we have justice and right on our side, as you are that it is on yours. Let us talk temperately. I have spent years at the North, you know, among the democratic institutions which you are so desirous to maintain. It was at a young and giddy age; but I remember the life well. Now that I am old enough to reflect, — to go down to principles, — I can recall fact upon fact, to buttress me in my hostility to such democracy as yours.

" In your Northern communities, a certain turbulence and discord reign everywhere. You cannot go into a town, where there is not jarring among the different districts. If a river divides the territory, those who live on one side are sure to be more or less at feud with those who live on the other. If there are two villages within the township, there is jealousy as to which shall have most influence in town-affairs. In the smallest divisions there is tumult. Attend a district meeting, even, and it is inharmonious ; and often the strife will lead to harsh quarrelling. At town-meetings it is the same thing on a larger scale. There is always abundance of strife and division. Heated discussions always come up as to what shall be done with roads, with schools, with town-buildings. This angry heat and jealousy is a bad thing itself, and it is plain enough that the deliberations are much affected by it. Sometimes, through it, votes are passed involving extravagant expenditure ; sometimes, crying abuses go unremedied. The effect of democratic institutions is to give occasion for confusion, debate, jealousy, between man and man. The men, too, are your masses, — men of the ordinary sort. Of course, affairs cannot be wisely or justly administered.

" Going up from the townships, you see it all, on a larger scale, in the government of the States ; disputes between sections and counties ; clashing and injustice ; and want of economy everywhere. Your legislators are very ordinary men, and under the influence of bad passions. Go from these to the central government. I need not take up the consideration of the confusion,

the jealousies and sectional rivalry which rage among the very ordinary men whom the indiscriminating people send as representatives; the extravagance, abuse, injustice, which come to prevail, in consequence, in their deliberations. I do not see, Herbert, how you can be the friend of this disorder.

"We desire a far different state of things. The power will be in the hands of a few, and those few the rich and cultivated. We shall manage affairs for the laboring masses, whose ignorance will not disturb, whose unreasonable bickering will not influence, public affairs. The reins of power will be with the head of society, and not with the heels. When we have gained our freedom, we shall set up our beneficent aristocracy; with the labor done by the enslaved and contented masses, and the thinking done by the free and intelligent few. For an example of the order which will prevail, take France. Not that her institutions throughout — or indeed for the most part — are like ours; but in some respects they are similar; in this, for instance, that the masses, though not enslaved, have but little political power. The government, though more concentrated than we should desire, being almost in the hands of a single autocrat, is yet placed where there is intelligence and ability; as it will be with us. You have been abroad, and you know how every thing moves forward like clockwork. The intelligent governing man, through his agents, does every thing; the people are allowed to do nothing. All goes smoothly, economically, without jar or noise. In Paris the intelli-



gent governing man cleans the streets even; keeps poverty in great measure out of sight; regulates the matter of building; keeps order with the police. I lost my handkerchief one day in a hack; but, the next day, found it at the office of the prefect. If it had been a sum of money, it would have been the same. These small matters the superior wisdom conducts as well as the making of peace or war with foreign powers, and the other most important concerns. All is therefore orderly, all beautifully and smoothly managed, from the affairs of the communes up to the great concerns of the nation. All this neatness, economy, smoothness, is due to the fact that the people have no part in the management of public affairs. It is all done for them by those who are wiser, who see farther, and can do better, than the people.

"That is France. When we have gained *our* freedom, and established institutions to suit ourselves, to be sure they will not be those of France; and yet, as it is there, the masses will have no share in public business. Indeed, they will have but little share in the management of private affairs; for they will be our slaves, and every thing will be conducted for them by outside power. As it is there, however, the power with us, too, will be with intelligence and ability; not concentrated into the hands of one, — for we shall not tolerate an autocracy, — but in the hands of a limited class, whose entire harmony among themselves will be secured from the unity of interest which there will be among them; a class with leisure to become thoroughly

intelligent. The result will be, that the world will behold such a spectacle of political peace and order as it never has seen; a state well-knit, and powerful beyond compare, based, as never state has heretofore been, upon a wise understanding of the nature of man, and his condition in the earth.

"But I did not mean to talk so long. I have spun an oration here for you, Herbert. These are my convictions. To found this state, I am giving myself."

Claiborne spoke earnestly, but temperately. They still sat there in the edge of the wood. When he had ceased, Herbert began: "I have been abroad, and I admit what you say as to the existence of a certain turbulence and disorder in a democratic state, — quite in contrast with the peace, neatness, economy, with which public affairs seem to go forward in a well-administered despotism. I admit there is this drawback to the institutions to which I am attached, — I am not disposed to keep it out of sight; we do great harm, I believe, by the indiscriminate buncombe which we too often prefer to pour out about our popular system. But in France, which you instance, I noticed this: a wretched apathy and ignorance in the masses of the nation. As you say, every thing is done for them, even almost to the allotting of daily tasks. They are seldom obliged to feel the weight of responsibility, — seldom allowed to feel it; and therefore there is but little incentive to acquire intelligence, — little to develop in them self-reliant manhood. In the Northern United States, on

the other hand, with all the confusion, did you make no note of the sturdy life and independence that prevailed? Taking even the poorest citizens, did you not see that there was no cringing, no apathy? Every one is in some measure intelligent, — forced to be so, by his position and the responsibilities that come upon him. Every one is self-reliant, — forced to be so; for he must take care of himself and his public affairs. There is no power above him to take the responsibility out of his hands. The democratic citizen is rough often, no doubt, in manner; too sturdy and self-reliant to be always pleasant to meet; not thoroughly wise, for he has to work with his hands, and can only think and study at intervals; somewhat under the sway of passion, and not always sagacious in his plans: but still how full of manly power! how much nobler as a human creature, than a peasant under a despotism! how vastly more noble than a slave! *There*, Clai-borne, I place the value of our institutions. If *govern-ing* were the only thing, — if an unbroken public order and quiet were all, institutions where the entire power is lodged in the hands of the wise few might be preferable. Then it might be the case, that there would be little clashing, turbulence, or jealousy. Where affairs are managed by the masses, — for the most part possessed of only tolerable good sense and ordinary intelligence, — I admit there will often be injustice, extravagance, the selection of improper persons for offices of trust. The matter of *governing* goes forward haltingly; but, because the people have to take care of

themselves, take note of the grand education which comes out of it all to them. It makes *men* of them. It *forces* them into self-reliance, independence, knowledge. All this marks the institutions of the North as being especially grand, and fitted for human beings. Through these, manhood — sturdy, self-reliant, self-providing, well-informed — is developed in the individual citizen, as it can be developed through no other system ; and I hold to the belief, that it is 'not high-raised battlements,' nor apparatus of power or splendor, that constitute a noble state, but *men*."

So Herbert argued the matter ; remembering, as he talked, the town-meetings of Meadowboro', when he was there in his wild days, to which he went for curiosity. He remembered well how coarse the clothing often was, how muddy the boots of those sovereigns ; and rough as the attire was often the speech. Claiborne had visited Herbert while the latter was at Meadowboro', and had come to know something about the localities, and some of the more striking characters of the town. "There was a quarrel," said Herbert, bringing up his Meadowboro' experience, "between the old village and the one at the east ford. There was harsh feeling enough, I own ; and I could see then, young as I was, the jealousy and prejudice, and how often it was these qualities, rather than any desire for what was really justice, that influenced proceedings. But what a school it was for those men ! There was old Bill Smith. In well-ordered France, he would have been a stolid, apathetic peasant, with no self-reliance ; uninterested, with

every thing managed for him. In your government, he would be a cringing serf or slave. Town-meeting day, however, Bill got up and made a speech about the highways, giving his plan for keeping them in order. It was not the best. Bill is not very wise, and is very uncouth; but the fact that he could stand up there and give his opinion, and have the matter put to vote, did no one can say how much toward making him feel self-reliant and manly. Better, a great deal, that the roads should be a little out of repair, — that matters generally should go a little haltingly, — than that Bill, and such as he, should be denied these influences! So, too, Elnathan Swift, the small farmer on Morse's Mountain, had his rough say in the matter of schools; and I have no doubt that when he unhitched his old mare, at the end of the meeting, and drove home, he felt like vastly more of a man because he had taken his part in the speaking and voting, — felt more self-respect, more obligation to post himself, more patriotism, because he had a hand in public affairs."

Herbert was not sorry to argue the matter with Claiborne. Claiborne had spoken, and so far he had only spoken, of the effect of their respective systems upon the masses. "But," Herbert said, "there is another matter. You want power, absolute power, to be in the hands of a few, — the limited class to which you belong. Do you *dare* to take such power into your hands? Do you not fear the consequences to yourselves? A wiser than you or I has written how it is that —



“ ‘ Man, proud man,  
Dressed in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,  
As make the angels weep.’ ”

You would have your authority neither little nor brief. Is it not dangerous to yourselves? I speak plainly, Claiborne. I hold you to be of noble soul, in many ways; but I see upon your nature, plain as the blackness upon the white beauty of the moon, the foul blot which has come to lie there, from this very cause. As I recall our past association, I remember this. It was this which brought me here, and in a soldier's garb, to do what I might to prevent the establishing of so contaminating a system. This blot I have seen upon you this very day; so terrible, that I feared, at first, I could henceforth only think of you with loathing. Such terrible, intemperate wrath! to slay in cold blood a sick, unarmed man; helpless, in your power, — and then kick the corse!”

Claiborne started, crying, “No more, — no more!” Herbert could see by the starlight that he was full of anger. “We shall lay hands on one another if we go further,” he said. Already his hand was on his pistol-handle, falling there, as if by habit, almost without his knowledge. “Come, let us go back,” he said, after a struggle, “and stop the talk.”

As they walked on in silence, Herbert thought as follows: “I have seen barbarity enough committed by men in the Federal uniform, — deeds perhaps as terrible as this of which Claiborne is guilty; but they

were committed by men but lately come to our shores, with their ignorance unbroken, or by those who, in a peaceful time, would be felons ; men whom we can in no way admit as representing the Northern temper and spirit. This shooting of Hubbard is a barbarity committed by one educated under the choicest influences of Southern civilization, — by one, in breeding and culture, to be classed among the first gentlemen of the South ; a brave, generous-spirited soul, in many ways ; one whom the South would be proud to have stand as her representative.”

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A P R I L.

By day often, Claiborne was in the camp; yet never recognizing Herbert by any sign which others noticed. By night, however, it often happened that he came silently; and the two went forth together as they had done at first. Sometimes they spoke of Holyoake; "one of your most promising generals," said Claiborne: "you have few that we fear more than we fear him." — "Give me your parole, Herbert," Claiborne said, soon after their intercourse began, "and you shall be free; you shall be at ease, and fare as well as we do; which, indeed, at another time, would be prison fare." But Herbert steadfastly refused. "My place now is in the Federal ranks, with arms in my hands," he said: "if there is opportunity, I shall escape. Then can I be easy to fare better than my comrades? I can do something, by remaining among them, to maintain their fortitude perhaps, and soothe the sick." So Herbert stayed in his place. Claiborne gave to him lavishly from his scanty purse. "My father is dead," said he; "your forces have utterly ravaged my plantation, and hold it in their hands; my private resources

are entirely destroyed. I have only my pay as colonel, which, in our deteriorated currency, is a scanty pittance enough; but I will share it with you. Help your fellows here: I wish I could do more for them, but I am under orders."

So Claiborne, with real tenderness, gave help; and Herbert was the almoner of this bounty to the prisoners around him: a coat for one, taken in his shirt-sleeves, who went shivering through the cold, damp nights; delicate food, here and there, for the sick; a dearly-bought fragment of carpet, by way of blanket, to cover one who had fever. At length, one evening, as often before, Claiborne came to Herbert; and the two went together past the guard, and walked alone. "I am well enough at last to take the field again," said Claiborne, "and am ordered back to my regiment at the front. To-morrow I transfer my command to an invalid officer, in the situation in which I was when I assumed this command. I do not want to leave you here to sicken and die; I cannot take you with me; I cannot be easy to think of you as languishing here: give me your parole, and I can put you in a situation where you can be more comfortable." But Herbert refused as before: "My place now is in the Federal ranks; and, if I have opportunity, I shall escape."

The stars were clouded now, as Herbert walked by Claiborne's side, with mind and heart full. He thought: "He is what he has always been, — magnanimous, brave, lavish; with the same barbarian fierceness, which does not stop at terrible cruelty; the same obtuseness, which

prevents his recognizing his cruelty as something detestable: only now, these characteristics seem to have struck deeper into his nature with advancing life; or perhaps it is, that these grave times give opportunity for their more remarkable exhibition. He gives me succor; shows me tender friendship: he is noble, after all!" But with the thought came the memory of Hubbard, — shot there in cold blood, defenceless and sick; and the insult to the corse of the brave, defiant youth. The same man had done these things. "So inconsistent!" Herbert thought; "so fantastic, unsatisfactory!" He believed that the foulness all came from the circumstances under which Claiborne had been nurtured, and felt stronger than ever in his purpose to do what one man might to crush out the things that brought such ruin upon noble men. So Herbert thought as they walked, brushing with his arm, as it swung to and fro, Claiborne's gray, empty sleeve. And now they had crossed the line of the sentries, and were on the edge of the prisoners' camp. "Farewell, Herbert."—"Farewell." Hands for a moment on one another's shoulders; bearded faces, damp with the rain now falling, coming together under the dark in a kiss; then Claiborne went back.

Herbert stood for a moment in his place; then suddenly thought of some comfort needed by a sick soldier in his charge, — something which he might obtain from Claiborne, but which probably could not be got when he had gone. Their parting had taken place within a few paces of the sentries' beat. "Claiborne can hardly



have crossed the line," thought Herbert; and he stepped hurriedly forward in the gloom, believing that he could lay his hand on Claiborne's shoulder in a moment. A few steps brought him upon the guard, marching watchfully to and fro. Claiborne's retreating figure was visible here, just beyond the line, in the dim light of a fire that smouldered near in spite of the falling rain. The sentinel had seen Herbert pass in, just before, in company with his commander; and, as the sergeant motioned toward Claiborne, his face took on a look of hesitation, and he made no resistance as Herbert passed his beat. Claiborne was moving rapidly; and the sergeant, following, tripped suddenly, and fell. When he rose, the figure had gone. He went a few steps; but there was no trace. He did not like to call. The mist was thick about him as he stood wondering what direction to take. After moving to and fro, he concluded that he had lost him, and turned to go toward the camp. Suddenly the thought occurred to his mind, "Why return? have I not here the very opportunity to escape for which I have longed?" He gave one thought to his languishing comrades; to the sick, over whose clammy brows he was wont to pass his palms, — to whose lips, fluttering in delirium, he held the cup. He questioned whether it were not ignoble desertion; but, "No," he said, in his mind; "I only seek release, to go anew into hardship and peril."

Herbert hurried forward by the path which had become familiar to him in his walks with Claiborne. He knew the ground so well, that he easily avoided all

dangers until he came upon the outer line of pickets which environed the town. As he approached this line, he crept cautiously forward until he was close upon a sentinel, who, wrapped up against the inclemency of the night, marched back and forth. Watching his chance, when the soldier's back was turned, Herbert sprang lightly across the track beaten by his footsteps, and hurried silently forward. He was fairly out of prison.

Though fortunate thus far, Herbert felt that his difficulties had only begun; he knew that he must go far before he could reach any Federal camp. Probably columns of hostile troops moved to and fro through the territory he must cross; and, of course, the whites would be unfriendly. He felt, however, that he could trust the negroes. He went forward, — by day lurking in concealment; by night pressing on as he could, directing his course by the stars, and now and then assuring himself by appealing to some negro. In two or three days he had accomplished some scores of miles on his way forward; but there was still a considerable distance to go. His road, too, was now more likely to be beset with perils; for a rebel army was posted opposite the Federal force he was trying to reach, whose scouts were everywhere; and wanderers were more likely to be sharply questioned, than farther back in the interior.

One day, Herbert lay concealed not far from a plantation. He marked carefully the location of the negro-cabins in the rear; and, when darkness had fallen, made his way cautiously toward those most remote from the

mansion. As he came near, he heard loud singing from a hut in which there was a light; and, looking through a chink between the logs, where the cement of clay had fallen out, he saw what was going forward. A company of negroes sat crowded together upon rough seats, of boards; a poor candle gave the light. It was plainly a religious meeting. At first, every thing went on with decorum. The prayer, by a burly negro, was reverent and proper, though incoherent; the singing, not without melody. From a tattered hymn-book, the negro gave a couplet of lines, which the crowd then sang. The notes were but few, and long drawn out; but the voices often were rich and strong. An address was then given, brief and rude; after which, a wild ceremony took place. The conductor of the meeting, in the centre, — supported by two or three others whose office seemed to be to keep up the strength and excitement of their principal, — led off in a hymn of brisker movement. It was, for the most part, unintelligible; though, every line or two, the words occurred, "O brothers!" or "O sisters! ain't you goin' to meet me on Canaan's happy shore?" The audience had risen, and, thronging about their leader, were vigorously shaking hands, keeping time with the movement of the song; and, little by little, coming to use feet as well as arms. The song grew wilder and louder; and the forms, from gently swaying in time with the music, became more energetically active; the simple rhythmic movement gradually became an excited dance. The company was crowded together into a circle, one close

behind another, — men and women, with a beat and shuffle of the feet in time with the air, which each minute became more and more excited. A black boy, on one side, standing on a bench, held up the unsnuffed candle. For the most part, the room was in gloom; and, out of the dim spaces into the faint ray, the shouting figures came dancing in their turn; the candle, as Herbert could see, shining now upon the grizzled head and beard of an old man; now, upon the squat, broad form of a woman; now, on a muscular boy: all square-shouldered, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, with complexions of the sootiest black. They were, plainly, plantation hands, — negroes of the more ignorant class. The negro in the centre, at length becoming quite frenzied, almost shouted; now singing, now with a scream inciting the crowd. Perspiration poured from his face; his eyes stared; his whole figure was in violent action.

It was plain, that most of the hands were collected at the meeting; and Herbert judged, that the time was favorable for him to procure what he needed. Some few, probably, would be left in the cabins, and he might approach them with no danger of attracting a crowd. One hut stood away from the rest, still farther remote from the mansion than the one which was so thronged. This he cautiously approached. The door was open; upon the hearth within burned a few embers, which cast a dim, red light upon the log walls and the coarse, scanty furniture; it revealed, also, the figure of a female, couched motionless on the hearth before the

coals, with head wrapped in a turban. Herbert looked warily, to be sure that she was alone in the hut. At length, he quietly stepped in, and accosted her; he asked for food. As he ceased, she sprung up suddenly, — a tall mulatress, — looked into his face a moment, then hurried out of the hut, beckoning to him to follow. He obeyed her gesture, walking fast to keep up with the rapid pace of his conductress. They left the neighborhood of the huts, and plunged into the wood near by.

At length the woman paused. "I know what you are," she said, speaking rapidly, with but little of the negro peculiarity. "You are a prisoner trying to get away. You don't show it in your clothes, but you do in your face and voice, that you are from the North." Herbert had happened to come upon a woman whose position had been that of a house-servant, once somewhat trusted. She had been North with her owner at some time in her life. For some disobedience, she had been sold, to work as a plantation hand. "I took you away," she said, "because it is quite likely there may be overseers on the watch, and the blacks themselves are not all trusty. Stay here a minute, and I will be back." Herbert remained in the bushes, and presently heard her footsteps again. She brought him an abundant meal of hoeecake and pork, and sat by him while he satisfied his hunger. "I will help you all I can," she said, "for the sake of the flag you fight under." Then she told him that they were closely watched, but that two negro men had resolved to try to escape to the



Federal lines. They had fixed upon the night following for the attempt. "They know the country," said the woman, "and will take you with them if you choose to go. I will bring them to you."

The woman went away again, and, after an interval, returned, bringing two men. The younger, apparently about twenty-six, Herbert could see, dark though it was, had features not of the pure negro type, and a light skin. He was dressed in a coat, roughly made from a piece of bright-colored ingrain carpeting; and, it was plain, was very conceited. He had been his master's hunter, professed familiarity with weapons and woodcraft, and said he was "his massa's brag man." He gave an account of an appeal which had been made to him to hunt for Yankee prisoners, when, once before, a considerable number had escaped. "Massa Huguenin ask his boys if dey will fight de Yankees. Dey say dey will, but dey all say dat Joe mus' be de leader; for he be de mos' smartes' nigger of de lot." Huguenin, Joe says, told them he would give twenty dollars for each right ear of a Yankee they would bring in. Joe told his master he was good for ten a day; and, "All de time," he said, "I was boun' to run de fust chance." Joe seemed smart, but conceited and tricky. Herbert doubted his trustworthiness, but was much more pleased with April, his companion; a man not tall, but of prodigious muscular power, thoroughly black, reticent, but with an air of manliness and self-respect. Unlike Joe, he was no braggart; but Joe, in an aside to Herbert, found opportunity to let him know

that April had been a kind of outlaw, intractable as a laborer, and often a fugitive. "De slave-hunters say, ole April be de schemiest nigger dey eber chase." He was dressed in the loose dress of a field hand, the shirt tattered about his heavy breast. Herbert asked him why he chose to run the risk of trying to escape. With dignity, he straightened himself, put out his hand in an emphatic manner, and with firmness said: "I tell you what, massa; dis boy he work, but he no work under de whip; and when dey bring de lash to ole April, he take to de woods." Herbert was willing to cast his lot with April, but distrusted Joe. The two, however, had determined to go together; and there seemed no other way but to go with them.

These men were familiar with the road they must follow, and professed to have some knowledge of the disposition of the rebel forces. Joe, indeed, drew upon the ground a rough chart of the country, its creeks, swamps, and hills; then marked the location of different bodies of men, told the number at different points, their character as to discipline and general morale, as if he were fully in the confidence of the rebel commander.

The following night was the time fixed upon. Herbert lay concealed during the day, in the woods, liberally supplied with food by the negroes, and getting rest, which he needed much. Soon after nightfall, with Joe and April, he began to make his way forward. April had obtained a double-barrelled gun in some way. Herbert found that the great fear of his companions

was lest they should be tracked by a certain "ole Kettle," whom he discovered to be the professional slave-hunter of that region, letting his services, and those of a pack of hounds which he kept, to chase fugitives. For days now, their life was one of watching by day, and tramping by night; swimming the creek, and lurking in the marsh; dodging the serpent, only to fall into the path of the alligator; and escaping both, only to hear the near gallop of white pursuers. At night-fall, sometimes they scouted cautiously up to negro cabins, and were invariably supplied with such food as the negroes had to give. Night after night, in the distance, they heard the baying of bloodhounds, — a sound at which April would shudder; he had already upon him deep scars made by their teeth, when overtaken once in a previous attempt to escape.

But, by turning and winding in damp morasses, wading long through the muddy margins of streams, and sometimes smearing themselves with turpentine, — a little stock of which the negroes carried, and which they appeared to consider invaluable as a means of destroying the scent, — the fugitives, day after day, puzzled "ole Kettle," and made progress toward freedom. The "cotton mouth" and "moccason" almost became their familiar friends, deadly miasma was the air they breathed, the poisonous vine was their canopy. Joe lost his spirits, and became repentant. April however, silent and stern, maintained a resolute mind. Herbert submitted all to him, following obediently every direction of his black guide. April was worthy

of the confidence. For every difficulty he had a resource. Fatigue never seemed to touch his great limbs. He shuddered indeed at the baying of the hounds, but it was not fear; for, when they seemed to come close, April would go back toward the danger, his gun cocked and aslant in his hands, across his breast, showing so powerful through the tatters of his shirt, eagerly listening, with face bent forward, and ready to shoot.

One morning, Herbert suddenly was startled from sleep at the root of a huge log, by the terrible baying, close at hand. April, too, sprang up at the same time. The faithless Joe, left to watch, had also slumbered; and the hounds, following the scent, were suddenly close upon them. Before they could fly, the creatures, with long ears and deep chests, sending far their heavy baying, came bounding toward them. "Shoot, April!" said Herbert; but April waited for a more favorable time. The three fugitives stood at the end of the log. On came the pack, several hounds together mounting the log. April, with cautious aim, sent the charge from both barrels into the midst, killing two, and wounding others, so that they lay kicking and yelping among the leaves. "Dat make de rest scairt, I reckon," said April, with a laugh: then the three hastened into the woods; for they knew that horsemen must be close at hand. Reaching a stream, they plunged to the shoulders into the water, putting up their heads for breath, among thick-growing reeds, at some distance from the shore.

Presently, riding along the bank, came a group of horsemen, — the slave-hunter, and a squad of guerilla cavalry ; for it had become known in some way, that an escaped prisoner was with the negroes. The slave-hunter was in a rage over the loss of his hounds, — “worth a hundred dollars apiece.” They beat the woods and bank everywhere, but in vain. The hounds, cowed for the time by the fate of those that April had shot, were of no service. Often they were within a few yards of where the three men, with shoulders just above water, scarcely breathed. At length, they turned and rode away ; when April, with a broad grin on his face, usually so grave, waded with his party to the shore, the three dripping with wet and mud. Herbert turning, saw on the opposite bank of the stream, a few rods off, a huge alligator fourteen feet long, wallowing through the mud to the water, while another came swiftly swimming through the river, the ripples flowing out behind the horse-like head. April had managed to keep his powder dry, by holding the pouch in his teeth. He set to work at once to dry and clean his gun.

But the pursuit was not given over. Joe was more than ever cast down ; April remained stern, wary, reticent ; Herbert, though he felt his strength failing through the exposure and anxiety, still held firm, — obedient as a child to the dusky Ulysses, whose courage and wiles and resources were bringing them every day nearer and nearer to freedom. Sometimes now, along the roads, they heard the gallop of cavalry ; and, one morning, low and deep through the air, came throbbing



the intermittent beat ; then, the long-drawn roll of far-away drums, — felt rather than heard ; now, a throb ; now, a pause ; now, a roll. It struck intermittently upon the ear, as strikes the pulse of a man near to death upon the palm of a watcher. April's face glowed. It was from the camp of a rebel force, and they knew it must be posted near the front. The last dangers were at hand : these once passed, and there was safety and freedom.

Although Joe had nearly brought destruction upon them through unfaithfulness, there was no way but to allow him still to take his turn in watching ; if it was done by April and Herbert entirely, they could not get the sleep which the exhausting experience required. Once Herbert finished his watch, and aroused Joe for his turn ; he himself lay down near April. He awoke at last through hearing Joe talking in a menacing voice. Making the effort to start up, he found himself bound hand and foot. The treacherous negro had cut his coat into strips, which he had twisted, and with these Herbert found his legs and arms closely confined ; he could only turn his head toward April. He saw with sinking heart that April was in a similar plight ; while Joe stood over him with the gun.

Joe had become discouraged, and resolved to turn back. To make his peace with their pursuers, he had hit upon this expedient : he meant to force April back with him, and deliver him up ; then conduct a party to find Herbert. The negro coolly announced his determination. Herbert found that he was too securely

bound to free himself; his sleep had been so deep, that Joe had been able to do his work thoroughly. April's legs were free, the arms only being pinioned. Joe put the muzzle of the piece to April's temple, and ordered him to rise. He was in Joe's power, so he stood upon his feet. Joe with care bound the wrists in front and the elbows behind more stoutly; then came to Herbert, and tightened the cords until they were painful. Herbert's heart was full of agony for April as well as for himself. Joe imagined he could go forward more speedily with one than with both, so Herbert was left. Herbert sent a sad farewell after April, as Joe, with gun cocked, drove him before him through the woods: death was the only thing the brave fellow could expect. He said himself, quietly, for the last thing: "Dey'll say now, dey got no use for ole April, alive: only make de rest oneasy." Herbert saw them go: his tattered, mud-smeared friend disappearing among the trees, and the traitor behind; then the crackling of twigs, fainter and fainter, and silence at last. He lay for hours, hopeless, wondering when he should hear the hoof-beats of the party that Joe would bring back. At length, he did hear a sound, — not a hoof-beat, but a human footfall, — nearer and nearer, coming cautiously, as if some one were following a trail that he was not quite sure of. In a moment, April himself, gun in hand, and unbound, came toward him. Herbert's cords were cut in an instant; and, with a bounding heart, he listened to April's story. Joe, it seemed, as they marched along, became careless in his feeling of security. At last, he

went in front, having confidence in the cords, with April following behind. April, patiently working, contrived to pick apart the coarse fibre of the strips at the wrists, so that his hands were free; then, throwing his elbows forcibly back, the bands behind fell to the ground. In an instant, with his powerful fists clenched, Joe was felled to the earth, the gun seized and pointed at his head. "Lor, how dat feller beg!" said April, with a grim smile. Foully as he had behaved, April, with no little magnanimity, spared his life; only making him promise, "dat he'd never trap anoder nigger." He simply bound him in the same cords from which he had freed himself, and left him to be found by those who should follow with the hounds. It was a great risk; for he might be found at once, and would no doubt set the hunters on the track of Herbert and April. April, however, thought they could gain start enough to avoid them. Herbert, while he felt anxious, appreciated, with all the force of an honorable soul, this knightly nobleness in his dark, untutored comrade.

While April had been giving his account, they were hurrying forward. It was not much farther now, April said, hopefully. One more day they lay quiet; then, pushing forward through the night, before dawn they came to the bank of a stream. April stood joyfully upon the shore, telling Herbert that, not far onward, it emptied into an arm of the sea, — a branch of a harbor in which lay a powerful Federal fleet. They slept again; and, in the midst of their slumber, the air around them shook, pervaded with a deep,

menacing roar, — a jar rather than a sound, — felt rather than heard : it was the thunder of the Federal cannon, from the sea.

At night again, Herbert and April went plunging through the thickets that bordered the stream ; until at length they heard the splash of oars. They stood quiet in the darkness. They could see, at last, a boat approaching from above, with a solitary figure. It hugged the shore closely : the figure seeming to wish the screen of its heavy foliage. April crept noiselessly out upon the trunk of a great live-oak, that stretched far over the stream ; the boat came slowly down, — the oars dipping with caution. As it came within the shadow of the live-oak, the gunwale was suddenly grasped by April's powerful hand, and pulled shoreward. Before the oarsman could rise, Herbert, rushing waist-deep into the stream, had pinioned his arms, throwing his own arms about his body. The boat was drawn ashore, and the captive examined ; he proved to be a fugitive, like themselves, — a mulatto of about fifty ; Adam by name. He told his story in a few words : he was the son of a Scotchman, owned by his own half-brother ; he was a carpenter ; he had escaped from a populous town some distance back, and made his way thus far in safety. He was startled enough by his sudden arrest, and overjoyed when he found into whose hands he had fallen. The boat was large enough for all ; so, presently, the three were embarked again, and slipping rapidly and quietly forward under the night.

One more danger was to be passed. As day broke, they hauled the boat ashore, under what seemed secure shelter. Adam remained in the boat, while Herbert and April went on shore. Fatigued, and thinking now that they were so far on their way they need hardly fear, they all slept; when, suddenly, close at hand, they heard the crackling of brush and the shouts of men. Adam pushed out at once, and was shot from the shore. April and Herbert, thinking they might possibly gain the opposite bank, left gun and every thing, and plunged into the stream. Another discharge, and April sinks, a bloody stain floating over the place; Herbert, too, feels the wind of bullets past his ears, and sinks with a loud splash, as if he were hit, and struggling; but, striking out powerfully, manages to swim under water; until at length, among reeds that fringe thickly the opposite bank, he puts up his head. The stream is not broad, and he can distinctly hear the conversation of the party, — half a dozen rebel scouts, — who seem to think, that an end of the fugitives has been made, without doubt. Herbert can see no trace of April; but the boat, with the dead body of Adam, has been carried among the sedges on the same side of the stream on which he lies hidden. "Let it float down to the Yankees, with the old nigger's carcass," a scout says: "we don't want it." So they cook a meal for themselves; and, at length, move onward.

Herbert came cautiously out, sadly imagining that he must now go alone; when, suddenly, as he approached the boat, he saw a black arm stretched toward it from



the reeds; and, in a moment more, April's head, as he pulled himself from the water, and climbed over the side. April caught sight of Herbert at the same moment: "Golly, Massa! t'ought you's done gone, shure."—"April, old boy! I thought it was the last of you." He had indeed been struck; but it was only a flesh wound in the muscular shoulder. It had bled; but April had sheltered himself among the reeds, as Herbert had done, and stopped the flowing with his shirt before he grew weak. Herbert took off the saturated rags, and bound what remained of his own shirt about the wound.

Through the day they remained concealed, taking care also to hide the little boat; then, at dusk, they launched out again: April, with his wound, being forced to keep still; while Herbert, exhausted though he was, rowed cautiously on down the current of the sluggish stream. It grew broader at length; the shores became swampy; the salt breath of the sea became plain to them. They snuffed in the briny scent with delight; for on the sea was freedom. They came at last to the end of the forest; then went forward beneath the shadow of lofty sedges: coarse, high grasses, partly submerged at high tide, standing out, green and rough-edged, from dark, briny mud, when the tide was down. Quietly and smoothly forward, — and, with each mile, hope rose higher. In yonder bend, would there be no vidette to catch the sound of the dipping blades, and stop them, close upon freedom, with his challenge? or, on the point there, was it certain there would be no

picket-fire? But bend and point went behind, lying silent under the calm night, — voiceless, except when the scream of some marsh-bird, or the roar of an alligator, or the clash and whisper of the reeds under the night-wind, sounded upon the shadowy air. And now, at length, from the shelter of the stream, Herbert and April floated out upon the wide, smooth waters of a bay, whose surface, though unbroken, heaved and sank beneath them. It was the ground-swell of the welcome sea; and never beneath a weary child were the swaying arms of its mother, come to it at last, so sweet and soothing, as was the heaving of the sea beneath those weary men.

Under the stars, their boat could be seen afar; and now, with a heavy stroke and a sounding rush across the bay, with eight bending oars on a side, a howitzer at the bow, men in arms, and a gold-banded officer muffled up from the night air sitting by the coxswain behind, the picket boat came onward, sent from the flag-ship of the Federal fleet to guard the mouth of the stream. A loud hail, and Herbert rests on his oars. He tries to call; but his voice is too weak to go far. A moment more, and the stout sailors are holding water to keep the heavy launch from running down the little boat, and arms put out catch it by its gunwale. "An escaped prisoner, and a runaway negro," — the story is told in a moment. "A hard time enough you have had, poor fellow, half-naked and wasted!" So the kind young officer at the stern. He puts a spirit flask to Herbert's lips, then covers him up, and keeps

him at his side ; nor is April forgotten. Then, when soon after, across the low-shored bay comes pouring the gray light, and the stars grow pale, quickly down the bay the boat goes with the fugitives.

Herbert, with heart full of prayers, and exhausted eyes, sees once more the dear blue and crimson emblem, damp from the night air, high upon its halliards, above the cannon-cumbered decks of gunboat and frigate. Straight on through the fleet, under the deepening dawn, — the watchmen in the tops looking down upon them from bullet-proof enclosures to see what has been found in the night, the men on deck polishing the back of the great varnished eleven-inch amidships. Straight on through the fleet, until now at last the flag-ship is before them. Herbert, through faint, half-closed eyes, can see the great yards, rods in length, one above another lying against the sky, like the long rulings of a broad, blue page. Then, as they come nearer, and the east behind reddens, from truck to deck are spun the interlacing webs of cordage across the glow ; from deck to deep, black upon the sea, lies the great broad-side, eyed with its unlidded ports, within which, like unshrinking pupils, the black bores of cannon darkly glower and frown upon the distant, rebel main. Nearer still ; and now Herbert, lying weary, with dim, thankful eyes, sees the marines, white belted, pacing their beats, and sailors looking through the ports to see them come. Now rounding the stern, with limbs in which the sinews seem to grate and scrape, as if they were rusty wires, Herbert steps upon

the comfortable stairs ; and, with arm upon the shoulder of a sailor, goes up past the dark, varnished mouth of a cannon, and stands unsteadily upon the deck. Herbert sees a stately, gray-haired figure standing near him, — limping a little, as he changes his position, from an old wound received in an old war, — looking at him with steady, pitying eyes, and talking low with the officer of the deck. "A sergeant, you say, just escaped, and brought up by the launch? A hard, hard time he has had. Feed him, and let him sleep. When he is rested, bring him to me." It is the admiral. Herbert, half-naked, and haggard with hardship, his thick hair matted, his arms and limbs scored and scraped by venomous thorns that have torn off his clothing and then pierced the skin, pinched with famine, with ashy fever caught from miasma and damp beginning to appear upon the lips, feels himself washed and fed by friendly hands, then folded up for sleep.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## BROKEN DOWN.

HERBERT slept for hours. He awoke at last at a drum-beat. The ship was populous as a town; and he found the crew removing railings, lowering away hammocks, barrels, capstans, sweeping off bulkheads and great piles of cordage, while the drum went on beating, and the piping of boatswains rang from deck to deck. Each crew went to its particular gun, and each man to his post, — one to lanyard, another to ramrod, another to pulleys and wheels; and the movements of a battle were rehearsed. So Herbert saw the ship cleared for action, and the practice gone through with, that made these hundreds of men cool and efficient in times of danger.

Herbert, much refreshed, but very weak, stood unsteadily upon the deck. Hundreds of sailors, young, athletic men, in loose garments of dark blue, and tufted, unvisored caps above their brown faces, crowded the planks, that shone in their neatness. One beyond another crouched the cannon, each on its carriage, black and shining in the sun, like a row of Titan contrabands, drawn up in line for fight. Each brazen rail,



each nail-head, the copper of capstan, the steel beams of the machinery, were polished with a holiday gloss; and each blue tar, about tattered, half-naked Herbert there, was neat and well-combed as a merman. Clear above him towered the masts, the tops peopled with men; solitary watchmen in the cross-trees far aloft, who, one might think, could light their pipes at the handy stars. The main-mast was bound with strips of timber, where a solid shot, in the battle by which the harbor was won, pierced it through and through. At the bow was the huge, pivot chaser; at the stern, one still larger. It was all there for Herbert to see, and so April there at his side.

Then Herbert was taken to see the admiral. He was weak, but clear in mind, much helped by peaceful sleep and comfortable food. He went, led by his conductor, past racks where were cutlasses for boarding, and revolvers by the hundred; past culprits manacled to posts, and one in a straight jacket with "Thief" painted in broad letters on the back; past the hospital, where sick sailors swung in their hammocks, with the blue, cool sea plain to them through the wide-open ports. Everywhere, except in the case of the sick and the culprits, the crew looked healthy and happy; for, numerous as they were, the men were comfortable in the light and airy spaces of the great ship. At last, Herbert went into the admiral's cabin, richly furnished, softly carpeted, set off with handsome woods. He had not been among such surroundings since he fled from Honomok. Herbert waited while the captain of a

blockader, tall and well-knit, gave his report of a late capture. Then came in the officer who commanded the flag-ship, as the admiral did the squadron, mild in manners, with a thoughtful face. He would pass for a student, were it not for the brown upon his face, and that he wore the broad, gold stripes of a captain. Herbert looked at the mild, courteous gentleman, wondering if that was the mien he wore when he manœuvred and fought his great ship, in the battle of which the sailor who brought him to the admiral's cabin had just given him an account. The admiral at last turned to Herbert, courteous but prompt, inquired where he was taken, where confined, how he escaped, and what he could tell about the enemy's movements and forces. It was but little; for the prison was in the interior, and, through April's generalship, the troops were, for the most part, avoided, as they made their escape. The admiral was, throughout, kind; and, during the conversation, as one and another interrupted him, Herbert could see how he knew each block and spar, every arm, from cutlass to ten-inch pivot, as a farmer knows his plough, or a carpenter his plane. "Get your strength again, and you shall go to your regiment," said the admiral at length, at the end of the interview. In a day or two, April went ashore in one of the ship's boats to enlist in a colored regiment; Herbert wringing the fine fellow's hands, as they bade one another good-by.

Rest and comfortable food and the reviving breath of the sea seemed on the point of bringing back to

Herbert his old vigor ; but, before health had fairly come, impatient to be in his place, he went round by sea to the department in which his regiment was serving. He went too soon into hardship. He fell ill ; and Pat Flanagan, who had welcomed him on his return with profuse and genuine joy, was his faithful nurse.

Herbert is sick in a large wall-tent. The roof is slit to give ventilation ; and in one corner is a hole in the earth, covered by a plate of tin, communicating by a little covered ditch with barrels outside, — three, one above another. The barrels have their heads knocked out, and are the chimney. This hole is the stove, in which, on the damp night when we look in, there is burning a fire. At the back of the tent, there is a rough arrangement of shelves, with partially devoured loaves of bread, now musty, canteens, and clothing. On an old keg stands a brandy-flask. At the same end with the door is a rude rack, holding weapons and equipments. Outside it is raining, and things are pretty well diluted : it is almost a question, whether one ought to walk or swim. The world looks hardly ripe enough for human habitation ; but, rather, like a good place for ichthyosauri. The surroundings are so palæozoic, it is certainly to be expected that Pat, whose power of adaptation has been noticed, will some how or other develop fins and web-feet, or become something of the tadpole order. The tent pitched thus in the mire has a rough floor, and on the floor lies a mattress, and on the mattress lies Herbert, sick with fever.

There are other sick men ; but no one is so well off as Herbert. Ask not where Pat got the mattress. Herbert lies with no sheet above or below, in his usual dress ; for there is nothing else to put on. At the edge of the mattress, which his feet overlies, the floor is thick and slimy with mud ; the flap of the tent, hanging damp, is dirty from dirty hands. He takes quinine from a broken iron spoon. His soiled blanket is his only covering ; his overcoat, folded, is his pillow ; a towel is wrapped about his head like a cowl, to keep off the damp. In his emaciation, the skin draws tight across the white brow, and the face shows white and thin through the beard. The surgeon is at the hospital tent a mile off.

Last night, Herbert was in a strait for medicine, and none was to be had. The earth was afloat ; the air, thick with vapor blinding as snow, damp as the wave itself. Pat set out for the hospital. There was no path out of the wood that could be traced ; a few feet off, the trunks of large trees were drowned out of sight. Suddenly, a sentry threw his piece apart : " Who goes there ? " Pat gave answer to the challenge, that he was a private, on hospital service ; that he had a pass from the surgeon, and was on his way to the hospital for medicine for a sick man. A man wandering about at this time is a suspicious thing ; and the sentry is not to be blamed for looking at Pat's uniform, and questioning him pretty closely. Pat gets past at last, but only to find his pathway thorny with bayonets. The foot of a patrol splashes in the wet every few rods ; from every

thicket comes the rattle of a gun, and a challenge. But Pat goes and comes ; and Herbert, groaning, grows easier, and sleeps under the influence of the medicine.

His sick-room is dirty and damp enough, poor fellow ! whom the tenderest hands and hearts long to soothe and fold ; but his trouble is contagious, and he must be kept apart in a place still more dreary than the crowded wards where lie the less dangerously ill. One surgeon is ill himself ; the other, overworked, — with sick to tend, here and there and everywhere ; moreover, there is bother unspeakable in drawing the necessary things, — the whiskey, the wood, the food, and all proper comforts, — bother coming from the multitude of the sick, making a weight beyond the power of red tape to pull. Herbert lies very low, with a flutter in his hands and upon his clammy lips, as if the flickering life made the whole frame tremulous : stupor or delirium with its ghastly laughter it is, most of the time.

Next to Herbert, lies François, a young Frenchman, less badly off, with a sweet, broken accent, who longs after kindness, and is waiting for "nex' mons'," when "mine broder is comin'," — brother now absent with a detachment. Pat faithfully washes François' delicate but dirty face, and cools the fever in his head by sopping his black mat of curly hair. There are, beside, a convalescent corporal, and a private even more low than Herbert ; over whom Life and Death have been locked, for some days, in a fierce struggle : but Death is getting the mastery.



Pat is one of the purest, if he be also one of the roughest, of diamonds. Go along the camp-street at almost any time, and Pat will be filling the air with his brogue and blasphemy; he would be set down by nine-tenths of the world, at first sight, as a most dangerous old marauder; yet the fellow is a perfect jewel in his way: good-hearted, unselfish, as ready to give himself for another, body and soul, as if he were of the elect. It is hard to get water; Pat goes, loaded down with canteens, — whose white strings wind round his body in a perfect maze, — to the house of a citizen, secretly rebel, who objects. "Whurroo! mon," says Pat: "do you see that house?" pointing off to one that the regiment is tearing down for firewood, as is their sweet and peaceful habit just now. The rebel allows that he sees it. "An' it's this ould shanty that'll go next!" after which terse declaration, Pat fills his canteens without further remonstrance.

He is grand-hearted, and handy as he is good-hearted. 'Tis great to see him head off a cow one night, in the bushes behind the tent, to steal milk for the sick men; cow especially consigned to the care of the guard, as giving an officer high in rank the luxury of milk. Marvellous, too, is the cooking done upon the old tin plate, over the hole in the ground that answers for a stove. He brews whiskey-punches; and, from under the very nose of the commissary, he steals, in behalf of his sick men, all sorts of dainty things. Herbert is his friend, and to him he gives his tenderest care. From a mile away, he brings a huge

arm-chair, to have it ready for Herbert if he begins to grow better; another time, it is a soft and clean woollen blanket (the less said about his manner of getting them the better); and in the blanket are wrapped up oranges, lemons, farina for gruel, and spirit.

Pat's eyes lately have given him trouble; and, moreover, he is rather badly off with jaundice. This gives him respite from guard and picket-duty; and that is why he is at liberty to do nursing. He is fit to be nursed himself; but within that rude outside, in the soul that utters itself so roughly, there is a hankering after self-sacrifice that would do a saint honor. One morning, Pat appears before his colonel more bleary-eyed than ever, to ask for help. For five nights running, and daytimes too, he has been at his hospital; having little spells of sleep when one or another has come in for part of the night, or a little while during the day; but taking the brunt of the work in nursing five men, sick of contagious disease. The colonel goes up with Pat to the tent. Britton, the dying private, who has intervals of sanity in his delirium, turns his glazing eyes toward the two as they stoop down by him: "Pat, I'm glad to see you again;" and the corporal, who is well enough to sit braced up against the tent-pole, tells the colonel how "he allers kind o' took to Pat; and he was the best-hearted feller goin'." Pat and the colonel stand by Herbert's couch. His fever runs high; a flush burns over his features, — unnatural, yet less deathly than the pallor that lies upon them at times, — and somewhat disguising the

emaciation, so that the face approaches to its old look. "A fine head, by Jove!" says the colonel to himself; "and a grand figure of a man. I more than half believe justice hasn't been done this sergeant. If he lives, I will see to it." Herbert smiles in his fever as they speak, and asks them if Leonora got safely out of the surf. They shake their heads, and Pat dashes his rough fists into his eyes; he so much the worse for wear, outlaw and rough, there by the couch of the gentleman, his friend. He is rusty as the old pocket-knife with which he goes to work to slice up a loaf of soft-bread; dusty cap, short blouse, short, stubbed figure; pants wrinkled, and shrunk away from the boots; from top to toe, crocked and spotted with all sorts of stains; face, dull yellow from the jaundice; beard rough and uneven, as if trimmed by the same tool with which he cuts the bread, as is probably the case: a hard outside for a hero.

But Herbert's life was saved. How sharp and white showed the bone through the skin around the hollows of his eyes! how the stately neck had shrivelled, with the wounded ear above; and, beyond the scar upon the right fore-arm, how plain were the bones of the hand! How tottered his limbs, in place of their old manly walk, as he crept on pleasant days out to the door of the tent! Pat watched his convalescence, helping him to strength with many a nourishing, palatable mess, made from almost nothing over the hole in the corner, and cheering him with uncouth kindness. Little by little, Herbert grew better; though, under those heats

and damps, it was as if a strong man held him down, with his knee upon his chest. Pat encouraged his patient like a true and tender nurse. "Hi! I'll be afther enterin' ye for a fut-race. The legs uv ye was like hickory whip-stocks a for-rt-night by, — but whoosh! the way the fat packs about thim knays!" Pat, in the overflow of his heart and in the effort to cheer, imparted a variety of knowledge; so that Herbert, as he sat amused by his sense and wit, thought he should become an accomplished man. Pat, for instance, was learned in mule-driving. A long rope was all that was wanted, he explained, with a rich expenditure of brogue. A long pull meant "haw!" a jerk meant "gee!" — "thim lane, gray craythurs, is all br-r-oke to it." Pat's comments, moreover, upon officers and men were most instructive. Speaking of a captain so over-thorough in Pat's idea, that neither he nor his men had any respite from drill and cleaning, it was, "His sowl knows no pace. Be-gor-r-ra, an' ef he'd ne'er another job, he'd tak' hould and put shingles on the roof uv his mouth."

One day, as Herbert was growing better, an officer died. A fine band, whose music was all the finer coming strained through half a mile of moss-hung, broad-leaved magnolia forest, marched before the coffin to the grave. How sublime was that march of death! The finer instruments sobbed with wailing, and the deeper bass, passed on rod by rod. Herbert could hear it down, — the forest, — saddening the air with groaning: then far away by the open grave, he heard the dirge die.

In his weakness, it touched him in the deep places of his soul. Then, after a pause, at first low from the far distance ; then nearer, with the returning escort, pealed that sweet old familiar march, adopted as the air of the University, and known as "Old Havenbridge." Well did Herbert remember when he heard it first. He was brimming with all the uncooled new-gushing loyalty of his Freshman year. He stood with his class, — Claiborne and all, under the waving elms ; for the students were going in procession at a great festival. Along the line, the banner of the University was borne by a scholastic group of gowned seniors, the Latin legend rolling out within the heavy fringe, as the breeze came cool from the blue water where lay the boats. Then suddenly, as they marched on with the streaming banner, those straight, chosen youths, whose graye and plaited silk betokened the dignity of their Alma Mater, as their bright faces and firm limbs betokened her perpetual youth, (how it all came back to Herbert !) — suddenly, from the end of the line, with crash of cymbal, and melodious outgush from brazen throat, and tone of drum, that made the blood throb in the veins, broke out the ancient University march. That was the first time. Then how he had sung it ! by moonlight, upon lawns in the serenade ; through the resounding entries of college-halls ; afar o'er the water from the thwart, as he gave time with his quick, feathering blade to the crew and to the tune. It woke all those old memories within him, so that they came in his weakness there, into his mind almost hot and fierce, — those happy, sweet old



days! — until he wept and wept. Those old memories, — the peace, the refinement, his library, the faces of lovely ladies, the amenities of pleasant living! So he sat, weak and weeping; no nerve now to choke back the tears; in the mud and wet, in soiled and ragged attire, so haggard and weary!

*From Herbert to Putnam.*

"DEAR PUTNAM, — I shall write only a little. I have been sick almost unto death, and am too weak to do much. I sit in the sun, on an empty cartridge-box, at the door of the hospital-tent, about which I totter on warm days, wan and hollow-eyed. This sickness is such a desperate matter, enfeebling to the limbs, enfeebling, alas! to the soul. Fortitude! only give me vigor, and I can encounter any thing, — do it cheerfully; but sickness throttles the manhood of a man. I try now to play a manly part; I try to do honorable duty well. I believe I have been a faithful soldier; I have wounds to show: this gashed arm, the scar more plain now that the flesh is somewhat shrivelled; and part of the ear above, too, was carried away by a ball. I can follow duty with heart so high, let me only be strong, though my members perish; yea, though the whole frame go down in death: but before sickness, in spite of myself, my heart withers; and through this the soldier must almost certainly pass. Malaria and privation; a couch of the damp clay, when the sweat pours off; no food, when hard work is being done, — these will bring one down. But I am too weak to write more.

Will it help me to be manly and high to come into connection with old friends? In sickness, I say, 'It will be unmanly weakness to be overborne now, and withdraw the veil.' So, although my heart yearns to hear from old friends, I think, 'I will wait, until I am well before I do it;' but, when I am well again, I go forward with less trouble, and postpone it. I will not tell you now, though I suffer. I can send you the letter, and give you no clew."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE CLEW.

HERBERT does grow better, and soon it is time to march again. Pale and emaciated, the sergeant persists in taking his place at the earliest moment. The limbs totter yet, but any thing is more tolerable than hospital life. When the load is packed, with musket again at the right-shoulder-shift, Herbert does not feel light as a feather. That hot southern air ! Herbert feels as if the stout fellow had him down still, with knee on his chest ; and as if the little he had gained had only come through terrible struggle. If he could only lie on the wet, salt rocks at Honomok once more, or in the deep grass before the old room at Havenbridge ! Those blue, breezy heavens stretched along above him would give him new life with their breath, as the prophet of old gave new life to the dead boy of the Shunamite. Pat is at hand, and faithful, scarred all over, with a hurt to show for every battle in which he has fought. Rolls and groans and curses forward the great army. Burning hot is the sun at noon over Herbert, stooping and hobbling forward with an unconquerable spirit. He thinks of the Jesuit Father Jogues, in Canada, two hundred years

ago, so brave and patient at the stake ; and the dying Xavier, praying " More, O my God, yet more ! " He has no more to bear than they ; not as much ; so, although there is gasping and faltering of the knees, it is not often that the sergeant is among the stragglers.

Once it was too much to be borne. Ground, as by millstones, was the road, — under hoofs, under footbeats, under the wheels of cannon ; and the dust was flung thick through the air by the galloping squadrons that passed along the line. Wearily toiled the platoons with red, sweltering faces, and saturated clothes, with every half-hour or so the halt, so unspeakably welcome. Herbert sank once to the ground, as the word came ; the mist gathering before his eyes, and the blood throbbing hard into the reeling brain. Pat supports him by the shoulders. " Bear a hand here wid the sargint ! " and Pat and two others drag him to the side of the road under the trees. They put the roll of blankets under his head for a pillow, unloose the clasp of the belts, and fling off the weights. A little water, sparingly taken from a canteen, falls cool on Herbert's forehead ; then Pat brings out from his blouse a flask, with a few drops of carefully hoarded whiskey, — a pious theft from the hospital stores, that he might be ready for just such an emergency.

" Battalion ! " the cheerful, sonorous voice of the colonel, from the head of the regiment. Herbert tries to rise, but sinks backward. " Hurroo, me by ! niver hurry. Rist aisy now. " So they lie side by side, through the heat of the noon and afternoon ; Herbert's

wasted face and weakness winning the pity of the guard behind, whose duty it is to arrest the loiterers. Pat, meanwhile, has left the line of the army, and is hunting through the woods for water. He strikes the bed of a torrent, but it is parched and dry. Pat, however, is too old a campaigner to be discouraged; so he follows the channel down among the dry gullied ravines. About the trees on either hand are knotted the great vines; the snake hisses or rattles, then makes way for him, as he goes mile after mile into the solitude. It seems almost a desperate chance; but Herbert is parched with returning fever, and has called for water. Here it is at last; a little pool, left in a densely-shaded spot, stagnant, and with a green scum on part of the surface: but Pat joyfully gets down upon his knees, with his cracked and battered cup, to scoop it out little by little; then hurries back to Herbert.

A strong dose of quinine now: then as the sun becomes low, cannot Herbert go forward? "Hi! Stout ould chap, we'll rache the camp in a jiffey." Herbert staggers to his feet, Pat taking his gun and equipments. A little way forward, and the sun sets. How hot and hard the march has been! Everywhere there are abandoned blankets and coats: every few rods, little hobbling groups of men, who fell out in the heat, and are going on toward the camp. The road goes up a hill; then, in the dusk, Pat and Herbert see before them a wide, trackless plain, almost herbless: the earth baked hard with the heat. Night is falling, and there is no trace of the army. Herbert sinks again. Pat



decides that they must stop for the night ; so the rubber-blanket is spread, and they lie down together ; fever-wasted Herbert, one would say it was a hard chance for you ! Through the heavens look down the clear, large stars of the southern sky. Far away, now and then, from thirty miles across the country, rumbles the low roar of heavy cannonading. Back to his old quiet life, to his books and sports, and, more than all, to the woman whom he loves, his mind goes wandering. Will he ever see them again ? There is a weakness almost of death in his frame, but heroic life in his soul, as he thus lies. "Nevertheless, I trust I play a manly part. Through my wretchedness and death may the world rejoice." Not yet, Herbert.

The quinine and some sound sleep do their work. Next morning comes rumbling up a subsistence wagon, lightened somewhat the night before by the distribution of rations from it. "Dhriver dear, for God's sake," pleads Pat ; and the pallor of Herbert's face is eloquent : but the driver refuses. Pat here produces a quantity of rebel paper-money, got from a prisoner. These are his only funds. "I'll pay me way like a gentleman ;" and then, when the fellow objects to the money, as not being "worth a rag," — "Good as gould, good as gould," cries Pat, in his extremity, — "bedad ! an' if iver again I git sight uv a dintist, he's the ould by that I'll have fill me tathe wid 'em. I'd have it, bedad ! as soon as I would the r-raal tin." The driver is won over at last. No springs ; rough boards only to ride on, cracked and broken by heavy weights, so that

they can look through to the ground below. Every now and then, the mules are put at a gallop along the rough road ; for the wagon has fallen behind its place in the line. But the canvas top keeps out the sun, and they go forward rapidly.

Let us change now to Putnam May, who is writing a joyful letter, to tell of good news.

*From Putnam May to Louisa May.*

"DEAR LOU, — Another trace of him ! and I am full of joy. To be sure, this may fail me like the others ; and yet, I think not ; for it is more clear and decided, and I think we have him now. It so happened in the city, the other day, at Mr. Blancard's, that I was looking at their photographs. Among their stereoscopic views is a large collection of battle-scenes, which I glanced over : they were good pictures. There was the review, and the impending battle, and the field at the end of the fight. Then the fight itself : regiments stationary ; then the blur where men were rushing, and the air was full of battery-smoke. There were the block-ader and the iron-clad ; the general on his steed, and the soldier just out of fire, with the sweat and powder-stains upon his face and garments.

"I looked them over, until I came to one which made me stop at once. At first, it was only the tragic picturesqueness of the scene. Upon the ground, much ploughed and trampled, lay a huge siege-piece, dismounted by a shot that had struck near the muzzle. A large piece of metal was torn off along the bore, expos-

ing for several feet the hollow within. Under it lay part of its carriage, badly splintered. Against it leaned one of the wheels, its felloe cracked, and spokes broken here and there, while behind was the limber. About were gabions, the basket work broken by balls. Jagged fragments of shell lay upon the ground. Here and there were dark spots upon the earth; the color, of course, not given: but I judged it would be red. It was a view of the inside of a rebel battery, the day after it had been stormed and taken. Upon the line of earth-works behind, stood a sentry. Upon the splintered cannon sat a tall figure, with the chevrons of a sergeant plain upon his arm. The picture was finely taken. The gun, and the figure sitting upon it in particular, were in the focus of the instrument, and given with perfect distinctness. The face of the sergeant was a little turned away: he sat leaning with his head upon his right hand. The cap-visor came low, so that I could not plainly get the features. I say, the picturesqueness of the photograph attracted me: there was a fine masculine grace in the figure and attitude. He was evidently some veteran, who had been surprised by the artist, and taken without his knowledge. His pants were torn; I thought it might be with forcing his way through the abattis in the storming. The broad stripe down the leg which I could see, was partly gone. The shoes were worn by marching; the blouse was out at elbows. The face, as I said, rested upon the hand; the hand was clenched, and lay just under the ear. The sleeve of the blouse had slipped down upon the fore-

arm, showing the lean muscles very plainly. With the other hand, the soldier held his bayonet, with which he was listlessly marking in the sand. He appeared to be absorbed in thought, and wholly unconscious that he was sitting for his portrait. And now comes the strange thing.

"I stood looking at it for a moment or two; there was such a story in the picture, such a suggestion of terrible force and strife and hardship; the ploughed and seared earth; the splintered cannon; the riven timbers; the gaunt and tattered soldier! —when, lo! I noticed, that across the soldier's arm there ran a deep scar; and the ear, just above it too, I could see, among the hair, had been partly carried away. I studied what could be seen of the face, with all my power of vision. It was shaded by the visor, and partly hidden by a heavy beard; but I could see enough of it to make me sure it was Herbert Lee!

"The Blancards started at my exclamation. It was in that same parlor, you know, that I came upon the trace of Herbert at Castleton. They heard my explanation with great interest, as we studied the picture together. The views had come from an establishment in the city; and I went at once to the place to make some inquiries. I was not very sanguine, when I began to ask the proprietor, if he could tell where and by whom the picture was taken. He gave the name of his employee, however, at once, by whom it was done; adding that he was now at home and in the establishment. I began to feel more hopeful, and asked to see the man.

He remembered, at once, all the circumstances of taking the picture. He named the place, and the day when it was done. He remembered the soldier, as a manly-looking fellow, with a very grave and thoughtful face. He was so absorbed, that the photographer knew he had no idea of what was being done, when he arranged his instrument.

"'Now,' said I, and I shrank at the thought of another disappointment, 'have you any recollection of the troops who were holding this position at the time when the picture was taken?' He fortunately remembered that it was the famous Lowell Regiment. You know that that regiment is in Gen. Holyoake's division. Of course, my association with Holyoake in past years causes me to watch his course with much interest. I eagerly read every newspaper mention of him, and the achievements of his division. You know how noted this Lowell Regiment has been, and how often it has received distinguished notice. So the two old rivals have been close together all this time. How my suspicions that I wrote to you about are confirmed! When Holyoake stood that night before Leonora and me, in the hospital, he had been face to face with Herbert; I am as sure of it now as I am that I sit here.

"I am so situated, that I cannot start at once for the army; but I shall go as soon as it is possible. I should feel much confidence, but twice before we have been so sadly disappointed. Meantime, I have already written to Leonora. Herbert has been in her immediate neighborhood again and again. Very possibly, he has seen



her ; for she has been no stranger in the camps. Even now, I think it will be an easy matter for her to get to the front, and make inquiries. An ordinary woman would hardly do it. I suppose it is entirely unconventional for a woman to go searching for her lover through an army : but Leonora is not bound by such rules ; and, I have no doubt, as soon as she receives my note, will go out to find this noble knight of hers, — so high and true, and so suffering.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

## RESTORED.

WITH the two great armies, it is manœuvre upon manœuvre. Breaking camp at nightfall, a division, with careful and silent tread, creeps toward a forest. The crack of rifles in front, and the galloping back of the cavalry in the rear; then the rapid rattle and sudden sputtering from under the trees. So the enemy is felt.

Break camp again, and ford a stream; the water swashing about the thousand knees and thighs, while the brown hands hold up the cartridge-boxes above the wet, and keep up the guns. They climb the ridge opposite. A puff of smoke now, from a mile away, as the federal infantry moves out upon the plain; then the roar of an approaching rifle-shell, and the dull discharge. The enemy are there too, and awake.

Out in a broad plain. The fences that marked the boundaries of farms have gone for firewood; the mansion is burned; an old shed or two only are standing near the charred timbers, where gather soldiers and negroes about the old well; the horses of videttes tied

near the solitary chimney. A mile away, the woods are blue; and, within their shadow, where all is so quiet, a gun is thrice discharged; then a volley. Then come out pickets, and their reserves; and now is heard the long roll throbbing along the drums of a whole corps. Meanwhile, in the edge of the woods, a long, gray line is seen slowly moving. It looks like a train of gray-bodied cars, slowly drawn from north to south; but the general, on the little knoll here, can see through his field-glass that they are the thick, crowding sections of a great hostile column. But keep cool and wary. It is only a feint or a demonstration. The danger is in another quarter.

And so two chiefs, as it were, with mighty steel-armed knuckles,—with bosses and spikes, such as never the cestus of ancient boxer knew,—feint and parry and guard, over many a league of weary country, where the homesteads are burned, the crops trampled into the earth, and the substance of the land devoured.

Herbert has tried to march too soon; and broken down, as we saw. But there is solid pith in those thews and muscles of his that have come to show so plain; and a little time of rest, under circumstances when he can get rather better fare and care than is usual, begins to bring fulness again to his pale face. It is morning, when at last he resumes his place, and takes his gun in hand. The Lowell Regiment is in camp on the bank of a stream: there are pebbles in the bottom of it. The stream flows clear, and with a rush and gurgle,

like the voice of a northern brook. Herbert leaves his blankets under the stack, and equipments hanging from his bayonet, and goes down to bathe. Soldiers in the water laugh, and dash water at each other; their hands and faces of bronze, contrasting with the Saxon fairness of their sinewy bodies; and cavalry horses at the ford plunge and whinny, as they did when they were colts by mountain brooks in Vermont. The brook sweeps and swirls, and the soldiers tread among the rounded pebbles, and roll and swim and laugh, — the luxury of such a bath not to be enjoyed oftener than once in the course of a long campaign. The brook washes the gloom out of Herbert's soul almost, as well as the sweat and grime of sickness from his limbs. So he thinks, as he feels a glowing health once more pervading his frame, and looks out upon life with a more cheerful glance.

He sees an aide come galloping to the tent of the colonel. In another moment, the sergeant-major is on the run; and presently a drum is beating the sudden call to fall in, from the end of the line of stacks. A battle is beginning. Now and then, for some time, from not far away, have come in the crash of cannon, and the sound of musketry; but these are ordinary sounds, and attract no attention. The enemy lie not far in front. There is a low, brown, dusty heap, bent into curves and angles, running along the soil, with a shallow ditch behind; and within this lies a strong line of their infantry. These works are to be stormed, and Holyoake is to lead the stormers, — the vehement soldier, whose vehe-

mence, however, is tempered with judgment; the hope of the department in which he serves.

In column stands the Lowell Regiment now, — company behind company, with no excitement, but cool and calm as befits veterans so brown and gashed: sturdy men, standing in long blue rows, as if planted on the soil, and coming up there like natural growths. Death, like a gardener, more than once, has gone down those rows, thinning them out, here and there; and to-day he is to thin them out again. While they wait, Herbert rests his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and tightens, by another hole, the belt at his waist. Gen. Holyoake is dressed like a common soldier for the work of this day. His men know well his face, and he does not need his star. He walks his horse slowly through the ranks of the storming party, with his aides behind him.

In a moment, the order comes to go forward. They are to move on to a ravine, within which, after taking breath, they are to form for the assault. There is no sound of drum, only the tramp, tramp, and the click of muskets, as one barrel happens to touch another. Drums and fifes to-day are pushed aside; those who play them sitting close upon the field, behind a little rise, silently ready with the stretchers. Already, these are dark from blood, that has soaked them on previous battle-days. Pat goes, his steady foot falling close upon the heel of his file-leader; his eye glancing to the side now and then, that he may keep the dress. His cheek is gashed; two fingers are gone; and, through his shirt front, open down his breast, you can see a great furrow,



a heavy piece of subsoiling, done by one of those quick driven leaden ploughs, just where the shoulder rises into the neck. "Bedad! they fetch me ivery time," whispers Pat jovially to his neighbor, their elbows touching as they dress; and Herbert, on the flank, who is in a cheerful mood, says, that he believes they make a tally-stick of Pat, to notch the battles of the campaign on. Pat is cheerful, and so Herbert, — who, though still haggard, marches buoyantly.

Bodies of troops move to one side, making way for the stormers. They would cheer as they look after them, only it is ordered that no unnecessary sound be made which might attract the enemy's attention, — though cheering, were it done by stentors, could never be heard through the cannonade which begins to roar more and more wildly. The leaves quiver in the agitated air; and, in the concussion, Herbert almost feels the hair blow out from under his cap. At last, they stand in the narrow ravine, into which, now and then, a shell comes tossing; bursting on the ground, with a throwing up of dust, and the fall of a few men; or in the air, leaving a beautiful ring of wreathing smoke to float above the heads of those who are slain by the falling fragments, — a nimbus of Mars sent down to decorate the brows of those who bravely die.

Settle the cap firmly upon the head, with strap beneath the chin. Tighten the belt each one. Take the old cap from the nipple of the gun, and make sure with the wire, that the pathway of the spark is clear down to the powder. Cap it afresh. Did you load? Make

sure with the ramrod that the pointed ball rests on top of the charge. Fix the bayonet firm, so that it will not turn. Now, piece at the order, and wait.

Holyoake has dismounted; his horse is led to the rear. The corps-commander dismounts; and the two figures, one with hair of iron-gray, the other in his young prime, climb the slope of the ravine and reconnoitre, while the line below silently watch. "It is a service of danger, Holyoake," says the elder general, putting away his field-glass, after peering through the thicket which screens the two figures, "but I trust you will go through safely." "Is there no danger in that grove?" says Holyoake, pointing to the right, where, on one side of the clearing before the rebel position, rises a forest of tall trees and thick underbrush. "How can there be?" says the other: "Col. Hanley's scouts searched through there this morning, to within ten rods of the rebel earth-work. They could not send out a considerable body without our knowledge. If I thought there was danger, I would shell the place from a battery or two; but there can be none."

Holyoake goes down to his men, and walks along his line. "It is not far," he says to a colonel: "rough ground at first, but smoother, as we go nearer, and at last, we can double quick." And now, the line climbs silently to the top of the sheltering ravine. For a moment, they halt; then, with a report in unison, and a burst of fire, forth goes as the sudden harbinger of their approach, a rain of balls. They are out of the ditch, and upon the field in solemn battle order. In the

Lowell Regiment, the tall color-bearer, holding out the flag, is out a few paces in advance: a guard on each side. Behind him, in the line, goes the brown and sturdy corporal, whose duty it is to walk straight in his sergeant's tracks; and toward his broad shoulders, as leans an arch toward the sides of the keystone, from right to left the line presses. Through them now tear the shot of cannon, and the volleys of infantry. "Close up!" call the captains, and the gaps are closed. In the charging force, is a regiment of negroes, with limbs marred sometimes, and backs ridging into huge wales, where the whip has taken hold; men who have thrown off the loose, hang-dog shuffle of the slave, for the erect head and steady tread of the soldier. The blacks rush side by side with the Saxons, who are tanned and hardened, till, in hue and vigor, they are like men of iron. So they go in line, the two races, like carbon and iron blending together into a blade of terrible steel, sweeping on, to cut its way through the foe.

Now it is smooth for a few yards; now there is the trunk of a felled tree for a company to climb over; now a pool, through which the line must splash. "Keep the line,—keep the line!" the colonels shout; and swaying and swinging from wing to wing, but forward ever, the line sweeps on. It is a desperate piece of work. They fall thick and fast. For a moment, in a little depression, Herbert stoops, while the opposite wing, hindered by a deep gully, is coming up again into line, to fix firm again in its socket the bayonet, turned a little in its place by a blow against a branch. Then, again, it

is forward. Now they are far on their way. Holyoake, whose blouse is pierced, and hand slightly wounded, wonders, as he turns his eye backward, why he can see no trace of his supports, which should be emerging from the ravine behind; then, occasionally, gives an uneasy glance at the woods to his right. There are not many yards to gain; but the air, all about, whistles with hostile projectiles, and thick behind lie the fallen.

And now, what is this cry from the right? the yell, and the sudden enfilading fire; then an outburst of gray, quick-moving multitudes, in a long line, stretching from the rebel earthwork far down, and now sweeping round like a great arm, to hurry the storming column captive right into the fortress of their foes! "Charged on the flank!" cries Gen. Holyoake. In a moment his party is halted, now becoming more and more confused in the terrible cross-fire; but a new formation to resist the charge is impossible. Onward they come, and who is the bare-headed leader who heads them? Do we not know the face, pale and eager; the fierce eye; the slight, straight figure? Claiborne is buttoned in his gray garb to the chin, with the badges of a colonel embroidered heavily in gold braid upon the collar. When last those three men stood together, it was in the sunset, under the old Havenbridge elm, taking from one another's hands flowers. Herbert knows the voice and face. In the confusion, he has sought his general's side; his powerful arm ready with the bayonet, and a flush upon his brow; for there is no weakness now in his frame. A moment more, and a shot has gone into Her-

bert's groin. He falls fainting ; but as the rebel colonel in the rush comes close upon him, "I know you, Claiborne !" and he sinks. "God forgive me, Herbert ! is it you ?" then Claiborne passes on. Holyoake, with a badly wounded thigh, totters and faints, with a shout upon his lips.

Now the tardy supports are advancing with cheers from the ravine behind, but too late to save the storming party. They dare not fire as they approach, for friend and foe are intermingled ; and soon those that are left alive, swept off by the unexpected rush, hot and panting, are hurried as captives over the earthwork, which they had hoped to enter as victors. It is done in a moment ; the cry, the swift rush, the crashing volley, the driving forward of the confused and routed mass. All are soon behind the shelter of the ridge ; and upon the space in front, only remain those, "who ne'er shall fight again." A few of the storming party, Pat for one, get back among their friends.

Herbert's pain is great, but he does not bleed profusely. From Holyoake's wound, on the contrary, comes the intermittent gush, which is drawing hard right upon the heart. Herbert drinks from his canteen until it is nearly emptied ; then, somewhat revived, looks about him. It is only a rod or two to the general, and toward him Herbert slowly drags himself ; then falls, dizzy with the effort, at his side. The long afternoon is before them. The unbroken rage of the sun beats down upon them. They lie within easy rifle range of the rebel work ; but no foe can come to them,



through fear of the regiments in the ravine, — and no help can come from the ravine until nightfall, for fear of the foe. Side by side they lie again, as they did when they were boys in the room at Havenbridge, when Holyoake poured out in the night his ambitious longings. A fallen tree lies upon the ground just in front of them, and, when lying flat, they are screened from the rebel bullets. Holyoake still bleeds profusely. Herbert is weak and deathly sick, but he manages to knot a handkerchief about Holyoake's thigh; then, with a ramrod near, with the extemporized tourniquet, the dangerous leaping of the stream is at length stayed. But Herbert faints again. When he revives, it is with a most bitter and unrelenting heat that the sun beats down, and as bitter and unrelenting, a few feet above their bodies, hurtle the bullets from friend and foe. Holyoake, hardly conscious, with pale lips, is moaning "water, — water." Herbert, too, has emptied his store; and in his pain, feels the terrible thirst.

Now it is the hot noon. Pat, the "old tally-stick," lies in the ravine, among his friends, — well shaded, with a cool spring at hand; restless and sad. Can Pat bear it, that Herbert should lie there so parched? Pat was close by when he fell, and saw that the hurt did not bring death. Pat will get a canteen to him, if he dies for it. Perhaps it can be done: but it is a desperate venture. Rough is old Pat, profane, and sometimes a thief; out and in rude and uncouth; but, if gratitude, and fearlessness, and devotion of self for another make up a man, then, surely, is Pat one; yet,

one wonders what will be done with him in heaven, when he gets there. Pat takes a canteen, fills it carefully, so that no grit shall mingle with the pure water; then wets the felt covering, that the evaporation may increase the coolness. Out of the ravine,—then from a stump through the high grass to a thicket. Pretty safe so far. But now more carefully, Pat. That has taken a good fifteen minutes. He is wary as a fox, eluding, through the stubble, watching hunters. Rest now a moment, and reconnoitre. Farther on is the long, prostrate trunk of a tree; but between Pat and the tree are twenty rods of bare, exposed ground. Pat springs out, and crosses it at a run, falling flat on his face at the end. “Thud — thud,” two bullets knock to pieces the hard, baked earth, which his feet have just passed. They have marked him from the ridge. “What a quare place they thought to mak’ ould Pat’s nist, thim thaives o’ the wur-r-ld!” this with a shrug, and a jovial glance backward at the red unsheltered ground, upon which it is only good fortune that his lifeless body is not lying. Flat upon his back, the little trunk rising just above his breast, Pat lies quiet for a time; then draws his body to the end, and looks cautiously out through a tuft of weeds. Another run will bring him to a depression in the ground, where, by lying down, he may be again shielded. Out he springs; in an instant a bullet has torn through his cap, — but Pat is safe again at the little hollow. On the edge above lies the body of a slain soldier. He crawls cautiously up. The soldier lies on his back, with his knee bent; and Pat, peering beneath,

—the rosy face close at the blue, patched pant of the soldier, — can see now Herbert and the general : Holyoake still, outstretched, with death-pale face and feebly muttering lips ; Herbert, with the corner of his blouse thrown over his face to keep off the sun.

Perhaps, from here, the canteen can be thrown. "Whist, sar-r-gint!" No sign from Herbert. Then Pat tosses a small piece of earth. Herbert moves a hand, and, putting down the blouse, slowly turns his head. Pat starts up upon his knees, to give his arm full swing ; then throws the canteen, — not less noble than the knight in song, who threw the heart of the Bruce, in its silver casket, far forward among the foe, — then followed to die upon it. It falls within Herbert's reach. "H'm—s'p," above the ground, and Pat falls heavily forward. "Bedad ! it's the last notch !" and the soul looks out, for the last time, from the fast glazing eye of this uncombed Mercutio, with a merry glance, — a spirit as gallant and happy as that which the sword of Tybalt puts to flight.

Through Herbert's mind, as he lies gasping, with eyes upon this dear dead friend, passes the solemn remembrance of an old legend, — how a king was in an hold and garrison of the Philistines, and how he longed and said, "Oh that one would give me a drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate !" then three mighty men, Adino, Eleazar, and Shammah, brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David. Then the king would

not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord, saying, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this as it were the blood of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives?" It was an old story that his mother had read him long years ago, and it came into his dim mind as he lay there in his extremity. "It is, indeed," he thought, "as it were the blood of him who went in jeopardy of his life, and laid it down."

"Water, — water," muttered Holyoake: "will no one bring me water?" Then Herbert poured it out unto the Lord. Dashing from his eyes the faintness and blur, he raised the handsome head, turned the cool drops about the temples, and into the thick, curling hair, then put the canteen to the lips. The dark eyes slowly opened. "O, Herbert Lee, may God forgive me! Is it you that gives me this?" But Herbert's consciousness was gone.

Through the heat of afternoon, and now the sun sank red, and the firing ceased. A frightened bird or two dared to flutter, and pipe tremblingly in the little bushes here and there; and the little chameleons, in coats of fairy velvet, with tapering heads turned on one side, peered curiously down upon the rough veteran there, so scarred and stained and still, and upon the motionless forms of the young leader whose life was going, and of him who lay at his side. Under the cool, damp night, Herbert revived, but a heavy faintness lay upon his mind; gray and dark, within his consciousness, like heavy mist coming fast on the horizon to

blot out a clear day, a faintness that seemed to come nearer, and he thought it was death. But he lay full of peace.

Now it is night. Stars above ; in the horizon, lowering clouds, muttering and luminous ; and now and then the sullen, distant boom of artillery. Cautiously creeping out comes a party with stretchers, headed by a surgeon. "Do you say it was near here?" "Near here," says the guide, "I saw him fall, and remember the tree."—"Found," says the other, as they turn Holyoake's face into the light of the dim lantern. "Here with the spirit. Chafe his temples. There is — yes — I am sure — there is a pulse." The general revives a little, and they lift him on to a stretcher. "The sergeant there, — bring him," he says, feebly ; so Herbert is raised, and borne away too. "Odd," says the surgeon ; "a colonel and two majors certainly on the field, and yet we take off this sergeant." Slow go the bearers, with broken step, that they may not jar their burden. They come to the road, where there are torches and ambulances, and a crowd of armed men. The light falls on great trees at the side, upon the brass of a cannon, upon a pool in the road. "The general, — the general," goes low from mouth to mouth. The stretchers are fitted to slide into grooves within the ambulances. "Here, driver, lift up the head gently now, and slide it forward. Turn up the tarpaulin, to give him all the air he needs. The brandy here ! I'll ride in front, and keep the bandages wet till we get to the hospital." So speaks the surgeon. Holyoake revives again ; and, turn-



ing his dim eyes from side to side, under the glare of the torches, sees Herbert. "Put him here, by the side of me." So four stout soldiers lift Herbert, and they are side by side once more. "He gave him water on the field, and kept him alive," says one. That is all they know.

By and by, from where the ambulance had stood, goes out a burial party to the field. Low, in the east, — it is late at night, — floats the old moon. From the woods hoots the dismal owl. Out of the mist, lying heavy and gray above the rebel rifle-pits, now and then darts a tongue of flame, with a sharp report. A long, shallow trench; a long row of blue-clad corpses at the bottom. "Pete, this is the man that tried to carry out the water. I'll lift him here by the shoulders, where the old wound is, and you take him at the knees. How sharp they shoot to-night!" So they bear him away to the soldier's burial, — his rugged hand dragging along the ground, hitting a canteen in the grass where Holyoake and Herbert had lain.

The road before the ambulance is rough. Holyoake at first breathes heavily, then grows more quiet. The surgeon touches the bandages about the wound. "Ah! very wet." He is bleeding still. "He would never have lived until now, sergeant, but for you; and you must have brandy. You would not have held out much longer." So onward they go slowly. Now they meet a sentry or two, then squads of men; then regiments, going silent under the dark to re-enforce the advance. Yonder is a great tent, whose sides are open to the air.

Within it are moving lights, and on the ground are rows regular and close, — the wounded, just from the field, and above go men, stooping to wet hurts with cold water, and bringing lint, and holding cool drink to stiffening lips. Torches flare at the door. At one side is the horseman, who has ridden forward with word to make ready for the general; and who is it that stands in the front of the tent, — so calm and grave, with arms bared? It is Leonora, stately in the torchlight, by the surgeon in charge. Slide out the general, ready hands of men. Softly to the ground. How pale and still! "Does the heart beat, surgeon?" "Gone, I fear." The beauty lay upon the face as Leonora knelt beside him; upon the lip and the arching brow and the aquiline curve below. So, often, on many a field he had ridden, like Agamemnon among his crested Greeks on the old Trojan plain; with Olympian might and beauty upon head and chest and stately limbs! "Farewell, — farewell!" she said, "heart that once loved me!"

"Well, let us have the sergeant;" and the surgeon tells the story, how the general, though dying, persisted in keeping the sergeant at his side. "The man would have died, except for that. He was all but gone when we brought him off; but I think we can save him." The stretcher slides out. "A good figure of a man, at any rate. Take him at the feet there; another catch him at the hips, carefully: the hurt is in the groin. I will hold the head. By Jove, a manly face! Will the lady bring the spirit? He is faint again." So the surgeon.

Leonora brings the cup, and stoops down, kneeling with her plain gray garb upon the earth; with the dark abundant hair trained away from the brow; with deep and tender eyes. A low cry, and the cup falls from her grasp. She sinks, pale as the face upon which she has looked. "She has worked herself to death here, and no wonder she faints," says the surgeon of the hospital. So they bear her away.

## CHAPTER XX.

## UNITED.

*From Putnam May to Miss Louisa May.*

"DEAR LOU, — I have arrived here in this southern city, and really found him at last. Thankful, — thankful to God I am, with my whole heart, that he has permitted me to look again into his face, and bring him hope. Hero that he is, he is badly hurt, but now recovering; and has a future before him, I trust, as bright and happy, as his past for these last years has been full of anguish.

"I went straight to the Seminary Hospital on my arrival, and found, as I had supposed would be the case, that Leonora, immediately upon the receipt of my letter, had started for the front. Nothing had been heard from her since. She was greatly needed at the hospital; for that terrible battle had just taken place, in one movement of which Holyoake fell, — you know the particulars from the papers; and large numbers of wounded were daily expected. I left my address with the matron; asking that word might be sent to me, if any news came from Leonora. The next day, I received a note in Leonora's hand. It was very brief,

simply saying that she had just returned, and wished to see me. How I am bound down, that I have this physical weakness! My anxiety, as I read the note, was so great, that it brought on a palpitation, from the effects of which it was some time before I recovered. Had she found Herbert, or had the clew failed us again? I feared the last, for we have been so often disappointed; and would she not have given some hint, or shown a little joy, if she had been successful?

"When I felt strong enough, I went at once to the hospital, though in a state of suspense which hardly left me any strength. I found, that, during the night, there had been large arrivals of wounded, who lay quiet and white in the cool, shaded wards. The matron conducted me to Leonora at once. I dared not ask if she had come back cast down, or otherwise. I thought, indeed, that it would do no good; for Leonora is so thoroughly disciplined, I know it is not often that the secrets of that deep spirit appear in the countenance. Pale faces lay everywhere upon the pillows. I caught sight of her figure, in her plain nurse's costume. Her back was toward me; so that I could only see the dark, simply-dressed masses of her hair, and not the face, which was bent upon the cot in front.

"Oh Lou, indeed,—indeed, Herbert was there! There, on the white pillow, lay the face I know so well,—very white, for the bronze of his exposures had, for the most part, worn from the skin,—with the old genial look, and the deep contemplativeness within the eyes; and with it all, an added dignity, that lay noble upon



the lips and about the brow. I bent down, and kissed him. 'God bless you, Putnam,' he said, 'I was hoping for this, but it comes sooner than I thought,' the old deep tones, though weak now through his prostration! Leonora stood by his pillow, like one whose place it was by right. 'O friend,' she said, 'we owe it all to you!' Then we all fell to weeping. There was so much softness, now, upon her imperial face, and so much joy, even while the tears were falling! 'I will tell him all, Herbert;' then she spoke low, and told me how she had hastened to the front; how Herbert's regiment was in action when she arrived, with great difficulty, close upon the field; how she waited, — the solitary woman, — while the roar of the battle sounded about her; how she helped, through the long day, and far into the night; how word came that Holyoake had fallen; how they brought him in by the light of torches; how she bent over his dead face until they laid by his side on the ground, suddenly, Herbert himself, scarcely living, — restored to her by him who had riven them apart.

"Her voice was very low and calm and sweet. Then we sat in silence, until Herbert spoke. 'Is it folly that I have done as I have done, or will you call it something less harsh? By God's will, it has been my lot to struggle. In life, I have sought to be pure, though, for weary years, there was in me little enough of the faith from which pure actions flow. It broke upon my soul at last; I have sought to cherish it, to live from it. I have sought to put into my deeds some strength, tenderness, resolution, loving-kindness, — la-

boring for the welfare of men. The actual is far, far short of the aspiration ; but I have tried. I have known the deeps of misery. Such solemn and salutary chastening ! Were I of more tractable spirit, I might know what it is to be perfect through suffering.'

"Leonora glanced down the apartment ; 'It is time for him,' she said : then went on to tell me the rest of the strange story ; how it was that Herbert had received his wound, in the charge led by Claiborne. A few days after, Claiborne was taken, fighting bravely. After being taken, he inquired for Holyoake, then for the sergeant who fell near him ; and now, from his prisoner's quarters, he had written to Herbert a note, that he should be allowed, on his parole, to come to see him on his pallet, — that he was sad at heart to think his friend was hurt. 'You see your duty, so strangely, Herbert,' he said, 'and yet, I believe you are sincere. We have rushed once, breast against breast. It may be so again, when I am exchanged, and if you are not hopelessly maimed. Still, old friend, I hold you in honor.'

"It was the hour which he had appointed, but he came not. When I left Herbert and Leonora, an hour after, I stood for a moment on the broad balcony before the hospital, with the orange-trees in front, to think over, in the quiet, what had taken place. The two sentries at the gate were talking together, and I heard their conversation. 'They clinched, so I was told ; then the North Carolinian threw the colonel back, with all his force. He hit the rail, and fell over backward. It

was the third story ; and when he was taken up, his neck was broken. They say he was a smart officer. He headed that flank movement, the other day, when Gen. Holyoake was killed.' I went down to the man, and got from him the story. It seems, that Claiborne had been quartered with other rebel officers, among whom was a North Carolinian. They fell into a violent political discussion, when Claiborne at last flew into an ungovernable rage, and made a sudden attack upon the other. Claiborne's opponent was a powerful man, and the brawl resulted as the soldier had related.

"Then I went to see this other old friend. He lay in his gray uniform, — the dead face more mature and full of power than of old, — the marks of terrible passion, I thought, still visible in the features ; a noble nature, upon which had fallen the curse."

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The mountain at Meadowboro' is a steep and narrow elevation, wooded near the base, bare and precipitous toward the summit, where the red, naked ledges refuse forever to be clad. Just at the top, coming forward to the brow of the crag, are white, thick-standing trunks of birches, like white hairs there above a rugged sun-burnt brow ; and so the mountain stands, looking southward down the rejoicing valley, as the old desert-wearied Moses looked upon the promised land.

On a terrace above the village, part way up the mountain slope, stands Putnam May's cottage. Two miles

away, you can see where the river comes into the valley, — a great silver curve of calm water touching the hills on one side; then lying smooth and glistening upon the green of the western meadows. A city visitor said once, that the farms that way were sleepy places. Let it be so: and so did Endymion sleep at the base of the Latmian peak, when Selene, the crescent moon, flung herself into his lap.

If you would see the view from Putnam's cottage, look late in the afternoon; for, sweet though the valley is, it is like a beauty a little past her first freshness, who needs the shade of a hat-brim, or the draping of a veil, to hide here and there a defect. In one place, there is an unsightly, barren hole, where they dig out gravel; in another, runs the railroad embankment; in another still, wood was cut off in the winter, and the acres hold up their poor stumps, melancholy as veterans with amputated limbs. At noon, it is all too plain; but toward sunset, the western hills and the towering forests fling back their deep, rich shadows. The rays of afternoon spin along slope and nook and bending ridge a gossamer of haze, and all is sweetly dim and rounded. The meadows are bossy with little pine-covered hills, about which grow billowing wheat and broom-corn. There is no break and leap of white surf; but in the meadows, the air will be sweetened by a sound as gentle and melancholy as the splash of little waves. From Putnam's terrace, looking one way, the meadows are smooth, and variously striped and checkered; a blue patch of flax blossoms; a green strip of wheat; the

russet, or umber of a square left fallow. Sumptuous are these farmers of Meadowboro', paving over their meadows with such gay mosaic and fine tessellation, for their own feet, and the hoofs of their cattle. In the distance are blue hills, range behind range, more and more faint. Just underneath, the village roofs show up among the trees, with the pretty spire springing from the midst, — a spire altogether graceful, and in keeping with the rural scene about it, — tapering smooth to where it becomes the surmounting cross. It might almost be taken for some natural growth, which sucked sweet juices from those quiet homes at its root, then grew upward to blossom at last into the holy symbol.

The reader will be rejoiced to learn, that Putnam's investments have, after all, turned out well. A capitalist was at last caught by the agents of the South Goose-Creek Company, whose means, cast into those inert recesses, were regurgitated at last in the form of an abundance of the desirable black product. To such a degree was this the case, that not he alone, but that whole sad company of share-owners, began to find the stock remunerative. Putnam and Alice throve, therefore; and one day they threw open the chambers, so that the perfume of the garden-beds, the hum of honeybees, and the notes of all sweet-throated birds went through. It was in honor of the coming of Herbert and Leonora, and there he breathed in strength. Then, one day, the two stood before the old minister, — she so high and wide-browed, and yet so pale, and chastened, and meek; he, wasted, and halting yet, but



serene, and true, and brave, — and gave themselves to one another.

These were there, and besides these, Louisa May, sunny and intelligent, with hair a little thin, and cheek a little faded, as is natural in a woman of thirty, — but full of joy, as all were full of joy, — for had she not gone over it all with Putnam, although now, for the first time, she met them face to face !

Meantime, Herbert's old colonel had not forgotten his resolve ; and, as Herbert grew stronger, one day there came a document from a person high in authority, giving him a field position in his old regiment, — "a tardy recognition of his merits and services," said the accompanying note, "but at last the country should have the benefit of his courage and skill in a suitable position ; and yet, this would only be a step to something higher." Herbert was to go once more, and Leonora was to be again in her old place ; and, while his full strength was returning, for a few weeks they all went to familiar Honomok, and, while they were there, the old minister wrote to Putnam as follows :—

*Mr. Wells to Putnam-May.*

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, — During the late visit of your and my friends at Meadowboro', it was far less often than suited my desires, that I, oppressed by my infirmities, could come under your roof. Now, that you are some distance removed, these long summer days, I am sensibly oppressed at the privation of your society, and must needs resort to pen and paper,

whereas, my preference would be to meet you face to face.

"With a certain obstinacy, our instinct bespeaks temporal reward for them that live uprightly. Not that always, under the appointments of Providence, such reward is bestowed; but, in instances of that sort, however submissive we may desire to be, we incline to repugn against the allotment, and think, that, in some way, justice has been overslid. That phrase of Euripides, as I think, fits most aptly the general human disposition in this regard, — 'To whomsoever it happens, that his house is beset with calamities, him it behooves, worshipping the Divine powers, to take courage: for in the end the deserving obtain their due.'

ἄτρω δ' ἐλαύνεται

συμφοραῖς οἶκος, σέβοντα δαίμονας θαρσεῖν χρεών·  
εἰς τέλος γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἐσθλοὶ τυγχάνουσιν ἄξιων,

Ιων.

"In the case of my former pupil, Herbert Lee, (of a truth to him ἐλαύνεται συμφοραῖς οἶκος,) my confident heart from the first has presaged for him (forsooth, in a temper hardly meek I fear), a fortunate conclusion to his woes; and now that he is safely come through to as fair a measure of earthly bliss as man may perhaps attain, — indeed, indeed, it seems most fit.

"Now, presently he goes forth again, happy, I doubt not, in following out his duty; and yet, I doubt not, it is with effort that he turns away again from the books and contemplations, toward which his tastes incline him. To these at last may he revert is my prayer for him.

Yet for now, I would not have him tarry ; and, I doubt not, that now there burns within him such fine fire as glowed in the ancient patriot. ' Who is so eager in examining into the nature of things, that if, while he is handling the worthiest objects of knowledge, the danger and crisis of his country is made known to him, he will not cast from him all those things, even if he thinks he can number the stars, or measure the greatness of the world ! ( ' Quis est tam cupidus in perspicienda rerum natura, ut, si ei, tractanti res cognitione dignissimas sit allatum periculum discrimenque patriae, non illa omnia abjiciat, etiam si dinumerare se stellas, aut metiri mundi magnitudinem posse arbitretur ! ' — *De Offic.* I. xliii.)

"Is it vanity that I now incline to call up to your thought my conviction, made known, I remember, to you some time since, though after Herbert Lee had so rashly betaken himself from the society of his friends ; or is it pardonable, that I hold a degree of complacency that my thought in the matter has proved just ? As in our vale, we esteem the thick fog of a summer's morn to forerun, most surely, a transparent sky and unclouded sunshine ; so I hold that doubt, be it only reverently and sincerely met, though it may encumber the mind long, will at last yield, and faith of glorious clearness shine in its place. This truth I hold to be made plain in the case of this our hero friend, whom, when during those fair moon-lit nights, within the sweetness of your garden, I heard discourse with such high hope, and thought, too, of the woes and buffetings, in the midst of which that hope had been preserved, — I became fired, old though

I am, with the nobleness of his speech. At sight of his stately figure, which went forward so halt through his honorable wounds, and his face so high and joyous (though pallid), through well earned peace and faith, in my glow, methought such eulogy consorted, as in chivalric ages was rung out by the loud singing harpers, in arching halls, to prince and chief, about the most honored knights; and through my spirit, though my lips were mute, poured an old rhapsody of ancient minstrels, who sang in praise of Lancelot, 'Thou art the courtest knight that ever bare shield; and thou art the truest friend to thy lover; and thou art the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou art the kindest man that ever struck with a sword, — and thou art the goodliest person whoever came among press of knights.' Even these tributes, methought, be-seemed him, — so smitten and peril-beset in body and soul!"

THE END.

















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